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AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

OBJECTS OF COLLECTION DESIRED BY THE ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

(Members please read this letter.)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, cooperative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially the collection of material relating to the recent great war, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings; photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities; encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire—

EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great rebellion, or other wars; biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlements of every township, village and neighborhood in the

State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade and commercial associations; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies; sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents and school committees, educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governor's messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of the past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery, paintings, portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings, portraits, engravings; statuary; war relics, autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian

weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

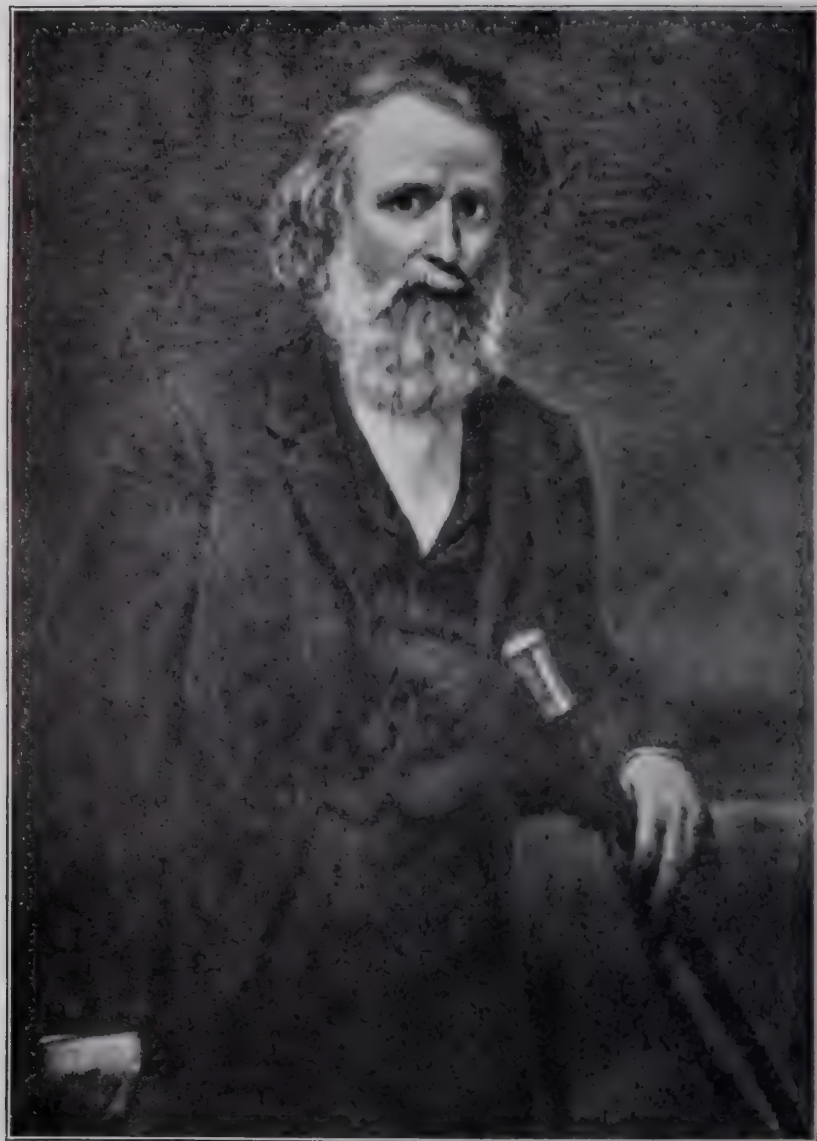
It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the State Historical Library as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the State of Illinois in the great World War.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(Mrs.) JESSIE PALMER WEBER.



JOHN LOCKE SCRIPPS.

JOHN LOCKE SCRIPPS, LINCOLN'S CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHER.

A sketch compiled from his letters, by his daughter,
Grace Locke Scripps Dyche.

On Oct 11, 1903, my cousin, James E. Scripps of Detroit, Mich., wrote urging me to prepare a biography of my father, for, said he, "His was a character such as cannot be too often set before the young men of our country. Then, he lived in a formative period in the history of one of the great cities of the world, and at a period when great political principles were being wrought out, and in both he had a large share. Such a book would be a valuable history for the political information, religious views, literary associations, Chicago history, development of the Northwest, McKendree College, life in the West in the early times. Try to weave it all together, into a book, which from its variety would be of fascinating interest."

Suffice it to say—this work was never accomplished, and now I am trying to compress it all into a hurriedly prepared thirty minute paper for this Society.

It is not given to many young men to encompass within the short space of twenty-five years a finished and successful career. Through his own individual and intellectual effort, he graduated from the professor's chair to that of the lawyer's bench, to the editor's chair, to that of the authorship of a biography of the greatest man of our nation and then became the head of Chicago's Postal System, and the leading member of a young banking firm, by perseverance and industry, on a capital of less than five hundred dollars. He climbed the stairs of successful finance until he had attained its height, for those days, and was reputed to be one of Chicago's foremost citizens.

I am not placing my father on this pinnacle of eminence simply because he was my father, for it was not my fortune

to have known him, except through his letters, and through those of his friends who by word of mouth sang his praises in my eager ears; and in giving to the people of Illinois this somewhat laudatory sketch, I hope I may be pardoned, for he was not alone my father, but a son Illinois may well be proud to claim.

It is not surprising, after the lapse of time, that the name of John Locke Scripps is unfamiliar. To those who knew him, they could never forget him, but today he is known best through his "Life of Lincoln," written and distributed as campaign literature, but which has lived after him.

Let me read you at this point, a portion of a letter from Horace White, late editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and one of the editors of the *Chicago Tribune* in 1864. This letter was written to Mr. Charles U. Gordon, late Postmaster of Chicago. Referring to my father, he says, "I bought his interest in the *Chicago Tribune* in the year 1864. I was well acquainted with Mr. Scripps. He was a man of the most exemplary character and devotion to the public interests, of great courtesy, but inflexible principles—in short, a most admirable type of the American gentleman. I served under him before I acquired an interest in the paper, and I learned not only to respect and admire him but to have a strong affection for him, which subsists to this day."

Not much is known of the ancestors back of my great-grandfather, who in order to escape the taxes of England, and with a long cherished hope of becoming a land owner, chartered the brig *Minerva*, and with his wife and five small children embarked for America. After a month on the "rolling deep," they landed in Baltimore on July 4, 1791. In this short sketch there is no time to give the data of interesting experiences in those pioneer days. Suffice it to say, that fortune finally took them to Cape Girardeau, Missouri.* Mrs. Louis Painter, an old lady living there in 1886, who had known the elder Scripps, repeated a remark he had made to her, which for three-quarters of a century had fastened itself on her memory. It was, "When you learn anything, learn some-

* From Scripps Memorial, by James E. Scripps.



HOME OF REV. JOHN SCRIPPS IN RUSHVILLE, ILLINOIS.



GEORGE HENRY SCRIPPS, 1838.

thing useful." He instilled this principle in the minds of his three sons, all of whom lived successful lives—William A., as publisher and editor in London; John, as tanner, preacher and editor; George H., tanner, farmer, politician and merchant.

The subject of this sketch was the son of George H. and Mary Hiler Scripps, and was born in Jackson County near Cape Girardeau in 1818. He was named John Locke because of the family tradition that his grandmother, Grace Locke, was a cousin of the philosopher of the same name, and whether it was an inherited tendency or simply an inherent desire to live up to his honored name, I know not, but certain it was that he had a philosophical mind, which early developed and which showed itself through all his subsequent life. His early educational advantages were very meager, but I glean through an article, "Reminiscences of My Childhood," written by my aunt, Mrs. Mary A. Bagby, of Rushville, the following: "In those days there were pay schools (free schools were never dreamed of), I believe a teacher charged one dollar for three months. Our brothers were great readers and close students. Their highest delight was to improve their minds. Our brothers loved to teach us beautiful poems and songs. They were deeply interested in Carlyle and Goethe." That my father grew up in a cultured family surrounded by books is evident. An interesting volume that has come down through the years is that known as the "Geneva" Bible, which has been a family heirloom since its publication in 1578, descending from father to son. It was the first Bible to divide into verses, and is now in the possession of my nephew, Charles Locke Scripps, a grandson of John Locke Scripps.

In 1831 Rev. John Scripps moved from Cape Girardeau to Rushville, Illinois, which town at that time bade fair to be a prosperous business center. It antedated Chicago, a settlement then looked upon as a veritable dismal swamp. About this time my grandfather established a store in Jackson, Missouri, and here my father had his first business experience, but in 1836 the family joined Rev. John Scripps in Rushville, Illinois, where George H. Scripps became a most successful

business man. When he died in 1859, the obituary notice said, "He was a man of the highest character, superior judgment, energy and respectability, a pre-eminently good consistent man and a useful citizen." This was the example he set before his sons. It was after moving to Rushville that my father was sent with a stock of goods to open up a store in Mt. Pulaski, Illinois, for his uncle, Mr. Parrott, of Rushville, but this avocation was not to his liking, and my grandfather decided upon a college career, and entered him at McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois.

I will pass lightly over the letters written during his three years spent at McKendree. Dr. Findly was president. His "tuition and board for one-half a session amounted to \$26.00, and his washerwoman's bill for a session \$4.00." He made frequent visits to Monticello Seminary, where his sister, Lydia (afterward Mrs. George Little, of Rushville), was in attendance, and in one of his letters he compares the two institutions, "the one a wood-colored, shabby, unornamental and dirty old edifice; the other, a glorious pile of splendid architecture, affording within all necessary facilities for convenience and comfort. Its long halls, neat chapel, tasteful parlor, etc. But above all the contrast between the inmates of the two places—the fair, the intelligent and polished young ladies of Monticello Seminary, and the rough, uncouth and ungracious students of McKendree College."

In 1842, a strong temperance movement was started at Lebanon, when some reformed drunkards of Cincinnati took part. Citizens of the town, professors, students of the college, became greatly interested and 156 signed the pledge. A number of students, among whom was my father, volunteered their services as speakers, and numerous meetings were held in the neighborhood towns, and this movement became widespread, in which he was vitally interested. In 1844, the Mormon uprising in Nauvoo created a great deal of anxiety in Rushville, and although it lacked but a few months before his graduation, he offered to come home and help remove the family to a place of safety, but this did not have to be done



JOHN LOCKE SCRIPPS ABOUT 1842.

M'KENDREE COLLEGE.

STATEMENT

OF THE

COURSE OF STUDY AND INSTRUCTION.

OCTOBER 2d, 1845.

LEBANON, ILLINOIS.

BELLEVILLE:

Printed by R. K. Fleming, Advocate Office

1845.

TITLE PAGE OF M'KENDREE COLLEGE CATALOG 1845.

FACULTY.

Rev. PETER AKERS, D. D.,
President.

Rev. G. L. ROBERTS, A. M.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

HENRY H. HORNER, A. M.,
Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.

JOHN L. SCRIPPS, A. B.,
Professor of Mathematics & Natural Philosophy

Hon. WM. BROWN, A. M.,
Professor of Political Economy and Constitutional Law.

F. H. HEREFORD, }
GEO. H. HOLLIDAY, } Librarians.

FACULTY OF McKENDREE COLLEGE, 1845.

and he remained at McKendree and secured his diploma August 21, 1844. During his college career, he not only kept up his studies, but he also tutored some of the students. He mentions his three room-mates, all of whom amassed wealth and lived to found or help other colleges. My father's sister, Mrs. George Little, of Rushville, told me that about the time of my father's graduation the Methodists were having some trouble and he was asked to assume the duties of acting President of McKendree. He did not feel that he could assume such a position, but after graduating he was offered a professorship, which he accepted. A copy of a catalogue of this date is in my possession. There are five names on the Faculty, with Dr. Akers as President, my father as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. It measures 6 x 4½ inches, and is complete in eight pages.

In November, 1845, McKendree suspended for the winter and my father opened a private school in Rushville, Illinois, with his sister, Lydia, as his assistant. I wish I might give in full a beautiful letter from my cousin, Ellen Scripps, of La Jolla, California, who had been a pupil in my father's school in Rushville, but space will not permit of all of it. However, she gives this picture of him. "He was a sort of composite Jupiter and Apollo and Shakespeare and John Wesley, and fully combined their attributes—power, beauty, wisdom, sweetness, and spirituality. Mary Agnes (his sister, Mrs. John C. Bagby, of Rushville) had filled our ears with her laudations of 'Brother John.' I think he rather took upon himself to give lessons to the younger members of the family in deportment, courtesy, language, and to reprimand kindly though severely all tendency to slang—which was a very mild type in those days. I don't remember whether I or he left the household first, but I do know I felt a personal loss in the separation." His health was never robust, but despite this affliction, nothing daunted his determination to secure an education and then to make good use of it. He seemed a prolific letterwriter. I have in my possession about one hundred letters, and of course only a very few of those he wrote ever found their way into my hands.

In an old scrapbook kept by the Rev. John Scripps now in possession of his grandson, G. H. Scripps, of Rushville, I found this clipping. "John Locke Scripps graduated with the first honors of the class. After leaving college he commenced the study of law at Rushville, under the instruction of Judge Mitchell, and at once entered upon its practice in that place. He continued at his profession until 1847, when he removed to Chicago." One can readily imagine the bustle of preparation, the sadness of farewell, the buoyancy of heart, with which this young man licensed to practice law, bought his team of horses, filled his wagon with straw, packed in his trunk and box of books and started off across the prairie to fight the battle of life—alone. A letter to his sister, Mary, gives an account of travel in those early days. "I had a lonely trip to Chicago, indeed. It led through a less populous country than I had traveled before, and in consequence of the mud, there were but few travelers to be met with. I traveled one whole day without passing more than a single house. When I stopped away out on the wide prairie to feed my horses, and crawled back into the wagon to partake of the cold dinner, which I brought from home, you cannot conceive the sense of entire loneliness I experienced, and the little food it took to satisfy my need. I had traveled the road before, and thought I knew it, but at night, I did very well for about three miles, when the road forked. I hitched my horses, coiled up as snugly as I could, but lay there and shivered all night in the woods. I stayed nearly three days at a farm house forty-five miles from here. The roads became so bad my horses could go no farther. The people with whom I stayed were aristocratic Yankees. Col. Ingham's bill for keeping me three days and the team one week and delivering it in Chicago was \$5.00—stage fare, \$2.25. Mr. Poole bartered me yesterday to trade him the team for a lot off his acre lot. If I had the means of paying my way without relying upon the team, I presume it would be profitable in the end to take him up at his offer. Poole purchased in the spring at \$500.00 per acre. Lots are now selling at \$1,000.00 per acre."



JOHN LOCKE SCRIPPS ABOUT 1847.

My father arrived in Chicago at perhaps the most interesting period of its history. Its population numbered about 16,000 souls. He lived to see the construction of the canal, the connecting up of Milwaukee and eastern cities by telegraph. He was to be one of that committee of men who canvassed the State in the interest of the Chicago & Galena Railroad, Chicago's first railroad, and they were even considering a railroad that would round Lake Michigan. His letters at this time are full of the great enterprises and his faith and assurances that this would be the great city of the middle west.

His original aim was to enter upon the practice of law, but finding eighty other young lawyers already here, he writes: "I will have to content myself with crumbs and obscurity. With my small means my only alternative was to form a partnership with some other poor young lawyer; this I have done, with Paul Cornell. Respectively, he goes to half the expense and is to furnish the same amount in books and will come into the office in the spring, after which the receipts, if any, are to be equally divided. I have fitted up a bed in our office, which I will occupy henceforth. This week my board and lodging cost me \$3.50—hereafter I am to pay \$2.00. I have an excellent boarding place—American Temperance House, No. 40, and my office is No. 90 on the same street." A month later, January, 1848, he writes of a terrible fire, in which his office is threatened—15 or 20 buildings, including two hotels, all in the business section. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.00. He tells of the indescribable muddy streets and the prevalence of cholera, just now attacking the better class of citizens—very sudden deaths were constantly occurring.

Having decided in his own mind that his tastes were more literary than forensic, on August 26, 1848, he decided to drop the law and enter a more congenial field of work, and under this date, we find in an old copy of "The Gem of the Prairie" the following: "We have the satisfaction to announce that Mr. John L. Scripps, a gentleman favorably known to our

citizens, has been associated with us in the editorial and business management of the *Tribune* and *Gem* establishment. We congratulate ourselves and our readers on having secured the assistance of one who is able so materially to aid us in our arduous and increasing duties, and whose abilities and varied attainments will give an increased value to the papers under our charge. With this reinforcement of industry and talent, it shall be our steady aim to make the *Tribune* and *Gem* more worthy than ever of the favorable regard of the public throughout the northwest." He thus became a one-third owner in the *Tribune* and *Gem*, John E. Wheeler and Thomas A. Stewart being the other two partners.

Success being now assured, John Locke Scripps made a trip to southern Illinois ostensibly to write a series of articles, and brought back his bride, Mary Elizabeth Blanchard, daughter of Seth Blanchard, who was a classmate of his sisters at Monticello.

"The very day on which I completed my connection with the *Tribune* establishment, Mr. Collins, a respectable and able lawyer of established reputation, offered me a partnership. I do not regret that the offer came too late. My present position suits me infinitely better." In a letter to his brother-in-law (the late Judge J. C. Bagby of Rushville, Illinois) he said, "Chicago is sometimes called the Garden City. I suppose they fixed upon that name in the summer months. If I were called upon for a distinctive cognomen for it, I would unhesitatingly call it 'The City of Mud,' for surely it can grow more of the aforesaid article than any other place out of the Dismal Swamp. It is no uncommon occurrence to see a loaded wagon stuck in our streets, and occasionally here and there a post is stuck up, or rather down, by some benevolent hand, giving warning to passers-by to sheer around if they want to find bottom." Although my father led a very busy, active life he had time to send a series of letters to "The Prairie Telegraph," a paper first edited by his brother, Benjamin Scripps, and later by the Rev. John Scripps and his son, J. C. Scripps, which paper is still in existence under



MRS. JOHN LOCKE SCRIPPS.



HOME OF GEORGE HENRY SCRIPPS IN RUSHVILLE, ILLINOIS.

the new name of "The Rushville Times," and now edited by Howard F. Dyson of that city.

From correspondence in my possession that passed between my father and grandfather, he clearly reveals that his mind was entirely made up about slavery. Slaves should be freed, and at that time he decidedly arrayed himself upon the side of abolition of slavery—probably expressing an opinion somewhat more in advance than was shared in by many people of the North at that time.

In 1850 my grandfather offered him a lucrative position in his Tan Yard at Rushville, to which he replied, "My heart is set upon the enterprise in which I am embarked, and if I can for the present support my family, my mind is made up to sink or swim with the *Tribune*. I am sanguine that if I can retain my present position for a few years, I shall be able to make myself independent as regards pecuniary affairs. I am confident that Chicago is to become one of the first commercial cities of the West; that within ten years time its population will far exceed 50,000. In the next place, whatever paper succeeds in becoming the commercial paper of such a city must necessarily be an independent fortune to its owners. That the *Tribune* will be this paper, I have the vanity to feel fully confident. The only drawback to all this, is the fact that we are poor, and cannot find the means to advance the character of our paper as fast as the business of the city requires. That we can build up the *Tribune* not to be worth (as is the *St. Louis Republican*) \$20,000 a year, but to afford its owners a handsome competence."

On May 3, 1851, he writes, "With an amount of labor that I scarcely could believe myself capable of enduring, I still find it difficult to support my family in anything like a comfortable and respectable style, for a city. I have not cultivated social habits very greatly, and would much rather depend upon my own thoughts or upon books for enjoyment of a leisure hour than upon the company of others."

In a letter written May 23rd, 1851, he mentions their loss by fire. "Our office, with its contents, was entirely con-

sumed by fire night before last. The fire was no doubt put there by an incendiary. We will resume the issue of the *Daily Tribune* tomorrow, the weekly the day after, and the *Gem* next week. It has been a severe blow to us, but if the insurance is good, shall recover from it in a little while." On October 4, 1851, he writes, "Since Mr. Wheeler left us the whole editorial burden rests upon my shoulders. I am compelled to average sixteen hours labor out of the twenty-four, which leaves but little time for correspondence, sociability or even for attention to and society of my own family. But what matters it, the battle of life is a glorious battle after all, and there are compensations, both here and hereafter, for those, who like myself, struggle hand to hand with grim necessity and the demon want."

In another letter he says, "Issuing two editions of the paper per day keeps me constantly on the gallop, with my pen and scissors, and I have no time to elaborate or revise an article. I have to be content with first impressions and the language which I may command at the moment. I do not, therefore, do myself justice, nor shall I be able to do so, until we grow rich enough to have an editor for each department of the paper."

The *Tribune* was at this time a Free Soil paper and labored for the election of Martin Van Buren. Mr. Scripps says at this time, "My motto at present is Free Land, Free Trade, Free Labor and Free Speech." In an extract from the *Tribune* written at the time of his death it said Mr. Scripps was its principal writer and editorial manager. The press of Chicago was then in its infancy, and an infancy by no means respectable. He at once by his dignified labor gave tone and character to it. He commenced writing up the financial and commercial interests of the northwest. He originated the first distinctive statistical review of the markets of Chicago, inspiring confidence in the reports by their accuracy and fidelity, as well as respect and admiration for the editor.

In the winter of 1851-2 the Whigs having a controlling interest in the *Tribune*, and Mr. Scripps being then a Free

Soiler with Democratic proclivities, sold out his interest in the *Tribune*, and with William Bross (afterward Lieutenant Governor of Illinois) started "The Democratic Press." It advocated the claims of Douglas, until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; the paper then left Douglas and hoisted the Republican flag in June, 1856. In 1854 he writes to his father, "Douglass' course on the Missouri Compromise, I regard as unfortunate. I have taken the course on the subject which both reason and conscience dictated. It will doubtless cost me something and may greatly retard me in my undertakings, but as I cannot help it, I do not suffer it to afflict me. William (his brother) writes me that I have ruined myself. If I am to be ruined at all, let it be from meeting the responsibilities of my position with a conscience void of offense toward God and man, I am content." In the meantime the *Press* achieved a wide commercial reputation, and labored earnestly to develop the resources of the Northwest. Having his attention called to the Northwest by a visit to the Lake Superior region, it was not surprising that he was invited to lecture on the subject before Bells Commercial College in February, 1856. This lecture met with such general approval that my father was urged to put it in print and under the name "The Undeveloped Northern Portion of the American Continent" it was printed in pamphlet form of twenty pages. I have never seen but the one copy of it which is in my possession. Again quoting from the *Tribune*, "In 1858 the *Press* and *Tribune* consolidated (Chicago being then too small to support two Republican newspapers), Mr. Scripps remaining all the time, the managing and controlling editor. During the Lincoln campaign the strong stand for the Republican party taken by the *Tribune* largely brought about the nomination of Mr. Lincoln." As a warm personal friendship existed between my father and Mr. Lincoln, and being also the editor of the *Tribune*, he was asked to prepare for general distribution, a campaign life of the nominee. According to a letter from Mr. James E. Scripps, my father, after his several interviews with Lincoln went on to New York, where he

prepared the most of his manuscript which was afterward issued simultaneously by the New York and Chicago *Tribune*.

It was in 1894 that I first heard of my father's *Life of Lincoln*, through a letter from Joseph P. Smith, then Librarian of the Ohio State Library. The only copy I could find in Rushville was a mutilated copy owned by my aunt, Mrs. John C. Bagby, and I immediately set to work, by correspondence, to see if I could find a perfect copy. I met with but little success. Despairing of finally locating a perfect copy, Mr. John G. Nicolay, former secretary to Mr. Lincoln, offered to furnish me the missing parts of my copy, which he did, by having his amanuensis copy off in his home in long-hand under his direct supervision, all of the necessary missing pages of my copy. In the meantime Mr. James E. Scripps located his copy and the work of reprinting the campaign life in memory of my father was started by the Cranbrook Press of Detroit. Finally, on July 23, 1900, I had the satisfactory news by letter that the book had come off the press. My cousin, Mr. James E. Scripps, advised the name, "First Published Life of Abraham Lincoln." This name has since been questioned and in selecting a topic for my address today, I have chosen "The Campaign Life," as this is the way my father designated it in his correspondence with Mr. Herndon.

Through the kindness of Mr. Jesse W. Weik of Greencastle, Indiana, I came into possession of three letters—two original and one a copy, written by my father to Mr. Herndon; as they have some bearing on the pamphlet, I will give them in full.

"MAY 9, 1865.

MY DEAR HERNDON:

I am glad you design giving us something about Lincoln. Your long acquaintance and close association with him must have given you a clearer insight into his character than other men obtained. I appreciate your compliment to the poor effort I made in 1860. I do not think it a great stretch of modesty to say that if it were to be done over, I could improve upon it. It is gratifying to me, however, to see that the same



JOHN LOCKE SCRIPPS ABOUT 1861-1865.

qualities in Lincoln, to which I then gave greatest prominence are those on which his fame ever chiefly rests. Is it not true, that this is the leading lesson of Lincoln's life—that true and enduring greatness, the greatness that will survive the corrosion and abrasion of time, change and progress, must rest upon character? In certain showy, and what is understood to be most desirable endowments, how many Americans have surpassed him, yet how he looms above them now! Not eloquence, nor logic, nor grasp of thought; nor statesmanship nor power of command, nor courage—not any or all of these have made him what he is, but these in the degree in which he possessed them, conjoined to those certain qualities composed in the term character, have given him his fame—have made him for all time to come the great American man, the grand central figure in American, perhaps the World's history. Send me whatever you may publish on the subject. The plates on which the campaign life was printed were not preserved, and I have not been able to get a copy of it for you.

Very truly yours,

J. L. SCRIPPS.

Mr. Herndon has used this same phraseology in the text of his *Life of Lincoln*.

On February 13, 1895, I had the following letter from Mr. Joseph Medill: "I remember the pamphlet very well, as I both furnished considerable of the materials worked into it, by your father, and circulated it throughout the United States. I have not seen a copy of it since the great fire in 1871 in Chicago—all the copies we had in the *Tribune* were consumed in the fire of '71. Your father was never satisfied with the pamphlet because Lincoln insisted on pruning out of it, many of the most readable and interesting passages in regard to Lincoln's early life and other matters."

The second letter written by my father to Mr. Herndon I want to give, following that of Mr. Medill's.

“JUNE 20, 1865.

MY DEAR HERNDON:

The campaign life to which you refer in your note of the 17th was written by me with the exception of a *small portion of the chapter* devoted to the campaign between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858. The statements therein contained as respects the facts and incidents of the early life of Lincoln are substantially as communicated by him to me—some of them in written memoranda, others orally, in answer to my queries. You can place the fullest reliance in the accuracy of the narrative.

Yours very truly,

J. L. SCRIPPS.

This, then, is sufficient proof that my father was the author of the entire book with the exception of a *small part of the chapter* devoted to the campaign, as stated in the above letter.

On July 4th, 1860, the *Press* and *Tribune* made the following editorial announcement: “We have issued a campaign Biography of the Republican standard bearer, in style so compact, and cheap, that with suitable effort on the part of clubs, canvassers, and local committees, it may reach every voter in the Northwest before the campaign is on. It is a pamphlet of 32 pages of class type, double columns, and in the style and shape of the campaign life of Colonel Fremont issued in 1856. It has been prepared with great care, and may be considered a reliable and authentic narrative of the life of Abraham Lincoln, embracing also the substance of his debates with Mr. Douglas in 1858, and a complete history of that remarkable campaign. It has been the purpose of the writer to make it *the* document of the times. A copy should be placed in the hands of every man in the Northwest who can read the English language.

Mr. James E. Scripps says of the campaign life in his biographical sketch of the reprint, “The pamphlet admirably illustrates the author’s literary style. It is simple and direct, scrupulously fair and truthful, of elegant diction and in every

way a model of descriptive writing." Mr. Edwin L. Shuman, who reviewed it for the *Tribune* February 12, 1900, said, "One does not have to read far in this original Life of Abraham Lincoln to discover that it deserves Mr. Nicolay's comment of 'Remarkably well written.' Its style is chaste, its English faultless."

Wishing to obtain all possible facts regarding my father's life, I wrote in 1909 to Mr. Jesse Weik of Greencastle, asking for a copy of a third letter which he had in his possession, written by my father to Mr. Herndon, to which he replied on February 12, 1909:

"MY DEAR MRS. DYCHE: I have but one letter of your father's left. The others I sent you several years ago. As you request, however, I enclose herewith a typewritten copy of the one, which I still retain, and trust it will answer your purpose."

Mr. Weik came into possession of these letters after Mr. Herndon's death. The following is an extract from the above referred to letter:

"CHICAGO, June 24, 1865.

MY DEAR HERNDON: Yours of yesterday is at hand and its tenor induces me to reply more specifically to your previous note of inquiry respecting my little campaign Life of Lincoln. I believe I try to satisfy my conscience in whatever I do; and I assure you, I never performed a work more conscientiously in my life than the production of that biographical sketch. I am also very sure that Mr. Lincoln was equally sincere and conscientious in furnishing me with the facts, connected with his own and his family's history. The chief difficulty was to induce him to communicate the homely facts and incidents of his early life. He seemed to be painfully impressed with the extreme poverty of his early surroundings; the utter absence of all romantic and heroic elements, and I know he thought poorly of the idea of attempting a biographical sketch for campaign purposes. 'Why, Scripps,' said he, on one occasion, 'it is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of my early life. It can all be condensed

into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Grey's *Elegy*—

“ ‘The short and simple annals of the Poor.’ ”

“ ‘That's my life, and that's all you or anyone else can make out of it.’ ”

To show you how careful I was in the matter, let me relate an incident. When the pamphlet was printed, I sent a few copies to Mr. Lincoln, and in an accompanying note, I said to him, I was in doubt only as to one statement. I had trusted somewhat to my memory on the subject of his early reading and while I, as I had grown up in about such a settlement of people as he had in Indiana, and as I had read Plutarch in my boyhood, I presumed he had had access to it also. If I was mistaken in this supposition, I said to him, it was *my wish* that he should *at once* get a copy and read it, that I might be able to testify as to the perfect accuracy of the entire sketch. Mr. Lincoln did not reply to my note, but I heard of his frequent humorous allusions to it. It was widely circulated and became the basis of all the subsequent lives.

According to *John E. Burton, my father's appeared June 8; Howard's, June 25, and Howell's a few days later. Several other campaign lives were issued the same year, but according to William H. Lambert in an address on Lincoln Literature, this life by Mr. Scripps was “the best of the time.” The wigwag edition which preceded it was known to be inaccurate, while the Scripps' Life was authorized accurate and complete up to the time of his nomination. As it was issued in a cheap printed pamphlet form, it was read, cast aside and forgotten, until after the campaign when its value was finally realized. Early biographers began to quote largely from it. When the great Emancipator's life had passed out, this little unpretentious life began to have a commercial value. Its very rarity gave it a place beside the sumptuous volumes

* As to all the dates referred to in your letter regarding the issuing of the Lincoln biographies by Scripps, Howard, Howell, the same were all given me by Mr. Howard in Washington who was then employed in the Library of Congress. I assumed that he knew. Your facts seem authentic, too, and I cannot reconcile the difference.—John E. Burton, May 24, 1924.

of Lincolniana. According to John S. Little of Rushville, Illinois, a collector of Lincolniana, "This campaign life by my father was the only authorized biography of that date, and was personally revised by Lincoln before publication." Mr. Daniel Fish, compiler of "The Lincoln Bibliography," wrote me April 17, 1907, "Your father's book is far in the lead both in historic value and literary excellence."

Unfortunately the many fires and removals, riots, and changes that occurred in New York and Chicago's offices destroyed every trace of memoranda or letters bearing on this early contribution, and we have absolutely nothing left to enlarge upon the work of my father's personal interviews. We have in the family two Lincoln letters, but they are of minor import and have no connection with this publication or do they throw any new light upon the life of Lincoln.

After the election of Mr. Lincoln the Chicago Postoffice was offered to the Chicago *Tribune* and because of my father's work for the Lincoln campaign, the honor of becoming Chicago's eleventh postmaster was bestowed upon him.

In 1899, the late Judge Rush R. Sloan of Sandusky, Ohio, wrote the Postmaster of Chicago, as follows:

"From 1861-1867, my official headquarters as General Agent of the Postoffice Department of the U. S. was in the office adjoining Postmaster John L. Scripps. My relations with him were of the most intimate and friendly character. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and possessed of a sweetness of character and disposition as lovely as a charming woman. Being closely allied officially and with inclinations not dissimilar, we soon became very intimate, and our relations so continued until his death. I was a frequent guest at his elegant home; his wife a most charming woman. No man in Chicago possessed the confidence of Pres. Lincoln, as did Mr. Scripps, and no life of Lincoln so pleased him as did the one written by Mr. Scripps. * * * I am knowing to the fact that when Mrs. Lincoln selected her wardrobe to take with her to Washington, she invited Mrs. Scripps to shop with her, all bought in Chicago."

The fact that my father always attended the legislature, a friendship sprang up between my father and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and they were frequent visitors at our home, which fact accounted for the shopping expedition reported by Judge Sloan.

The first idea of making the distribution of the mails upon the cars and in offices built for this purpose according to Judge Sloan, was suggested and initiated at the Chicago Postoffice, and was the joint idea and result of frequent and protracted discussions between Mr. Scripps, Mr. George B. Armstrong, and Rush R. Sloan. In 1890 in a letter written to me by H. J. Gleason he says, "During the war of the Rebellion when Lincoln called for 300,000 more defenders of the Union in 1862, your father proposed to three of his trusted postoffice clerks that they raise a company of soldiers, William James, Jr., Glen C. Ledyard, Clifford Stickney, were the officers, Captain, 1st and 2nd Lieutenants in the order named. As the company was organized, and was known in military records as Co. C, 72nd Ill. Volunteers, but to members of the company we only recognized one name—"Scripps Guard." They gave the Scripps Guards a grand banquet at their home before we started for the front. It was on that occasion I first met your mother, a most graceful, benevolent, Christian lady. Your father paid \$2400 the first two years of our service. Your sainted mother hunted out every destitute family in the city, whose head was a member of the Scripps Guard, and she supplied the necessities of all such families in a most substantial and liberal manner. They all called her blessed, and today the few left of the old Guard have no more sacred memory than that of your benevolent father, and charitable mother." Gleason sent me this letter written by my father to him.

"DEC. 11, 1863.

DEAR GLEASON:

You are authorized in my name to pledge two dollars per month extra pay for one year from the date of mustering in to actual service to each man, you may recruit for that

company. If you will fill the company to the maximum this will make my individual subscription to the Scripps Guard fund for the current year something over \$1,500.00. I would also like very much if the boys who may enlist in Co. C, can all be here together, to give them an entertainment at my house." The *Chicago Post* under date of August 22, 1863, gave a full description of this "Fete Militaire" at my father's home, and upon their return from war in 1865, thirty-three men, all that returned of that gallant company, were again entertained at this same home before they finally scattered forever.

The stress of those terrible war times, the great demands upon my father's time and strength continued to undermine his health, and when my mother, who was dispensing hospitality on New Year's day, 1866, was suddenly taken from his side, "the light of his life went out," and six months later, he too laid down to his well earned rest. Life had been to him a glorious fight—all the while combating the disease that early in life laid hold of him, meeting every obstacle with a brave, courageous heart, and with a staunch faith in his every venture. Upright and honest in all of his undertakings, his benefactions modestly bestowed upon the sick and suffering, and with an intellect of high order, he upheld all worthy political issues. A man of the purest morals and highest conceptions of honor, tender and conscientious in his relations with men, and yet unflinching in defense of principle.

Realizing that his end was approaching, he set his house in order, and awaiting the end with a Christian's faith, this young man—prematurely old—went to his grave at forty-five years of age, having successfully accomplished in the eighteen years he lived in Chicago what many men might have taken many more years to accomplish, and I think I could hear the good Father say, as he crossed the bar, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

AN EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR: A ROMANCE OF COINCIDENCE.

JOSEPHINE CRAVEN CHANDLER.

NOTE.—The data for this story, though checked by the Adjutant General's Report and supplemented by historical reference and by interviews with relatives, yet living, of the principals, has been drawn chiefly from a manuscript covering the period of Col. Roberts' internment in southern prison camps and prepared by him a quarter of a century later.

Although our vivid and intense consciousness of the World War has somewhat obscured for us the dramatic significance of the Rebellion and the long and sad recessional of its veterans must soon expunge it from all personal memory there still are to be found, in public and private archives, records of high service, of valorous deeds and splendid achievement, as yet unstaled by repetition; preserved, perhaps, against a day when growing indifference and a dulling patriotism shall obscure the magnificence of that great sacrifice.

Of some such service, then, and of present interest, I believe, may prove the story of two men of Springfield, Illinois, whose history during the four years struggle, though inconspicuous in the larger aspects of the war, is full of significance to the nearer view and touched with romance through the element of coincidence which marked the long, unbroken period of their enlistment; that high requisite in art by which fact is subjected to design having, for once, its counterpart in life itself,—a fantastic emphasis as on a pattern shaped by destiny.

The military history of these men begins with Illinois' entrance into the Civil War when, after the disastrous and humiliating event at Fort Sumpter, in response to a despatch from the Secretary of War, Governor Yates issued a call for "six regiments of militia, for immediate service." In answer to this call, says the Adjutant General's Report, "a prompt response was received from almost every part of the State.



COL. EDWARD ROBERTS

In ten days over ten thousand men had tendered their services . . . and more than our full quota was in camp at Springfield." The call was issued on the 15th day of May, 1861, and on the 16th of that month we find the names of Edward R. Roberts and Edward P. Strickland, later to bear, respectively, the titles of Colonel and Captain, enrolled for the Three Months Service.

Although the regiment in which Col. Roberts and Capt. Strickland enlisted was the first to be enrolled in Illinois, yet in order to make courteous acknowledgment of the six regiments which had been sent to the Mexican War, the numbering for the regiments which took part in the war for the Union began at seven. The Seventh Infantry was commanded by Col. John Cook. It was mustered into service at Camp Yates, April 25, 1861, and forwarded to Alton, St. Louis, Cairo and Mound City, where it remained during the three months' service. At the close of that time Col. Roberts promptly re-enlisted for the three years' term. During those three years he was to see much bloody fighting on the fields of Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Corinth, Pittsburg Landing and many other points. At the end of that term the Seventh Infantry re-enlisted as Veterans, for the duration of the war.

Capt. Strickland, at the end of the three months' service, did not, for some reason, re-enlist with the Seventh but, we learn from the Adjutant General's Report, joined the 114th Infantry, Company B, as First Lieutenant, the muster date being September 18, 1862. His regiment was sent south in November of that year, engaging in the Tallahatchie Campaign, in the battles of Vicksburg and of Jackson, Mississippi. It did considerable skirmishing with guerrillas while on picket duty at Oak Ridge, Mississippi, and on June 1st, 1864, engaged in the battle of Guntown, during which engagement his regiment lost more than half its number and Capt. Strickland was, himself, severely wounded.

It was following the third enlistment with the Seventh at Mt. Pulaski, Tennessee, that Col. Roberts, fresh from his month's furlough granted the veterans at Springfield, fell

upon the stirring events that make up this narrative. His regiment was mounted on its return to Mt. Pulaski, and was then sent south to Florence, Alabama, to patrol the Tennessee River for a distance of twenty-five miles and watch the movements of Gen. Roddy, who commanded the southern bank of that stream. The regiment was divided into three detachments—four companies at Florence, two at Sweetwater and four at Center Star. The company, under Col. Roberts, was stationed at Sweetwater, which commanded Bainbridge ferry.

The attack which Gen. Roddy's brigade, crossing the Tennessee on the morning of the 7th of May, made on the companies at Florence and Sweetwater—where they fought for six hours with one-tenth their number—though repaid with usury on the return compliment of the 13th of the month, was disastrous to the fortunes of Col. Roberts and his company. He has described the encounter as follows:

“The morning of May 7, 1864, dawned clear, warm and beautiful; the air was filled with the odor of violets, columbines, and milk-white plum tree blooms; the birds sang sweetly from the branches of the freshly budded trees in that sunny, southern land, all nature seemed to smile and it was hard to realize that this peaceful scene was soon to be disturbed by the mad sounds of war.

“I had gone up to my breakfast, with some other officers, at a house near by and we had just seated ourselves at a table which had on it hot biscuit, coffee, ham and eggs and fresh, sweet milk. I remember these things because in the weary months of imprisonment that followed that delicious breakfast that was never tasted used to haunt my dreams and my waking hours and I resolved that, if I ever did get free again, the first thing I would do would be to go down into Alabama and finish it.

“Suddenly my sergeant dashed up to the house on his mule leading my horse (the officers all rode horses) already saddled and hurriedly reported that our picket at the ferry had been captured save one man who had

ridden in and given the alarm. Leaving my breakfast untasted to wait till we had punished the presumptuous guerrillas (as we supposed them to be) I leaped into the saddle and followed by the sergeant quickly gained the camp where I found the men in line ready to mount. Receiving my orders from the major in command I mounted the men and dashed off towards the ferry.

"I had with me about thirty men. The second lieutenant was out with perhaps half that number patrolling the river. . . . When about half a mile from the landing we came across a bunch of a half-dozen 'confeds' and a few shots sent them galloping away, but in the edge of the woods beyond we came upon a long skirmish line which, dismounting, we attacked without hesitation and had driven to some distance when suddenly a battery of artillery opened and stampeded our mules, sending them galloping to the rear. Just then a long line of cavalry was seen advancing through the trees.

"Realizing that this was no place for thirty men I gave the command, 'Fire in Retreat,' and we started after our mules. But before we had retreated fifty yards the *cul de sac* into which we had been drawn closed and we found ourselves hemmed in on every side. Those supposed guerrillas had proved to be the entire brigade of Gen. Roddy, including a battery of artillery, in hiding to capture our entire regiment.

"Throwing my empty revolver into some weeds by the side of a fence I stood waiting their approach. A squad rode up to me and with their carbines presented demanded my surrender. 'Of course,' said I, 'what would you have me do?'

" 'Where's that revolver?' said another, seeing the empty holster.

Looking down I seemed surprised that it was not there and said, 'Hello, it's gone. I must have lost it in the skirmish.'

“With murder in his eye he pulled his carbine and looking at me through its sight said, ‘Yank, if you don’t get that revolver I’ll put a hole through you.’

“It is astonishing how a fellow’s memory is quickened under such circumstances. I distinctly remembered where I had lost it and picking it out of the weeds, said, ‘Here it is, and a good one it is and good work it has done and here is a fine pair of spurs I would like to make you a present of.’

“Oh, I was generous that day.”

The encounter there at Sweetwater cost the two companies three officers and thirty-two men, wounded and captured. Col. Roberts, with the other unfortunates, was taken across the river, searched and relieved of fire-arms and valuables and then, on foot, breakfastless—and by this time, dinnerless—with cavalry guards started on the long march through the south. In a week they reached Tupello, Mississippi, were shipped by rail to Mobile, Alabama, detained there several days and then put aboard an Alabama river steamer for Cahaba. On shipboard the officers were given the liberty of the boat and it was on this occasion that Col. Roberts encountered Capt. Todd, the brother of Mrs. Lincoln, who made inquiries for his northern relatives, treated the Springfield officer with marked courtesy but who, none the less, assured him at parting: “I hope you will get exchanged and we will meet on the battlefield. I’ll do my best to put a bullet through you.”

At Cahaba the prisoners were detained for about a week and then sent by train to Columbus, Georgia, where the officers were separated from the men; the men being sent to endure the horrors of Andersonville, while the officers were taken to Camp Oglethorpe at Macon, Georgia, there to be detained for three months.

Unfortunately for this story it is not certain if Col. Roberts’ reunion with Capt. Strickland occurred at this time, the record being incomplete, but it is likely that it was so. The report shows that both men had been promoted to cap-

taincies in their respective regiments in April of that year. On the first day of June had occurred the battle of Guntown, Mississippi, in which Capt. Strickland was wounded and taken prisoner and Col. Roberts, though captured on that breakfastless morning of May 7, owing to the round-about journey which he was forced to make and the several detentions at various points, could scarcely have reached Camp Oglethorpe before the second week of June. Capt. Strickland's name does not appear in the Roberts' narrative till the account of the return home is arrived at.

However that may be, loneliness was not among the many hardships to which Col. Roberts' was subjected. He found awaiting him no less than 2,200 officers, ranking from Second Lieutenant to Major General. They were divided into twenty-two squads and he was appointed to Number One, doubtless to take the place of some unfortunate who had gained his freedom at the hands of death. He has given us a graphic description of his initiation into "Camp":

"As we entered we were greeted by an immense crowd surrounding us with wild cries of "Fresh fish," but looking around I could discover nothing that looked like fresh fish although I would have liked mighty well to have had some; and "Don't put that grayback on him," and, "Keep your hands out of his pockets," and like expressions from a motley, ragged crowd of beings who were dressed in every imaginable way; barefoot, hollow-eyed, ragged bearded; (wearing) remnants of shoes with soles tied onto the uppers by strings cut from the top; some with trousers but a great many more without; these were the old prisoners who had been transferred from the Libby prison at Richmond.

"I turned to one who looked a little more civilized than the rest and said (that) I thought this was an officers' prison. He said, 'My dear fellow, so it is, but after you have been here three or four years you will be as bad as they.' I said, 'Great God!'"

The three months imprisonment at Camp Oglethorpe were fraught with many hardships—hunger, exposure, sickness, humiliation and its inevitable, consequent despairs. "Our whole time," writes Col. Roberts, "was taken up planning escapes—studying the stars and tunneling." Yet a spirit of gallant humor towards the situation proved the eternal courage in the hearts of these men. We read, for instance, of a parody composed by one of the number on Charles Mackay's "Tell me, ye winged winds" beginning:

"Tell me ye grey-backed rebs who daily round me roam." Their ever insistent hunger was metaphysically assauged by the printing of elaborate bills-of-fare, executed in charcoal, upon which they gazed as little David Copperfield upon the pineapples in Covent Garden fruit-stalls, mush and sorghum constituting, as ever, the vicarious fulfillment of their epicurean dreams. Wagers, their payment pending the time of their exchange, were sometimes laid on the fortune residing in a pack of greasy cards, the stakes constituting bounteous repasts at luxurious restaurants every item upon the menu being chosen with elaborate minutiae and agreed upon in advance.

Once a famous dinner was contrived. Col. Simonson, also a Springfield man, who had had some luck at poker, agreed to buy the provender if Col. Roberts would undertake to make a big plum pudding—out of blackberries. The "makings," obtained from the rebel sutler, were as follows:

	(Confederate money)
1 quart of blackberries.....	\$ 5.00
1 quart of corn meal.....	1.00
1 pint molasses.....	5.00
1 tablespoonful soda.....	.50
1 tablespoonful salt.....	.50
Total.....	\$12.00

The whole was mixed with water, sewed into a piece of old shirt, "carefully laundered," and boiled in a borrowed

kettle for two hours and ten minutes; after which, being pronounced done, it was served magnificently on tin plates (also borrowed) with molasses for sauce.

To the 4th of July belongs a vivid episode. We are given a picture of a day heavy with memories, sullen with fallen hopes, the sad denials of that liberty which our forefathers had fought to establish for all their sons. Men, huddled together in an old warehouse in the stockade—twenty-two hundred men. A prisoner takes from his bosom—God knows how it had been preserved—a tiny American flag, “the size of your hand,” and suddenly a vibration is set going. These men, a moment since but heavy, human automatons, are thrilled into vibrant life.

The star spangled banner, Oh long may it wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave,
rings out on the rebel air. *Twenty-two hundred voices*, many of which have never before been raised in song!

“There were tears in nearly every eye,” says the story, “for that flag, tiny though it was, to us, prisoners of war in an enemy’s country, friendless, ragged, hungry and despairing, represented friends, food, hope and raiment.”

But suddenly the splendid moment ends and they find themselves confronted by a line of guards in charge of a rebel officer commanding them to “cease that infernal noise and come out of that,” following the command with the fearful threat of suspended rations—a threat which in its execution would doubtless have meant death to some of the exhausted men.

The weary term in Macon prison was finally ended and hope was renewed by the announcement that the prisoners were to be exchanged at Charleston, South Carolina. That promise was to end, for some, in “a rendezvous with death,” for on arrival they were placed directly under fire of their own guns from the Union batteries before that place. “But,” says Col. Roberts, “if the rebels intended this as punishment they were never more mistaken, for the sound of those guns that tossed great shells around us was music to our ears!”

This durance was for two months, after which they were removed to Columbia, South Carolina, where they were kept for two months longer, quite without housing, this time, being merely held on the outskirts of the city in an open space with a guard thrown 'round them. This was the place they called "Camp Sorghum," from the fact that sorghum molasses was the chief article of diet.

In this connection a serio-comic incident is related. The prisoners were ravenous for meat—an item notoriously inconspicuous in their diet. One day a hostage was vouchsafed them from the gods of plenty. An old, decrepit, skinny hog, persuaded of destiny, crossed the guard and dead lines and immediately the whole camp was alive. "Meat! Meat!" was cried to heaven, and with butcher-knives, clubs, camp kettles, razors and any available weapons the beast was set upon and killed. Torn, limb from limb, to the desperate gratification of the hungry men and the uproarious amusement of the guards.

Then came the great day of the escape. It is recorded as the 26th day of November, 1864, and letters of red should mark its place upon the calendar. For at least three men that day there was proof that all things come to those who wait.

It came about in this way. Winter was approaching and the prisoners were permitted to make certain rude provision for shelter. To this end some officers were given their parole of honor not to attempt escape and so allowed to go outside the guard-line to cut wood. Among this number was Capt. Strickland who accordingly provided himself with an axe and went outside the lines. While in the woods, however, word reached him that some prisoners were scheming their escape and immediately he resolved upon a plan of his own.

The guards that day were green country boys, unused to the nuances of desperate men, and relying upon that fact Capt. Strickland returned to camp, gave up his parole and then, without so much as getting his coat, lest that simple act arouse suspicion, he returned to the woods, walking boldly

past the guards who supposed him still to be under parole and within his rights.

Col. Roberts was not among those who had accepted a parole. It was, in fact, his day to cook, and just prior to the great decision that gave him back his liberty, he was engaged in boiling the half-pint of cow peas that was to last himself and bunkie for two days. It is one of the naive reflections that he confides to paper that for all he knows "those cow peas are cooking yet." His escape was effected by an apparently simple expedient. With a companion, Capt. Brady, of the 2nd New Jersey Infantry, he simply mingled with the men who were going to the woods, again relying on the untrained eye of the new, raw guards, and passed out of that hateful place forever. Having reached the woods without that expected cry of "Halt" or the prod in the back with the bayonet which would mean "right-about face," the two men bade their comrades good-bye and followed by many "God bless you's" set out upon their long road to freedom. Though their hopes were high and their mood exultant, yet they were without food, money or clothing, strangers in an enemy land, and it was with what seemed the least probable of chances of winning back to their own lines that they set out in the general direction of the whereabouts of Sherman's army, then making its march to the sea, and of which great military contingent the 7th Illinois was now a part.

Although information that would assist them in the vicissitudes of this adventure was scant enough they had been well advised on one point. They had been told that the negroes, particularly the field-slaves, could be relied upon to give assistance to escaped northern men and Col. Roberts writes, feelingly: "Let me bear testimony to the unswerving loyalty and unselfish kindness of the negroes, without whose assistance no Union soldier could have penetrated through the miles of swamp and woods that lay between them and liberty."

On the first day and night after their escape they traveled, without stopping, about thirty miles and then lay down, just before sun-up, secreting themselves in a thicket and fall-

ing asleep. About noon Col. Roberts awoke to find himself the object of the curious gaze of a great crowd of negroes—men, women and children—whom Col. Brady, awakening before him, had encountered in his search for food, and conducted thither. All that day the two men lay in the thicket, the negroes bringing them food, but about nine o'clock they went into the cabin where they spent the night. That cabin scene, a bizarre but ingratiating tableau, is described for us:

“Imagine a cabin with a rough puncheon floor and a wide fire place across one end, which was piled with blazing logs, at which stood four wenches; one roasting a 'possum, one making a persimmon pie, one baking sweet potatoes and one cooking a corn pone, while in the center was an old gray-headed negro playing a cracked fiddle while two little pickaninnies were dancing in their bare feet; black faces were peering in at the door at us as we crouched in a corner and gazing at the wierd scene over which the firelight threw its fitful glare, with mingled feelings of amusement and curiosity.”

Col. Roberts and his friend were out for ten nights in which they traveled one hundred and eighty miles. They proceeded, for safety, always in the same way, one marching in front, the other ten paces in the rear. The dangers, the intolerable weariness, hunger, apprehension and loneliness of that journey, so hardly beset by the malign forces surrounding them, may be imagined. “Through deep sand,” runs the narrative, “over rivers and creeks, through vast forests and swamps, startled by every rustling leaf, seeing an enemy in every tree and stump, skulking past towns like thieves in the dead of night, shrinking from the sight of every human face except the negroes who, alone, showed us sympathy.”

Once, only, in their long and hazardous hegira did they encounter white men. They had, on this occasion, traveled for hours through an immense pine forest. The loneliness had been intolerable and the shadows on that night of stars a source of innumerable alarms.

The silence, save for the greater agony of the night voices, and the gloom, but more than all the incessant sighing and moaning of the wind in those funereal branches had wrought upon their nerves a state of extreme apprehensiveness. Finally the road, which tended to grow fainter and fainter, was completely lost and they found themselves in an abandoned cotton field where, taking the stars for guide, they stumbled on, struck a road for a time and then came to a place where two roads forked and which was furnished with a sign board.

The import of this sign board was tremendous. Upon the deciphering of its legend might depend, for them, the issues of life and death. Long and long they gazed in that dim light but only by standing one upon the other's shoulders could they make out the words, "Aiken 10 miles." Aiken was on their route to Augusta, so they took that road and just at daybreak came upon a farm house.

Desperate for water they approached it but as they drew near a pack of hounds flew fiercely out and they were forced to retreat to the woods where, safely out of sight, dropping exhausted under the trees, they fell asleep.

Around noon they awakened and, again reconnoitering, discovered to their horror that they were being watched by two men in southern uniforms. Then followed a sort of hide-and-seek performance covering several hours which ended through the perseverance of two women who, coming up to them in their hiding place, told them that the men they had seen—their brothers—were, deserters from the rebel army. They returned, therefore, with the two women to their cabin where they were greeted kindly by the Confederates, fed sumptuously on squirrel pie and other southern delicacies and, that night, sent rejoicing on their way.

Their last two nights out were altogether, perhaps, the ones in which they stood in the greatest danger for they were approaching a place where the Northern and Southern forces were drawing to a point of hostility. They had struck the Savannah River, at last, about twelve miles below Augusta,

but could hear nothing of Sherman's army so their next fixed plan was to reach the Union fleet out at sea. For that purpose a leaky dugout was appropriated and, though the rain fell steadily, they made thirty miles that night, hugging the shore to avoid rebel gun boats coming up, and maneuvering carefully past an obstruction in the river. At daylight they alighted at a small island and building a fire dried their clothes and were starting on when a muffled roar apprised them that somewhere in their vicinity a battle was in progress. Continuing on their way they shortly turned into a little creek quite unaware that just beyond that inundation was a rebel fort housing four thousand troops.

Plantation negroes fed and hid them for that day and then learning that Generals Kilpatrick and Wheeler were fighting on Bear Creek, from whence had come the sound of guns, they set out to reach the Union forces at that place. Though lost almost immediately they came across some negroes in slave quarters of a plantation and induced them, with large promises, to guide them through the lines. All went well, the negroes going ahead, until they met a squadron of soldiers when their officer carried the negroes off with them at the point of a gun. Col. Roberts and his companion, lying face downward beside the road, arose when the enemy had passed, and silently shook hands in token of congratulation at another danger passed. Twice in that night, stumbling on without a guide, they came upon campfires surrounded by Confederates and one time, in detouring, fell into a swamp.

In this last predicament they had the good fortune to come upon an old negro who told them that they were near the theater of the battle of yesterday and conducted them to Bear Creek. Just as they reached the place of crossing they were electrified by the most welcome of all imagined sounds to those northern ears—the strains of a Union band!

The bridge having been burned on the previous day and Brady being unable to swim, Col. Roberts swam across, breaking the thin ice as he went, and reaching the shore set out in

the direction from which the music came. For almost an hour he ran. Then suddenly a dozen cavalymen rode out of the woods before him.

"Halt!" they cried to Col. Roberts. *And Col. Roberts halted.*

"What emotion filled my breast," he writes, "I cannot describe."

"While they were bearing down on me with flashing sabers and cocked revolvers, and I stood there clothed only in a few rags, dripping with wet and barefoot on that chill December morning, I felt no fear for I saw they wore the glorified blue of our army and that my friendless wanderings were over. . . ."

After he had convinced the men of his proper status he was given breakfast, fitted with an old suit of clothes, a hat and a pair of negro shoes, and returned with them to the creek to rescue Col. Brady.

Arriving at the point of crossing on Bear Creek, Col. Roberts called aloud his comrade's name. Again, and yet again, he called, and a great fear that he had been recaptured was beginning to chill his heart when he heard his voice. "Who is that over there that knows me?" he said. When assured that Union men were actually before him he was nearly overcome. "My God, Roberts," he said, "is that you and are we really saved?"

The good fortune that delivered the weary refugees into the hands of cavalymen Col. Roberts considers nothing less than providential, for they comprised a part of Kilpatrick's escort, detained on this particular morning by an order to secure some horses to replace those killed in the battle of the previous day, the main body of the cavalry having gone on in an effort to overtake the army of Gen. Sherman, then thirty miles in advance.

Their rescue was effected on the fifth day of December and on the fifteenth of that month the cavalry came up with the main body of the army just as it entered Savannah to invest that place. Here Col. Roberts left Col. Brady with

Kilpatrick's staff and proceeded to seek out his own regiment. He first located the Fifteenth Corps by inquiring "where those cartridge box fellows with the forty rounds were," by which allusion Logan's corps would have been recognized anywhere in the army. Then he inquired his way to the Second Division, then the Third Brigade and finally reached the Seventh Infantry where he found his old chum, Maj. E. S. Johnson, which meeting affected both so greatly that neither could speak but "stood hugging each other and crying like school children." "The officers and men," he writes, "got 'round me, about one hundred deep, and the officers kept sticking twenty dollar bills in my pockets (those impoverished pockets!) and making offers of clothes and anything and everything. I thought it worth suffering seven months in Confederate prisons, he continues, feelingly, "to receive such a welcome from my dear comrades-in-arms."

After the capture of Savannah, which occurred on the 20th of December, Gen. Sherman granted Col. Roberts a thirty days' leave of absence, a furlough of which he availed himself with all speed, parting from his friend, Col. Brady, on the pier of North River in New York City never to see him again and arriving in Springfield, supposedly about the first of January.

To return to November the 26th, that momentous day that was to see Col. Roberts well upon his perilous way to join the Sherman forces was to speed Capt. Strickland upon another course, no less dangerous and probably quite as fruitful in adventures attending his escape. It is unfortunate that no record exists to prove the point. It is known, however, that he chose a northwestern route for his exodus, with Knoxville, Tennessee, as his objective.

Though he set out quite alone he came upon another escaped prisoner before nightfall who supplied him with an old Confederate jacket and they made the journey together. They, too, traveled by night and slept by day, trusting to the kindness of the field slaves to furnish them with food and shelter whenever possible and to direct them nightly on



CAPTAIN EDWARD P. STRICKLAND

their way. Sometimes they passed as Confederates, using Longstreet's name as passport—a magic name throughout the South.

Somewhere in the Carolinas they were told of one, Bob Boone, who was a buyer of mules for the government and who might assist them in getting through to the North. It was necessary to wait two weeks for his return but it was their opportunity so they remained in hiding until that time and it was under his guidance that Capt. Strickland and his companion got safely through that dangerous territory to Knoxville. There northern friends outfitted them and they parted company, the former returning as promptly as might be to Springfield.

And here coincidence lays its last fantastic touch upon the destinies of Col. Edward R. Roberts and Capt. Edward P. Strickland, for on the morning following their return each—believing the other to be alive and well but in the noxious confines of “Camp Sorghum” at Columbus, South Carolina—set out for the home of the other supposedly unfortunate man, to apprise his family of his present fortune when, somewhere upon Sixth street, probably in the neighborhood of the Leland Hotel, they met.

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It is in the nature of an anti-climax, I fear, to complete, however briefly, the military history of these two men but those who are more concerned with fact than literary fitness will be interested to know that at the expiration of his leave of absence Col. Roberts returned to the south to join his regiment which, after the surrender of Gen. Johnson on April 22nd, took up its line of march for home by way of Petersburg, Richmond and Alexandria, May 17, 1865, and took part in the grand review at Washington, when it was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, there on the 9th of July to be mustered out of service.

Capt. Strickland, after his leave in Springfield, was again mustered into service on February 11th of that year, his regi-

ment being sent to New Orleans. It took part in the battle of Spanish Fort, Alabama, and remained in the south in the neighborhoods of Mobile Bay and Montgomery until ordered to Vicksburg for muster-out on August 3rd.

Thus ended the long, valiant, and extraordinary eventful service of two of Springfield's honored sons.

MANY CONTESTS FOR THE COUNTY SEAT OF ADAMS COUNTY, ILL.

By W. A. RICHARDSON, JR.

(Read before Quincy Historical Society.)

Adams County local history has been enriched by the comprehensive paper concerning the locating of the county seat which W. A. Richardson read before the Quincy Historical Society. The record was never completely compiled in one work before and Mr. Richardson has gathered the fragments from all sources and connected them into a complete story of historical fact, as follows:

I have lived in Quincy almost all my life. I have heard about the county seat contests ever since I was a youth, but I didn't know how little I really knew about them until I began to look up the subject. I wonder if you know any more about them than I did? I cannot find that the subject has even been treated as a whole. I have found parts here and parts there, odds and ends, but most of my information has come from the different years in General Tillson's History of Quincy,—that wonderful book of annals. I have pieced these different parts together as best I could,—using General Tillson's material and language whenever it was possible.

On the 18th of January, 1825, the General Assembly of Illinois passed a bill creating the counties of Adams and Schuyler, and providing for their organization.

At this time there were at "the bluffs," as Quincy was then known, but three resident families and as many cabins. "First, John Wood's cabin, near the corner of what is now Delaware and Front streets, inhabited by John Wood and Major Jeremiah Rose and family; second, Willard Keyes' cabin, near where Front and Vermont streets join, in which he lived by himself; and, third, the cabin of John Droulard, a French shoemaker with a large family, near what is now

the corner of Seventh and Jersey streets." Some authorities say the Droulard cabin stood at the northwest corner of Eighth and Jersey.

The three commissioners, appointed in pursuance of the above legislation, were Joel Wright, of Montgomery County; Seymour Kellogg, of Morgan County, and David Dutton, of Pike County.

THE 1825 LOCATION.

On the 30th of April, of this same year, two of the commissioners, Messrs. Kellogg and Dutton, came to 'the bluffs' to perform their allotted task. They had been strongly impressed with the propriety and came to the determination, as they expressed it, 'of locating the county seat as near the geographical center of the county as possible.' Luck, strategy and the impressive treatment received at 'the bluffs' produced a reversal of this design. They were courteously received on their arrival. One-fourth of the male population of the place (Wood) being in St. Louis, but the residue (Keyes, Rose and Droulard) turned out en masse. The commissioners accepted the hospitalities of the place, and when they started on their search for the center of the county, twenty-five per cent of the male population (Keyes) volunteered to escort and guide them. One finds, as a curious commentary on the uncertainty which sometimes attends the action of a person of the most assured capacity, that, as on this occasion, Mr. Keyes' proverbial skill in woodcraft and experience as a land pilot, appears to have been entirely lost, or left at home; since, notwithstanding his valuable and disinterested aid, the worthy commissioners after a day's toil, found themselves far more likely to reach the center of the earth than the center of the county. After floundering through the briars, bogs, quagmires, swamps and quicksands of Mill Creek, sinking sometimes to their saddle girths, happy were the fagged dignitaries, abandoning their profitless search for the central 'Eldorado,' to retrace their steps, and, when the dusk came on, find shelter beneath the generous roof of the cabin of

John Wood and Jeremiah Rose. A substantial supper; a comfortable sleep; a hearty breakfast on the ensuing morning, and the bewildered judgment of the new refreshed commissioners ripened to a result. Passing, with all the people of the place in procession, over the broken bluffs and through the grassy woods to the narrow prairie ridge that crept across what is now Washington Square, they halted about the spot where is now the bronze statue of Governor Wood. Here, driving a stake into the ground, with all the formality and impressiveness that could be brought to bear, they officially announced that the northwest quarter of section two, township two south, range nine west, was from that hour the county seat of Adams County. Then, reverently placing their hands upon the top of the stake, they christened the place 'Quincy.'

"John Quincy Adams had been elected president and on the preceding 4th of March took possession of the White House, and just about the time of this visit of the commissioners, the inaugural address of 'the old man eloquent,' which had been delivered to congress some two months before, had been brought in the mails. It formed, of course, a topic of conversation between the commissioners and the citizens, and Kellogg, a warm Adams man from Morgan County, sore over a recent political struggle, said: 'In our county they have named the county seat Jacksonville, after General Jackson.' 'Well,' said some one from the crowd, 'let's call our county seat Quincy, and we'll see which comes out ahead.' It was carried by a unanimous vote."

The above is quoted from General Tillson's History of Quincy, where I have gotten a great deal of what follows.

May 1st, 1825, then, was our natal day, and on this day we were "christened and received our name."

CONTEST OF 1835.

At the time of the selection of Quincy as the county seat there were no objections made by any of the one hundred or more inhabitants of Adams County, nor for several years afterward. The "geographical center" idea, however, was

in the minds of the people, and it broke out in 1834, with the agitation for a new court house.

At the 1834-'5 session of the legislature a law was passed ordering the question of the location of "the seat of justice" to be submitted to a vote of the people. The commissioners appointed under this law came here and, after reviewing the situation, drove a stake at "the most central, eligible and convenient point" in the county for the purpose. At the August election of 1835 the test was made between Quincy and the "Commissioners' Stake," resulting in Quincy receiving six hundred and eighteen votes to the Commissioners' Stake's four hundred and ninety-two.

Just where this commissioners' stake was is not stated in any history of Adams County that I am familiar with. In a sketch of the village of Columbus, in one of the local histories, I find this: "The town of Columbus was laid out by County Surveyor Williams, under the direction of William Graves, in March, 1835. The original plan was to make Columbus the county seat of the county. It was located at the nearest practicable point to the geographical center. The exact center was about a mile west of the town, but the tract was military land, owned by parties in the east, whose whereabouts were not known, and consequently it was not accessible." From this I judge that "Columbus and the Commissioners Stake" were one and the same thing. This conclusion is affirmed by an advertisement in the Bounty Land Register of May 27, 1836, which is as follows:

"Sale of lots in Adamsburg the Geographical Center of Adams County, June 21, 1836.

"Adamsburg is beautifully situated on a high, gently rolling prairie, in the geographical center of Adams County, said to be on the quarter section designated by the commissioners appointed under a late act of the legislature as the most central, eligible and convenient for the permanent location of the seat of justice for said county, but the gentlemen then owning it not being in the State, the commissioners fixed upon a location two and one-half miles east.

“A vote of the people being taken, the latter location of the commissioners was rejected by a very small majority, because of its not being sufficiently central; so that a permanent site for the seat of justice has yet to be selected, and but little doubt remains that Adamsburg will be the place.”

This intended town was in the southwest quarter of section ten, one south, seven west, now in Gilmer township, about one mile and three-quarters due south of Paloma. This quarter section has been owned in the Rutledge family for many years. It is a fine farm, and is entirely untroubled by the streets and alleys, blocks and lots that once fretted it. It was an enterprise of some Morgan County men, of whom J. H. Pettit, S. S. Brooks and Stephen A. Douglas had been or were to be citizens of Quincy, and was a part of the mania for town building that was at that time so prevalent.

COLUMBUS CONTEST OF 1841.

The village of Columbus grew rapidly and prospered greatly between 1835 and 1840, and gathered a remarkably fine lot of citizens, among whom were Abraham Jonas, Wesley D. McCann, Frederick Collins, Timothy Castle, Clement Nance and E. H. Buckley, who afterwards became citizens of Quincy.

Notwithstanding the severe defeat of 1835, the all prevalent central idea for a “county seat of justice” still smoldered, and in 1840 it was blown into a flame. Mr. Abraham Jonas is said to have been the moving spirit of this movement, but it was supported by all the men of influence in the eastern part of the county. So effectively did they work that they procured the passage of a law, which was approved January 19th, 1841, ordering an election to be held in Adams County on the question of removing the county seat from Quincy to Columbus.

A most bitter conflict ensued. Two “county seat question” campaign papers sprang up—“Columbus Advocate” and the “People’s Organ,” one for and the other against removal, one in Columbus and the other in Quincy—the former

published by E. Ferry and edited by Abraham Jonas. The county was thoroughly canvassed by speakers of note on both sides. Public and private criminations were frequent. After a six months' campaign, the election was held on the 2nd of August, 1841, and out of a vote of 3,181, Columbus claimed to have succeeded by a majority of 91.

Mr. Henry Asbury and Mr. Wesley D. McCann, as justices of the peace, in due time certified that, according to an abstract of the poll books, Columbus had received 1,636 votes and Quincy had received 1,545 votes.

TAKEN TO THE COURTS.

Upon the official announcement of the result, Messrs. Joel Rice, J. H. Luce, John Wood and J. T. Holmes, by their attorneys, Almeron Wheat and Andrew Johnson, petitioned, September 7th, 1841, the county commissioners court for a stay of all proceedings relating to the removal of the county seat until the election could be contested; alleging fraudulent voting, irregular methods, unusual or no voting precincts, informal returns, etc.

Two of the county commissioners, William Richards and Eli Seehorn, a majority of the court, decided to stay proceedings and hear the contest. To this decision a protest was filed by George Smith, the third member of the court. From this decision of said majority William Graves and others, by Nehemiah Bushnell, their attorney, prayed an appeal, which was granted.

In the meantime, a mandamus was applied for and Judge Douglas, doing circuit duty, September 6, 1841, ordered a compliance by the commissioners with the prescription of the law.

So stood the issue at the end of 1841.

At their February meeting in 1842, the county commissioners board had a full meeting, for the first time in several months. Two of the board, Richards and Seehorn, decided that the result of the election was so doubtful that they would not obey the writ of the circuit court. Thereupon Judge

Douglas, March 4th, 1842, issued a peremptory order to the commissioners, commanding immediate action. From this Quincy immediately appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. The case was argued in July—George Dixon for the commissioners and Archibald Williams for Columbus—and the decision was ordered deferred until the following December.

DIVIDING THE COUNTY IN 1842.

Immediately after the August election of 1842, the contest took on a new shape. At a meeting in Quincy on the 26th of October the proposition was agreed to that the legislature should be asked to divide the county by cutting off ten townships on the eastern side, and therefrom form a new county. Columbus was asked to unite in this movement, but refused. In fact, as General Tillson's History says, "Columbus could not safely agree to it for the reason that the town lies on the extreme western edge of the proposed new county, a part of it being in Gilmer township, and the village would thus be cut in two, and the same objections would then lie against Columbus as a county seat—'away at one side of the county,' that had been urged against Quincy.

"This project," to quote further from General Tillson's book, "stirred into activity every local interest in the county, and proved that the previous movement had not been based on a preference for Columbus merely, but for a county center. A half score of plans were started for outlining new counties. Some of these proposed to take a part of Hancock, or Schuyler, or Brown, or Pike, and all seemed to have forgotten Columbus."

As early as the 19th of December, at the 1842-'3 session of the legislature, Mr. Almeron Wheat, one of the representatives from Adams County, introduced a bill for the division of the county, based upon the proposition adopted at said October meeting.

Upon this there followed a flood of petitions for or remonstrances against the proposed action, coming from all parts

of the county, "with every variety of project, proposition and suggestion." "It was made a matter of long, bitter and doubtful discussion." The bill became a law on February 11th, 1843, creating a county called Marquette, and ordering that an election should be held on the 3d day of April, 1843, for county officers—so as to complete the organization.

"The election did not come off. With a singular unanimity of sentiment, everybody agreed not to vote, and, of course, the county remained unorganized."

In the act creating Marquette County there was a clause which attached it to Adams County for judicial purposes until it was organized. When it refused to organize, Judge Douglas, in a proceeding before him, decided that it, though unorganized, remained "attached to Adams County for judicial purposes."

"The entire failure to have the form of an election on the 3rd day of April, 1843, was a point strongly urged to establish the nullity of the entire law—as it was claimed that the election and organization on that specially prescribed date was essential, and that with a failure in this feature, the law failed." This question came up in a mandamus proceeding before Judge Jesse B. Thomas, Jr.—the immediate successor of Judge Douglas on the bench, and he decided, October 25, 1843, that the county of Marquette was absolutely created by the first section of the act of February 11, 1843, and that it was not left optional with the inhabitants to organize or not.

These two decisions were confirmed by the Supreme Court at the December term, 1843.

"The Marquette people steadily refused to be cut away from Adams County, and they constantly voted at every general and special election, whenever this issue would come up, either against separate organization or for candidates for county officers who were pledged not to qualify and assume office. And thus they remained in that most anomalous position of being and yet not being; paying no taxes, having no representatives and only known in the courts; a community claiming all their political rights and exercising only such

as they chose to—contesting and voting on state and national issues, but utterly refusing to act in county matters. This was comparatively easy to do, for the reason that at that time, votes, under the *viva voce* system, could be cast almost anywhere and the Marquette men would come across the line on election day and vote in Adams County, for president, congressman and governor.”

CONTEST OF 1846.

At the August election of 1846, Mr. E. H. Buckley and Mason Wallace were elected to the legislature from Marquette County. Buckley took his seat, but Wallace did not, and W. H. Chapman, who had been a candidate, was admitted with Buckley and served during the session of 1846-'7. Chiefly through the influence of Buckley, the name of Marquette was changed to Highland by a bill which became a law February 27, 1847. This law took a tier of sections from the eastern edge of Adams County and put them in Highland County—so as to avoid dividing the village of Columbus between two counties. It also provided for the collection of taxes, and other matters.

Still these people, now of Highland, refused to organize.

In the constitutional convention of 1847, Mr. Archibald Williams, one of the delegates, a friend of Columbus, introduced a clause, and secured its adoption in the new constitution, which read as follows:

“All territory which has been or may be stricken off by legislative enactment from any organized county or counties for the purpose of forming a new county, and which still remains unorganized, after the period provided for its organization, shall be and remain a part of the county or counties from which it was originally taken, for all purposes of State and county.”

This new constitution, with said clause in it, was submitted to a popular vote, for ratification or rejection, on the 6th of March, 1848, and secured a majority throughout the State—Brown being the only county to vote against it.

And thus ended, where it began in 1840, this long, acrimonious struggle for the county seat. And it left in its wake much heart-burning and resentment and section bitterness.

And the end was not yet.

COATSBURG CONTEST.

On the 9th day of January, 1875, the court house, the second court house of Adams County, the court house that was built in 1837 on the east side of Fifth street, opposite the "Square," an imitation of a Greek temple, a style of architecture then so prevalent for public buildings throughout the United States, was so badly damaged by fire that a new building was an absolute necessity.

Here was an opportunity for re-opening the old county seat question, with all its baffled ambitions, desire for revenge and bitter memories that had been carried over from 1840-1848 by the old citizens of Marquette and Highland Counties, or transmitted to their posterity. And soon the excitement began. There were private conversations, group conferences, public meetings, newspaper communications, and all the other various methods by which public opinion and united efforts are created in a democratic government; and along in the summer a movement took shape, back of Mr. Phil Judy, a most worthy and estimable gentleman, to remove the "seat of justice" from Quincy to Coatsburg—a small town on the railroad about two and one-half miles north of Columbus.

In due time, according to law, a petition was filed with the county clerk, and he issued a notice of election, to be held on Tuesday, November 9th, 1875.

Previous to this election, there was a strong exhibition of feeling, and meetings were held throughout the different parts of the county by the friends of Quincy and the friends of Coatsburg.

The chief arguments in favor of removal used by the friends of Coatsburg were the central location of that place, the saving of expense in the building, and the very large number of voters who had petitioned for the election.

Honesty compels the acknowledgment that the champions of Quincy, such men as Hon. O. H. Browning, Col. W. A. Richardson, Dr. Joseph Robbins, Dr. S. M. Sturgess, Judge Joseph Sibley, Hon. J. H. Richardson, Hon. J. N. Carter, and others, were better treated in the eastern part of the county than the champions of Coatsburg were treated in Quincy.

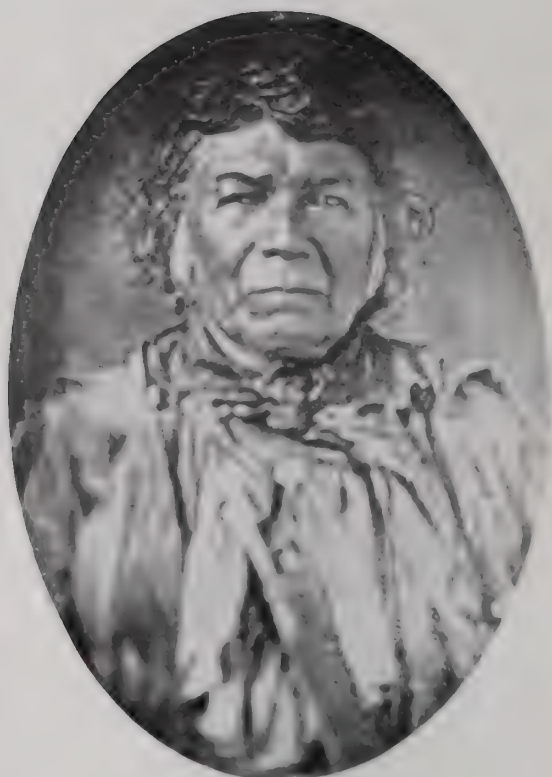
When the vote cast at the election was canvassed, it showed that 3,109 votes were given for removal, and 7,283 against removal—Quincy winning by 4,174 votes.

Is this the last of the county seat contests in Adams County? Or is there a fight or two still left in the "geographical center" idea? Who can tell? Quincy has a court house that cost something like \$300,000 as a hostage. On the other side, the notion rankles in the minds of the men of the east side of the county that many fraudulent votes were cast for Quincy.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

This story of the county seat difficulties, particularly that part which relates to the temporary division of the county, could be told in far more amplified detail. It could be made to include the party politics that played around this vexed question during those troubled years. It could be made to tell how Mr. Almeron Wheat, a democrat, in opposition to the other representatives from Adams County—Messrs. O. H. Browning, Abraham Jonas, Peter B. Garrett and Richard W. Starr—all whigs, drove through the legislature the bill that became a law February 11, 1843, which divided the county; of how this adroit move placed Columbus at a disadvantage on the extreme western border of the new county; and of how this ultimately brought about a reunited Adams County with Quincy as the county seat. It could be made to tell how Mr. Browning, at a public meeting, justified his vote against Quincy; and of how at the August election of 1843 he carried the county, as a candidate for congress, against Judge Douglas—such was his popularity, the persuasiveness of his lan-

guage, the power of the man. It could be made to tell of how Wesley D. McCann, James A. Bell, L. McFarland and Squire McClintock, all residents of the new county, retained their commissions as justices of the peace for Adams County, of how they conserved the public peace, order and safety of their neighborhoods; and of how all the acts of these magistrates were legalized by an act of the legislature after the difficulties were settled. It could be made to tell of the passions and prejudices that were engendered by this all absorbing question; and of the aspiring ambitions that went to wreck and ruin in this storm and stress period of our local history. It could be made to tell, also, of the wit and humor, the ridiculous situations and laughable experiences that belong with the story; of the heckling of the speakers in the rough, ungrammatical, raucous language of the day; of the discomfort or witty comeback; of the comic stories that went the rounds; or the jests and jokes—the rough, horsy jokes, full of the metaphors of the soil. If this were done, you could the better visualize the situation. I hope I have made you see, at least in a small degree, what the story would be if it were properly and well told.



SHABBONA.

SHABONEE.

By MRS. ALTA P. WALTERS, Atkinson, Illinois.

My earliest childhood recollections include many mind pictures of Shabonee and his camp in the woods back of our house; these pictures painted by my grandfather's recital of his experiences with this celebrated Indian chief.

My Grandfather Porter came to Henry County from Stark County in the spring of 1842 and settled on a section of land in Cornwall township in the west end of Shabonee's Grove. He built his log cabin on the same eighty where Shabonee and his tribe pitched their camp among the sugar maples, and for a period of seven years enjoyed the annual visits of these Indians during sugar-making time. I have often seen (in mind) the old chief or his squaws stalk in uninvited or wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep on grandfather's porch.

The old sugar camp in our Grove in my day still bore marks of use by these Indians and many times have I pictured in fancy their peopling those beautiful hills and vales and imagined their various activities there.

The story of how Shabonee saw his leader, Tecumseh, fall, killed by a "butcher knife which spit fire" (in the words of Shabonee) and why he from that time on dedicated himself to the aid and protection of the white people is one which has long been familiar to me.

There are no doubt many people in this vicinity who have like memories. One of these is Mrs. Ella Hume Taylor, whose mother told her many experiences of the old days and of her personal acquaintance with Shabonee. On one occasion when sitting by her mother's bedside she took down word for word one of these accounts, as follows:

"Old Shabbona, Chief of the Pottawatomies, was a fine specimen of one of Cooper's Indians, dignified, honest and

just, and straight in appearance as an arrow. About 1836 the tribe was located near Chicago, also some divisions of them were in the Indian Territory. A portion would go back and forth every year or so. The chief and his family, advisors, etc., were of this number. Sometimes they camped near Green River, sometimes at Shabbona Grove or by Spring Creek. Old Shabbona endeared himself to many of the old settlers and was always honorable, his word being worth more than many a white man's bond.

"At one time an Indian of some tribe hostile to the Pottawatomies had a quarrel with Shabbona's son-in-law, John, and swore to kill John. He apparently followed them over the prairies for months, biding his time, but was himself found dead in the brush by some white man.

"Suspicion fell on John, as it was known that both had sworn to kill on sight. He was arrested but Shabbona immediately gave his word that if John was allowed his freedom daytimes that he should come back to the whites each night for safekeeping and that he would guarantee John's appearance for trial.

"Knox and Drury of Rock Island were their attorneys. Louis Webber was then sheriff of Henry County. To show his confidence in these people, let me say that the day before the trial Shabbona came to him saying, 'Let John and my men go with me to Shabbona Grove to a camp-fire tonight. We will be back by eight o'clock tomorrow morning.' And Webber let them go.

"About fifteen minutes before eight, way across the open prairie could be seen the Indians coming at a keen lope on their ponies in single file, Shabbona leading, and promptly on time, with a whirl of dust and a flourish, up came these Indians to the court house ready for trial. It could not be proved that John had killed the other Indian although nearly all were convinced that he did it but possibly in self-defense. In fact, John had told one of the women here that he did it and showed her the scalp but the woman and her little girl were so frightened they did not then tell of it. The little girl was later Mrs.

Harriet Miller of South State street, Geneseo, Illinois.”—
Told by Mrs. Hume.

In the History of Henry County, page 112, the author, Henry Kiner, says: “A grove south of Atkinson is called Shabbona Grove. It is one of the few groves in our State that does not flourish on the banks of a stream.

“Shabbona was much about Ottawa and Morris, the county seats of LaSalle and Grundy Counties. The graves of Shabbona and his wife are in Morris beside a business street, for a long time marked only by a cedar pole. The citizens of Morris afterward erected a fine monument to the memory of the old chief who had ridden three ponies to death warning their forefathers that Black Hawk was starting on the war path. That was a ride fit to be glorified in poetry beside the midnight ride of Paul Revere. Ay, it was more God-like. Revere rode to save his friends. Shabbona rode to save an alien race, most of whom had proven themselves to be enemies of his people.

“The white people recognized the God-like nature of Shabbona’s deed. The old chief was welcome to enter any store, take what he fancied, and go his way. His fancy found gratification in tawdry gim-cracks more than in expensive goods. When hungry, he would enter a hotel or restaurant, eat his fill and nothing to pay. He rode on trains when and as far as he wished. He was troublesome but once.

“A party of ladies were having an afternoon social gathering at the home of one of their number in Ottawa when Shabbona happened by. He was invited in and treated to ice-cream and cake. Then one of the ladies in a spirit of fun told Shabbona that if he would pick out the prettiest lady present he could have her.

“‘Yes, yes, he can have her,’ shouted the gay throng, all excited with the anticipated mirth. The old barbarian’s eyes quickly darted at Mrs. Eames, an exquisitely beautiful woman. He pointed at her. Gay was the laughter and Mrs. Eames, blushing and confused, was the center of a joyful group when the old savage came grimly elbowing his way

through. He seized the lady by the arm and commanded her to come. A blight fell upon the mirth; cheeks went white. 'It was all in fun, Shabbona,' faltered the hostess. But the old barbarian did not understand fun that was founded on a lie. They had told him he could have this woman. He wanted his own. Consternation, desperation, followed. On the plea that the lady must go upstairs to get her wraps she got away from him. She slipped out of the rear of the house and ran all the way home. Shabbona lingered. He soon felt that he had been made a fool of. He was exceedingly angry. He went away muttering threats. Afterwards the best friends of Shabbona, old merchants and others, partly convinced Shabbona that it was all innocent fun with no intention of making a laughing stock of him. But the lady he had chosen left Ottawa for a time and when she returned was careful to not meet her savage admirer."—History of Henry County by H. L. Kiner.

These two narratives serve to illustrate Shabbona's dominating characteristic,—integrity. He was also of a "generous and forgiving nature, always hospitable and, until his return from the West to find his home gone, a strictly temperate man, not only abstaining from all intoxicants himself but influencing his people to do the same.

"He had an uncommonly retentive memory and a perfect knowledge of this western country. He would readily draw on the sand or bed of ashes quite a correct map of the whole district from the lakes west to the Missouri River, giving general courses of rivers, designating towns and places of notoriety even though he had never seen them."—*Col. G. S. Hubbard in narrative given as addendum to Hickling's biographies.*

To Shabbona the early settlers of Illinois owe a lasting debt of gratitude. His aid and friendliness to the whites was untiring and unswerving. Because of his efforts in saving the lives of the whites, the Indians through reproach called him the "White Man's Friend," and made repeated threats to kill him and twice came near carrying them out. They

killed his son and his nephew and hunted him down as if he were a wild beast.

For his aid to the settlers the Government awarded him two sections of land at Shabbona's Grove in DeKalb County and a pension of two hundred dollars, but one time, during his absence with the rest of the tribe on a reservation west of the Mississippi, a lot of speculators, willing to profit even over the gift of a grateful country to one who had saved the lives of scores of its frontier colonists, succeeded in representing that Shabbona had deserted his reservation and it was sold at auction.

"It ought to be a matter of regret and mortification to us all that our Government so wronged this man, who so often periled his own life to save those of the whites, by withholding from him the title to the land granted him under a solemn treaty."—*Col. Hubbard*.

William Hickling, Esq., presented to the Chicago Historical Society, July 17, 1877, a document which had been carried by Shabbona for years and which Shabbona had finally given to him. This document reads as follows: "This is to certify that the bearer of this name, Chamblee, was a faithful companion to me during the late war with the United States. The bearer joined the late celebrated warrior, Tecumseh, of the Shawnee Nation in the year 1807 on the Wabash River and remained with the above warrior from the commencement of the hostilities with the United States until our defeat at Moravian Town on the Thames, October 5, 1813. I also have been witness to his intrepidity and courageous warrior (conduct) on many occasions and he showed a great deal of humanity to those unfortunate sons of Mars who fell into his hands. Amhurstburg, August 1, 1816. B. Caldwell, Captain I. D."

At the time of the presentation of the above document, a request was made that Mr. Hickling furnish a biographical sketch of the two persons whose names appear, "Billy Caldwell" and "Chamblee."

As "The Sauganash" is spoken of frequently in the biography of Shabbonee, I will first include the following

explanation of the term; also, a brief sketch of the one to whom it refers as given in the biography of Caldwell by William Hickling.

"The Sauganash" was the Indian name by which Billy Caldwell was generally known and means "The Britisher," but this name of Sauganash was generally given to all Englishmen by the Indians when speaking of them individually. Caldwell was born in Canada about the year 1780. His father was an Irish officer in the British military service and his mother a Pottawatomie.

He was given a good education by the Jesuits at Detroit and was able to speak and write fluently both the English and French languages and was also master of several Indian dialects.

Because of his fine physique,—strong, sinewy and straight as an arrow,—his fellow Indian braves also called him "Straight Tree." From about the year 1807 up to the time of Tecumseh's death, Caldwell was so intimately acquainted with Tecumseh that he was often called the private secretary of that great chieftain. He no doubt aided Tecumseh considerably, when in council with the British officials, to arrange plans of co-operation between the British forces and their Indian allies, as Tecumseh spoke but little of the English language. He also aided in furthering the gigantic plans of Tecumseh to consolidate all the Indian tribes of the West and Southwest into one grand hostile confederacy against the United States. We have unquestioned authority to state that Caldwell, Tecumseh and Shabonee used all their influence and did all that lay in their power to mitigate the horrors of savage warfare in restraining the fury and ferocity of the Indians toward the unfortunate captives who fell into their hands.

One notable instance of this character was seen in the events following the massacre of part of the garrison at Fort Dearborn in 1812. The few soldiers and civilians spared from the first burst of savage fury would undoubtedly have been subsequently murdered had it not been for the timely

presence on the scene and protecting care of the "Sauganash" and Shabonee, neither of whom were present at the evacuation of the Fort and the assault of the Indians on the retiring soldiers. Later, Caldwell and Shabonee again averted disaster for the inhabitants of Fort Dearborn by persuading the Pottawatomies not to join in the Winnebago War in 1827. Col. G. S. Hubbard gives a very vivid and interesting account of Shabonee's diplomacy in this connection in his narrative presented to the Chicago Historical Society in addition to and corroborative of William Hickling's biographies.

The following is the biography of Shabonee as presented to the Chicago Historical Society by William Hickling with but few omissions:

Shabonee was called "Chamblee" by the French and this orthography of his name is used by Billy Caldwell in his certificate of character and good qualities given to him at Amherstburg in 1816. In early times his name was frequently written "Chab-o-neh." Our friend, G. S. Hubbard, Esq., and also the late John H. Kinzie, very good authority, frequently used the letter "C" in the spelling of his name instead of "S" subsequently and now by general consent used.

The old document of the year 1816 which is now presented to the Society I became possessor of in the summer of 1858. The old chief in one of his frequent visits to my home in Ottawa told me he had a paper written by the "Sauganash" many years before and that he would now give it to me, stating at the same time that no other white man "on this side of the border" had ever seen it. This assertion I concluded after inquiring to be correct, for when I subsequently showed it to several of our old citizens including the late George E. Walker and Col. G. S. Hubbard, both of whom I well knew were most intimate friends of the old man, I found to my surprise that not one of them had ever before seen the document.

Why the poor old Indian kept for so many years the paper as a secret from his most intimate white friends

I cannot tell. At the time he surrendered the paper to me, he took it from a piece of dressed buckskin which was folded several times around it. The package, he told me, he had carried for many years about his person and the "sweaty" appearance of the document verifies the assertion.

So many notices and memoirs of Shabonee have already been published that I hardly think it necessary to go into the history of his long life. I shall merely allude to some incidents thereof which have not been recorded and to some others erroneously stated.

The father of Shabonee belonged to the Ottawa tribe, a portion of whom at the time of Pontiac's great conspiracy against the United States inhabited a portion of that section of country lying south of Lake Superior now included in northern Michigan. He was one of that numerous band of Ottawas who fought with the great Ottawa chieftain throughout his wars and upon his defeat returned with him to the Illinois country in the year 1764. Shabonee told me he was born near the Maumee River in Ohio about the year 1775. Some published accounts say that his birthplace was "in Ohio," "on the Ohio River," "on the Kankakee," etc.

In early manhood he married the daughter of a Potawatomie chief whose village was on the Illinois River bottom a few miles above the present city of Ottawa in this State. He lived at this village a few years but finding this locality to be insalubrious, moved with his family or band to what is now known as Shabonee Grove, a most beautiful "Prairie Island," situated in the southern part of DeKalb County, some twenty-five miles north of the city of Ottawa, before mentioned. Here he and his band had their village and council house and resided there until the fall of 1837, at which time they numbered all told some 130 souls. His own family included two wives, children, grandchildren, nephews, etc., amounting to some twenty-five of their number.

Shabonee's first acquaintance with Tecumseh commenced about the year 1807. It is probable that he knew the "Sauganash" at an earlier date. In 1810, when the great Shawnee chief accompanied by Caldwell and two others visited the Pottawatomie villages in the Illinois country for the purpose of inducing them to join in his great consolidated scheme of hostility against the white men in order to check their further encroachments upon Indian territory, he induced Shabonee to accompany the party on their mission, and together they visited the scattered tribes in the valleys of the Illinois, Fox, and Rock Rivers, thence via Green Bay and Wisconsin River as far northwest as La Crosse and thence south as far as Rock Island. At this point Shabonee left his companions and returned home to his Grove.

During this trip, many of the villages of the Sacs and Foxes, Winnebagos, Menominees, etc., were visited. It is hardly necessary for me to state that Shabonee held in the highest estimation the genius and military qualities of his great leader, Tecumseh, attaching himself and his followers to his service and sharing with him the fortunes of war, which at the end of his career so fatally culminated at the battle of the Thames. Shabonee, in this his last fight with the "pale faces," was in the hottest of the combat, fighting heroically by the side of his leader when the fatal bullet in its mission destroyed forever all the hopes and expectations of him who has justly been called the "Napoleon of the Red Skins."

Shabonee, like his friend Caldwell, now having lost all faith in the power and promises of their British allies, never again associated with them in any military capacity but a short time afterwards visited General Cass at Detroit and to him gave in their submission to the authority of the United States. I will not venture here to discuss the vexed question of "who killed Tecumseh" but will state that Shabonee, who, we must remember, was fighting by the side of his leader, has given different

versions of that affair, all tending, however, more or less, to the belief that Col. Richard M. Johnson was the man; but upon an examination and comparison of the different statements made by the old chief, I have come to the conclusion that his ideas and memories of the battle, particularly in relation to the killing of Tecumseh, "are much mixed," and not of a character sufficiently accurate to be placed on record as correct history.

Some years afterwards, when on a visit to Washington City, at the time the gallant Colonel Johnson filled the high office of Vice-President of the United States, it is said in an interview at that time between Colonel Johnson and Shabonee, they freely talked over the incidents and events of the campaign and the final battle which ended gloriously in favor of the heroes of General Harrison's army.

The next and last attempt made to embroil the Pottawatomies and Ottawas in a war with the "pale faces" was that made by Black Hawk and the Prophet in 1832. These two chiefs representing the Sauk and Fox nations met the Pottawatomies and Ottawas in council at Indian-town (now Tiskilwa, Illinois) in February of that year and eloquently pointed out to the large number of Indians assembled there the necessity of co-operation in order to save their nations from the further encroachments of the white men upon their hunting grounds, for at the time emigration was fast spreading over the rich prairies of northern Illinois and eastern Iowa. In that large assemblage, the voice of but one Pottawatomie chief was raised in favor of war and union with Black Hawk and that was given by old Wau-pan-seh.

In that council, Shabonee, in answer to that fervent appeal of Black Hawk for union, and his figurative assertion that such a union would give them an army of warriors equal in number to the trees of the forest, replied: "Yes, and the army of the pale faces you will have to

encounter will be as numerous as the leaves on those trees.”

At the period of this conference probably no other chief excepting Caldwell possessed greater influence with the tribes assembled than did Shabonee and these two leaders so well knew the power and military resources of the white race and how futile it would be to engage in another war with them. The mission of Black Hawk and his Prophet companion proved a failure,—but one chief and a few of the young warriors lifted up their voices for war. The warlike feelings of those few were appeased by the powerful influence of the “Sauganash,” Shabonee, Robinson and others.

Subsequently when Black Hawk and his band crossed over to the east side of the Mississippi, and just before the commencement of his foray on the white settlements, he made one more attempt to secure a union with the Pottawatomies and sent his runners or emissaries to visit Shabonee who at this time with his band were encamped on a hunting expedition in the Bureau Timber. Shabonee here again rejected all offers of alliance made by Black Hawk. Seeing that hostilities must soon commence, Shabonee broke up his hunting camp and returned home to his Grove. Shortly afterwards, the defeat of Major Stillman’s forces followed and opened a clear path for the hostile Indians to make a foray upon the settlements. This Shabonee foresaw; and here the goodness of his heart, his humanity, and desire to avert the horrors of savage warfare are shown in the arduous and disinterested efforts made by him in behalf of the few white settlers so soon to be exposed to savage fury. Immediately, he sent his son and nephew to notify the scattered settlers on the Fox River and at Holderman’s Grove of their great danger, urging them in all haste to leave their homes and seek the sheltering walls of the fort at Ottawa. The old chief, himself, undertook the task on his mission of mercy, to warn the settlers of Bureau and Indian Creek

of their great danger. His appearance on that sixteenth day of May riding at full speed bareheaded, his pony heated and jaded by the long ride through the scattered settlements, has been well described by other writers. Nearly all the persons interested followed Shabonee's advice and fled in haste to Ottawa, leaving their homes but a few hours in advance of the entry of the hostile Sauk. A few persons, however, in the Indian Creek settlement took no heed of Shabonee's warning and paid in a few hours afterwards the penalty of their rashness, by all their party, excepting four persons, being massacred in the one log house in which they had sought refuge and which they so heroically defended.

During the heat of the fight, two young men of the party escaped from the house and reached the fort at Ottawa in safety. The capture, long journey and captivity in western Iowa, of the two young daughters of Mr. Hall, one of the party murdered, and their subsequent safe restoration to their friends, forms a romantic story of frontier life well known to the readers of western history.

The same treaty which gave to Caldwell, Robinson, and others of our Indians and half-breeds, their reservations of land, also gave two sections to Shabonee. This he desired to be so located that it would include his old home and council house in the Grove before mentioned. By direction of Major Langham, then Surveyor-General of Illinois and Missouri, a survey and plat of the reservation was made by a deputy surveyor and Shabonee fondly hoped that the home which he and his family had occupied for so many years was secured to them forever.

I believe that in all the other reservations of land granted by the aforementioned treaty that all the parties thereto having such reservations enjoyed them in fee and only required the consent of, and signature of, the President of the United States in order to pass a good title to parties purchasing such reserved lands. Why Shabonee's

case should differ from all the rest, I could never determine. At any rate, when the survey of the public lands lying north of the old Indian boundary line was ordered by the Land Department to be made, the deputy surveyor had instructions to ignore the previous survey of the reservations, and include the lands thereon contained in the regular section lines of the United States survey, and during the absence of poor old Shabonee and his family in Kansas, these lands were sold by public sale at Dixon. The home of the old chief and his family passed into other hands, strangers to him, and in answer to an appeal made at Washington in Shabonee's behalf the Commissioner of the General Land Department, in answer, said that Shabonee had forfeited and lost his title to the lands by removing away from them.

In 1837, Shabonee was notified by the Indian agent, that by the terms of the late treaty all members of his band with the exception of his own family, must remove to their new reservations in western Missouri. The parting with so many of those with whom he had so long been associated, he could not endure, so he resolved with all his family to accompany them to their new homes. In the fall of the year, the whole tribe, some 130 in number, reached their reservation in safety; but no sooner had Shabonee and his family reached their lodges in their new homes than new troubles began. The Sauks and Foxes, unfortunately, had their new reservations in close proximity to that of the Pottawatomies and Ottawas. The well known hostility, a few years previous, of Shabonee to Black Hawk, and the part which the Ottawas took against him and his followers in the war which followed, were still fresh in the minds of the individual Sauk leader, and made enemies of two noted braves who, at an earlier period of their career, had for so many years been fighting side by side, under the eye of their leader, Tecumseh. The warfare against Shabonee and his family resulted in the murder of his eldest son and a nephew who were

killed soon after their arrival in western Missouri. The old chief, Shabonee, narrowly escaped with his life from the vengeance of his foes. This caused him and his family to return to Illinois in about one year after having left it. From this time until in 1849, Shabonee and his family, some twenty to twenty-five in number, lived at the Grove in peace and quietness with the white neighbors surrounding them. By this time, the Pottawatomies and Ottawas had been again removed to a new reservation granted them in Kansas, and Shabonee again with his family, left their old home in Illinois, to join their red brethren in the new one to be occupied. He remained there with his old friends and tribe some three years, then again with his family retraced their steps back to their old home in the Illinois Grove, only to find his village and lands in the possession of strangers; the old home he and his family had occupied for more than forty years was lost to him forever. When he fully realized his forlorn situation, it is said that the old warrior, who probably had scarcely ever before shed a tear, here "wept like a child." But his cup of misery was not yet full. An unfeeling brute, the new owner of the land, upon which, on his return, Shabonee and his family encamped, cursed the poor old man for having cut a few lodge poles, on what he thought was his own property, and peremptorily ordered him and his family to leave the Grove. This they did, and it is said that Shabonee never visited it again. A few friends, realizing the destitute situation in which the poor old chief and his family were placed, purchased for him a small tract of twenty acres of timber land on Mazon Creek, a short distance south of Morris, in this State. The situation of the land and its surroundings were of a character to suit the Indians. The land was fenced in, a small spot broken up for tillage, and a double log cabin built for them. Here in a semi-state of poverty and wretchedness, the old chief and part of his family lived, most of the time in wigwams,

or tents, using the house for storage purposes and as a barn.

Shabonee died July 27, 1859, aged about eighty-three years. He was buried in the town of Morris, and be it said to the shame of the white men, for a long time no memorial stone, nothing but a piece of board stuck in the ground showed the spot where lay the remains of the best and truest Indian friend which the early settlers of north-ern Illinois had in the day of their tribulation.

The second wife of Shabonee, a very large and decrepit old woman, weighing some four hundred pounds, together with her grandchild, were drowned near Morris in the spring of 1864 and both lie buried by the side of Shabonee.

After the death of Shabonee and his wife, all the members of the band then left joined their brethren in the Indian Territory.

Shabonee was not by birth an hereditary chief, and in fact only became one over his band by their tacit consent, after the death of his first wife's father. In his personal appearance he was a model of physical strength, tall in stature, straight as an arrow, large head and face, with pleasant features and an agreeable expression of countenance. He was not much of an orator, yet his words of wisdom always had their weight in council deliberations.

Until quite late in life (after his return from the West in 1838), he was remarkably temperate in his habits, scarcely ever tasting of the "fire-water," that great enemy of his race. No doubt his long association with Tecumseh, who also was remarkably temperate in his habits, had its influence upon the mind and character of Shabonee. It is well known that Tecumseh, both by precept and example, ever tried to impress upon the minds of his red brethren, that most of the unnumbered woes which had been fastened upon their race, were in the main attributable to their inordinate love of whiskey,

and the usual debaucheries following its use. Shabonee, in another trait of his character, showed what influence had been made upon it by the teachings of his model leader, Tecumseh, viz., his humanity always shown, and protection from indiscriminate slaughter afforded to the unfortunate captives of war who fell into his hands. This remarkable departure from the general usages and practices of savage warfare is well worth recording.

The name and memory of Shabonee will be ever dear to the old settlers of this section of the west because of the prompt action he took to thwart the schemes of that wily old savage, Black Hawk, and save from his savage fury the lives of so many of our early pioneers, many of whom would certainly have been sacrificed, had it not been for his disinterested efforts in their behalf. To show that the feelings of grateful remembrance still exist, we need but look around in this and adjoining counties, to find how frequently the name of Shabonee is incorporated with that of townships, public squares, streets, chapters, wigwams, commanderies, etc.

Truly, by race and descent, he was what we so often call "a savage of the wilderness," (very few of whom have shown to the world, notwithstanding the efforts in their behalf of Christian teachers, and their contact, more or less, with our modern civilization, so many redeeming traits of character as did Shabonee;) but we are sorry to have to record, that during the last few years of his long life his sorrows and poverty increased. Surrounded by white neighbors, and almost in daily contact with civilized men, yet this contact failed to produce good results. On the contrary, that so-called civilized man too often tempted the poor old Indian to indulge in a too liberal use of the accursed "fire-water," which generally left him in a state of maudlin helplessness, pitiable to behold. Let us throw a veil over his few faults, and remember his many virtues.

(William Hickling, 1877.)

Nearly forty years after the death of Shabonee, the Shabonee Memorial Association of Grundy County was formed and in the latter part of October in about the year 1900, a monument to the memory of Chief Shabonee was erected in Morris, Illinois, at the head of his grave. It is a huge boulder of gray granite, weighing many tons, and across a smooth side of it is inscribed, "Shabbona, 1775-1859."

On August 29, 1906, Shabbona Park, near Ottawa, Illinois, was dedicated, and a monument erected there to Shabbona's memory was unveiled. Shabbona Park is fourteen miles north of Ottawa, and was the scene of the Black Hawk Indian massacre in 1832. Chief Shabonee warned the settlement of impending danger and those who did not heed the warning, fifteen in number, were slain. Five thousand dollars was appropriated by the legislature for the establishing of the park and the erection of the monument. The principal addresses were made by M. N. Armstrong of Ottawa and Thomas J. Henderson of Princeton.

The daguerreotype of Shabonee, from which the picture accompanying this article was made, was presented by him to Miss C. A. Gillmore, who was later Mrs. George Richards of Geneseo, Illinois. The original daguerreotype is still among the possessions of Miss Jane Wilcox of Rock Island, a niece of Mrs. Richards.

GIDEON BLACKBURN, THE FOUNDER OF BLACK- BURN UNIVERSITY, CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS.

By THOMAS RINAKER.

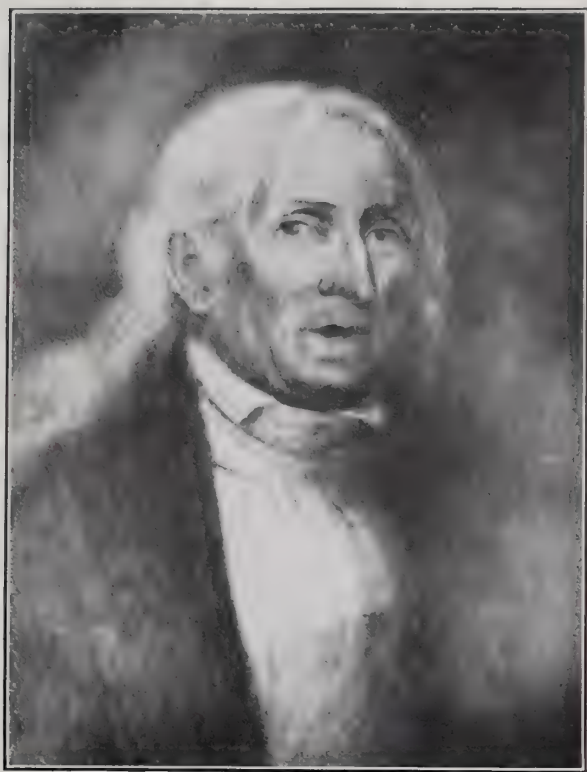
(Address delivered June 4th, 1924, at Blackburn University.)

Following the close of the Revolutionary War, a great tide of emigration from the original settlements in America, flowed south along and westward through the great mountain ridges comprising the Allegheny mountains, to take possession of the rich lands lying beyond those mountains. These lands were the favorite hunting grounds of several Indian tribes and a general knowledge of them came largely through the soldiers returning from service in the Revolutionary armies.

Following the liberal legislation in 1784 setting aside most of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio for location of land warrants issued to officers and privates for service during the war, the hunger for land and homes led thousands from the coastal regions of Virginia, English and Scotch-Irish mostly, and Germans from Pennsylvania, back to, along and through those mountains, picking out the best valley lands, following the streams, out into eastern Tennessee. This was the beginning of that marvelous migration, across Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, covering this richest of all lands with the best class of settlers that ever, in all history, took possession of a wilderness and turned it into a garden filled with homes.

There had been a few scattering attempts at settlements along the western slopes of the mountains, but they had been exterminated by the Indians, so that these new settlers, warned of what they must expect, came in companies and groups, armed with their rifles, prepared to enforce their locations, drive out the natives, and make permanent homes for themselves and those who should follow them.

Before the war thrifty settlements and a few towns had



GIDEON BLACKBURN.

been scattered along the eastern slope and in some of the beautiful and rich valleys of the Blue Ridge, mostly included in what was then Augusta County, Virginia, but from which domain several counties have since been carved. The population was mostly the second generation, the first American born descendants, of these kindred peoples, Anglo-Saxon and Saxon, most of them religious enthusiasts of the various Protestant sects, rather fanatical, most of them, but earnest, zealous, serious minded people, who, for the most part, meant to live and deal righteously with all mankind, but were insistent on their own rights and resentful of encroachments upon them.

The records of the County Court of this County of Augusta in 1754, evidencing the fact that tea was not the only beverage that would incite to protest against outside interference with local rights, and probably the original precursor of the present day McNary-Haugan Bill, contain a numerously signed petition to that court, reciting the evils resulting from the shipping of liquor into the county by the tavern keepers, and praying that it be stopped by the court, in the language of the petitioners, "to encourage us to raise sufficient quantity of grain which would sufficiently supply us with liquors, and the money circulate in this county to the advantage of us."

Among the signers of this prayer for a limited and discriminating prohibition is as thrifty and inspiring a name as that of Alexander Ritchey, a smith, farmer and road builder of those early days.

In this County of Augusta, on August 27, 1772, was born Gideon Blackburn, to whose vision and effort we are indebted for the inspiration and opportunity of this occasion. He was a son of Robert Blackburn, and he a son of Benjamin Blackburn, who, in his will dated August 10, 1786, and recorded in 1791, in Jonesboro, Tennessee, describes himself as "of the State of Franklin and County of Washington," and he was probably a son of the John Blackburn who acquired land in Isle of Wight County, Virginia in 1724. Robert's wife, Gid-

eon's mother, was a Miss Ritchey, whose first name is unknown, but may have been a daughter of the petitioning Ritchey, on the liquor question.

The records of Augusta County contain no mention of the name of Robert Blackburn, either as a taxable, a land owner, or in any way, and the first federal census of heads of families of that county in 1790 contains no such name, and he was probably then living near his father in Tennessee. These same records do show, however, that in August, 1783, it was proven in the County Court that Benjamin Blackburn had been "disabled in the battle of Pt. Pleasant by losing the use of two fingers of his left hand."

These records, however, do mention an Archibald Blackburn, a son-in-law of Rosanna Steele and who must have been grown in November, 1772, and the marriage on August 17, 1785, of Samuel Blackburn and Anna Matthews, daughter of George Matthews, whose will, recorded in the present County of Bath in July, 1835, provides for his wife, Ann, daughter of General George Matthews, frees his slaves, gives his "sword, rifles, silver mounted pistol and imported shot guns and 'Marshal's Life of Washington' to my nephew, Samuel Blackburn, Jr., son of Archibald Blackburn; to my nephew, the Reverend Gideon Blackburn, son of my brother, Robert Blackburn, the balance of my library not hereinbefore specifically disposed of"; and to these and other nephews named the rest of his large estate, which included 815 acres of land in Madison County, Ohio, "patented to him by the Government of the United States."

This uncle, from these records and other dependable authority, was a lawyer of unusual eloquence, for a time a teacher in Georgia, where he served in the Legislature, as he later did in Virginia, and was General Samuel Blackburn, who served under General Washington in the Revolutionary War. Some biographies of Dr. Blackburn say he was a grandson of General Samuel Blackburn, but this is a mistake, as the will, a copy of which I have, shows.

This was not the only Blackburn who, scorning such contemptible pacifist ideas as those embodied in the resolutions recommended to the recent Methodist General Conference, fought bravely for the establishment of this nation of ours and made possible the liberty and blessings now enjoyed by such degenerate weaklings as comprised the Committee on Resolutions of that Conference.

At some unknown date Robert Blackburn and the son, Gideon, joined this exodus and traveled down the Wilderness Pike into eastern Tennessee, where, with the special assistance and encouragement of his mother's brother, Gideon Ritchey, he was educated, chiefly in Martin Academy, Tennessee, but in part by his uncle, John Blackburn, of Jefferson County, and, by 1794 was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and, as his first charge, went with a company of soldiers to garrison a fort for the protection of the settlers against the Indians, located upon the site of the present city of Maryville, Tennessee, where he preached to these pioneers, he and they, all carrying their rifles to their only place for services, the open air, sheltered only by the trees, and with sentinels stationed to warn against the approach of the hostile savages.

With the same spirit and under equal personal danger, one of the first class from this his own college, another pioneer on the further frontier of Utah, threatened by direct warning from Brigham Young, carried his pistol into his pulpit and preached with it, loaded, lying beside the Bible from which he took his text.*

By 1803, with a wide reputation as a very remarkably eloquent and successful pulpit orator, Gideon Blackburn was a member of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting at Philadelphia, prominent and active in its proceedings, was by it made a missionary to the Cherokee Indians in their home land, then comprising part of Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, with what was then a large appropriation for his mission, and later raised over \$5,000

* Rev. Duncan J. McMillan, now of New York, Class of 1870, Blackburn University.

and many supplies for that work by an extensive tour he made through the northern states, and established schools with several hundred Indian children in attendance upon them, and for seven years encouraged them in their efforts toward civilization.

About 1812, as recorded in Parton's *Life of Jackson*, he formed the acquaintance of General Andrew Jackson and assisted him in raising and organizing troops in the Creek Indian War, and formed a lasting friendship with that remarkable character, whose wife was a member of his congregation, calling him in her letters as quoted in that work, her "spiritual father," "her father in the Gospel, Parson Blackburn." Out of regard for her interest in him and his work, General Jackson built on his Hermitage farm, the little brick church, which Mr. Bell, of the class of '75 has visited and described, where Dr. Blackburn often preached with General Jackson in his congregation, and in which, as Parton says, Jackson himself was admitted into the Presbyterian Church in 1839, on open profession of the faith of that church.

The territorial legislature of Tennessee on August 29th, 1794, incorporated "Greenville College," naming Gideon Blackburn the sixth of its fourteen trustees and on June 29, 1795, it incorporated "Washington College at Salem," with Gideon Blackburn the seventh of its twenty-nine trustees. He taught at Hiwassee, Georgia, Harpath Academy, Independent Academy, was for three years president of Center College at Danville, Kentucky, while all the time preaching and adding to his reputation as a remarkably effective minister of unusual eloquence.

John Reynolds, then a college student in Knoxville, Tennessee, and afterwards Governor of Illinois, says in his book, "*My Own Times*," "About 1809, I well remember, at one of these exhibitions, the celebrated pulpit orator, Gideon Blackburn, was present. This gentleman was the most eloquent divine I ever heard and his address to the students was a matchless piece of eloquence."

In 1830 he served as an agent of the Kentucky State Temperance Society and for a time in 1835 was a trustee and financial agent of Illinois College in an effort to raise funds in the east for that institution.

In 1831 he made his first, a short visit to Illinois, and in March, 1833, returned and entered 560 acres of land some three miles southwest of Chesterfield, Macoupin County, Illinois, and in October of that year, freeing his slaves in Kentucky, he led a colony of his kinspeople out to this land where they located around what is yet known as the Blackburn Bridge over Macoupin Creek, and the following June, 1834, he organized at that place, "Spring Cove Presbyterian Church," and a few days later, the Presbyterian Church in Carlinville, of which his son, Samuel E. Blackburn, was first pastor and whose daughter, Mrs. Ranney, yet lives in Bloomington, Illinois.

It is proper to note that at the time Dr. Blackburn moved to Macoupin County, his close personal friend of more than twenty years standing, Andrew Jackson, was at the height of his power and influence, in the first year of his second term as president, and that no citizen of our county was ever so personally intimate with a president as Dr. Blackburn, not excepting the long and well-known friendship of President Lincoln and Governor Palmer. Dr. Blackburn, the founder, and Governor Palmer, for forty years president of the board of trustees, of this "Institution of Learning" of ours.

The Indian titles to lands in Illinois were finally extinguished by the treaty following the close of the Black Hawk War in 1832 and there followed at once a renewed flood of immigration into the State, coming largely from Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, most of them opponents of slavery who sought homes which should be free from its influence, and a period of rapid and extravagant improvement and development swept the State and continued until the collapse and panic of 1837.

During this time Illinois lands were in demand. Illinois College, Shurtleff and McKendree, affiliated with different

denominations, had recently been established, and, with his experience and enthusiasm in educational work, and his clear vision of the future of this rich region, Dr. Blackburn saw an opportunity and devised a plan of establishing another college, not controlled by or restricted to a single denomination. His plan was to locate and enter lands for capitalists upon a percentage basis, whereby two-thirds of the commission charged should be invested in Illinois lands for the endowment of "an Institution of Learning, the object of which shall be to promote the general interests of education, and to qualify young men for the office of the Gospel ministry by giving them such instruction in the Holy Scriptures as may enable them to perform the duties of that high and holy vocation acceptably and usefully in the world," to quote his language in the deed of trust as executed by him, broad and explicit enough to include all denominations.

Under his eloquent and vigorous efforts, this plan disposed of over 64,000 acres of land in this part of Illinois, at two dollars per acre, a total, prior to May 31st, 1837, of over one hundred twenty-eight thousand dollars, and provided a total of 16,656.18 acres, practically all of it in Macoupin County, which, with the four town lots in Carlinville, now constituting the Knotts homestead, he conveyed by deed of that date to seven trustees, but one of whom, Tristram P. Hoxsey, was a citizen of the county.

The other trustees were already interested in Illinois College and, probably through this fact, the entire endowment was at one time transferred to Illinois College and a Blackburn Theological Professorship established by it, until, through the litigation that followed, two decisions by the Supreme Court restored the property to the control of trustees to be administered under the terms of Dr. Blackburn's Deed of Trust and permanently upon the eighty acres of land designated in it as "the site for the permanent location of the institution," notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of Illinois College with Abraham Lincoln its chief attorney in the Supreme Court. William Weer, husband of a grand-daughter

of Dr. Blackburn, is the only attorney reported as opposing the obvious attempt of the then trustees to confirm the absorption of the endowment by Illinois College.

The trustees were, under the deed of trust, charged with the duty of procuring the incorporation of the institution, which duty was performed by the acceptance of an Act of the Legislature passed and approved February 13, 1857, a former Act having been refused as not sufficiently conforming to the requirements of the Deed of Trust.

Thus, after twenty years, confirmed by our Supreme Court and encouraged by the State, particularly, with the sixth clause of its charter, "All property, real, personal or mixed, of said incorporation, shall be forever free from taxation for all and every purpose whatever," the plan was in complete and perfect operation, ready to begin the work designed by Dr. Blackburn, with Hon. John M. Palmer, president of the board, and Hon. David A. Smith of Jacksonville, one of the original trustees, and Dr. Blackburn's attorney and administrator, and his son, Anderson M. Blackburn, two of the incorporators.

To a daughter of this Anderson M. Blackburn, Mrs. Emma Blackburn Corn, wife of Judge S. Thompson Corn, our former townsman, now of Ogden, Utah, and to Mrs. Jane M. Ranney, another grand-daughter who lived in his family and remembers his sickness and death, I am indebted for much of the information contained in this paper, designed to localize and to familiarize us with this very remarkable man to whom we as citizens and students are so much indebted.

On August 23rd, 1838, lacking but four days of completing his sixty-sixth year, at his home on the farm next east of the College farm, after months of confinement to his bed from a broken hip, and years of suffering from a cancer on his face, from a short, acute illness, Dr. Gideon Blackburn died and was buried in the Carlinville cemetery where a modest but appropriate marble monument marks his last resting place. This monument also contains the name of his

son, Gideon H., and of his wife, Grizzel, a daughter of John Blackburn.

At the time of his death he was easily the leading and probably the wealthiest citizen of the county, his estate, in that year of financial depression, exceeding \$45,000 in value, and including over six thousand acres of land, many town lots in Carlinville, and including one of the three first brick, and the first two-story brick building built on our public square and which yet stands as the front 42 feet of the Boice, Robertson, Sonneman building.

On July 4, 1839, his library of over six hundred volumes, was, with many of his lots, sold at public auction in the public square of Carlinville, with A. McKim Dubois, clerk of the sale, and, among the purchasers, were Judge William Thomas, then a Judge of the Supreme Court; Elisha I. Palmer, David A. Smith, Abram S. Walker, father of Charles A. Walker, who bought a three-volume copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries"; Robert W. Glass, "Theological Seminary" (probably the trustees under the Deed of Trust acting in this name), and Beatty T. Burke.

His administrator collected two installments of the legacies from the estate of his uncle, General Samuel Blackburn, paid taxes on lands in Ohio and collected over \$3,000 as proceeds of a sale of nearly 400 acres of land in Kentucky, and the records of our recorder's office show by two certificates executed by him, that in October, 1833, in Kentucky, he had freed two slaves who had later accompanied him to Illinois as hired servants, one "Peggy," a woman of color, the other, "Basil Gamble," whom his grand-daughter, Mrs. Ranney, writes me, she remembers as living in little cabins near Dr. Blackburn's first Illinois home below Chesterfield.

His was a remarkable life, not long, but wonderful in its activity and accomplishments.

A resident of at least five states and associate of leading citizens of each, a close personal friend of one of our greatest Presidents, an Indian fighter and then a missionary to the Indians, a minister to the pioneers in the wilderness and for

three years in the aristocratic church of Louisville, Kentucky, organizer of schools for Indians and for whites, instructor of students for the ministry in their theological studies, college president, temperance lecturer in the bourbon state, financial agent of Illinois College, dealer in real estate on a vast scale in the then frontier State of Illinois, endowing a college with nearly a township of rich Illinois land secured by his personal solicitation and effort and all before a line of railroad had been built in Illinois, is a marvelous record for one man and its constant repetition should be a continuing inspiration to the young men coming to this his "Institution of Learning," with opportunities and facilities so immeasurably greater than his.

Lacking his vision and his energy, the trustees selected by him and their successors have let slip from their hands every acre of the magnificent endowment he provided, but the inalienable college site, and, but for the providential discovery by the trustees twelve years ago of another man of vision and energy on his brush farm in Pennsylvania, awaiting an opening, the doors of the college would have closed.

We are proud of the great work of Dr. Hudson in building up the assets of the institution to more than three-quarters of a million dollars, a very remarkable achievement; we are grateful for the munificent, the splendid contributions of the Stoddards, and of Senator McKinley and Col. Smith and of Senator Woodson, and of Mr. Damon and for the valued help of many others, but those 16,000 acres of well selected Illinois land conveyed by this backwoods new school Presbyterian preacher, Dr. Blackburn, to his trustees are today easily worth twice our present assets.

So much for the past.

You, the 55th class to share in the advantages provided through the foresight and the efforts of these two men, Dr. Blackburn, in the days of frontier poverty and limited facilities, and Dr. Hudson, in these days when the seed of pioneer struggle and adversity has ripened into a fruitage of wealth and opportunity so great as to be fairly beyond the power of

man to grasp or realize, and we who have so long enjoyed them, should be, and are, far more interested in the future and in planning for the welfare of the people of this wonderful land of ours, than in reciting and praising the accomplishments of the past save as an incentive to further endeavor on our part.

The very development of the present and the wealth accumulated through it, have added enormous responsibilities to those who are to pass along and to participate in the opportunities of the future. The heritage we have received must be preserved and transmitted, with every addition we can make to it, to those to come after us, and it is from such institutions as this must come the leaders of this future, filled with high aspirations and ambitions and guided with sound and sane ideas.

The present "Self Help" plan of Blackburn is in complete harmony with the ideas and life work of Dr. Blackburn, and should produce among its graduates a larger proportion of strong and vigorous leaders than other colleges, because its students are particularly selected from those who from their situation cannot realize their ambition for a higher education except by their own efforts. Not that every college has not always had some such students, but that it is undoubtedly true that from their number in all colleges, have come in far greater proportion the most distinguished alumni of whom they boast.

If this assertion is correct, it emphasizes the duty of Blackburn's faculty and trustees to see to it that no unsound or dangerous or merely experimental ideas shall be inculcated, but that they shall "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

In the same year, 1837, that Dr. Blackburn's deed of trust laid the foundation for this institution, Robert Owen, in England, first applied to the political and economic theories he was advocating, the term socialism, and from about that time he and his German co-agitator, Karl Marx, proclaimed a theory which, in its popular application, declared a state of

warfare between labor and capital, between the laborer and his employer, and, by its plausibility and its appeal to the improvident, the poverty stricken, the visionary and the dissatisfied, has spread its influence throughout Europe and our country. It demands the taking over of capital and denounces those who have it, as robbers whose capital is the accumulation of the unpaid and misappropriated wages of labor and openly advocates its recapture by such means as the single tax and is easily adapted to justify and demand the harsher methods of the Russian Soviet. It permeates some colleges and taints their students. It has resulted, from the fact that the laborer is no longer urged to a maximum of effort and skill as a means of advancement of himself and his family, in a lowering of individual effort and production, in extravagance, and waste, in a loss of ambition and in the creation of permanent classes of laborers intent only on a maximum of return for a minimum of effort, perverting the equality of opportunity intended by our constitution into a mere equality of income and expenditure, and wholly ignoring the inspiration of individual ambition.

The unrest and strife of the world today is largely due to the conflict between these unsound and destructive theories and the conditions existing as the outgrowth of the countless ages of human existence and experiences which have produced our present civilization, and this unrest will continue until, by education or by such chaotic experiences as that of Russia, their unsoundness shall be demonstrated and they shall be abandoned.

Our civilization is the outgrowth of a theory well expressed in the words "as a man soweth, so shall he reap," and encourages the individual by his own effort to rise above his surroundings and rewards and encourages him according to his efforts, punishing him for his lack of effort, while the Marxian theory deals with the individual as a wholly negligible atom of the class in which he may begin his existence, a pawn in the hands of the leaders of his class in their avowed warfare with the class composed of those who have thrift, initiative, vision and ambition.

The one idea led Dr. Blackburn from Virginia into the wilderness and into a college, and gave him the inspiration for his wonderful effort and accomplishment, while the opposing idea would have left him back in Augusta County, Virginia, content to be one of the protestants against the open shop of that day, demanding only the opportunity to raise enough grain to supply the liquor required for the inhabitants of that county—the “better living conditions” of the present day agitator.

Such a college as Gideon Blackburn founded “to promote the general interests of education” as the greatest necessity for the young of the new empire he foresaw coming upon these prairies, and wisely prescribing “instruction in the Holy Scriptures” as the greatest source of inspiration for and the soundest instruction for right living and in leadership and authority, supplemented in these days of so many colleges, with the inspiring suggestion of Dr. Hudson, that special effort be here made to extend this opportunity to those who can obtain an education only by their own effort, provides here in our midst an opportunity to combat error and to do good that cannot be excelled.

What has been accomplished in these eighty-seven years, if we of today and those who follow us, have only a little of the foresight and the inspiration of Dr. Blackburn, is but the beginning of an influence and a means for good that shall endure while time shall last, for this Institution of Learning is especially consecrated to the education of the young in the “Holy Scriptures,” the lessons of which, whether they be an epitome of the best thought of countless ages of developing man, or a direct message of literal inspiration, applied to the solution of the problems of government and of our social relations, furnish the surest if not the only cure for the present world-wide unrest.

A STORY OF ELECTRIC PIONEERING.

By E. L. BROWN.

OUR WORLD IN DARKNESS.

History, so-called, was long confined in musty parchments and faded leaves whereon kings and priests recorded in illuminated text such deeds and proclamations as reflected their prowess and glory, and little more. Of the countless millions in spiritual and physical bondage to fear and toil, no voice has come but legends of oppressions and mercenary wars.

The truths we learn of the dim youth of mankind are unfolded by geologist and antiquarian; the buried testimony of Aztec and Egyptian, of flint and clay. Almost within a century, real history of causes and events that shaped the course of civilizations, of industries that enlarged life to wider freedom, has come into full play.

Of the applied arts, first in value, and ranking steam and chemistry though dependent upon them, is electricity, that elusive element intangible except in its results, its sources everywhere in nature and, as Emerson said, patiently waiting through all time, opportunity to do the nicest of the most toilsome service for mankind.

THE AWAKENING.

When that force yielded to the contriving of men, and wires and cables as paths for it, the mountains and seas were traversed, and our globe has shrunk to the instantaneous transmission of a message or a voice. Brains and genius woke to the myriad uses for the facile, unknown power, and the dynamo, the luminous-threaded lamp, the synchronous motor, became its instruments.

Until late in the 1880's electric current for lighting as for power, was limited to the so-called Edison direct system,

and in practice to a very small range. A pressure above 50 to 250 volts was not commercially desirable, the cost of heavier copper wire prohibitive of extensions beyond an area of more than a few city blocks from its source.

EDISON VERSUS WESTINGHOUSE.

Through the labors of Westinghouse, Stanley, Slattery, dynamos were developed generating cyclic or alternating currents of properties enabling transmission to indefinite distances by relatively small wires, and adaptable through static transformers to any pressure desired. Though lacking the simplicity of direct current apparatus and insulation, its great flexibility and its economy in weight of wires required, indicated the vast field that might thus be reached. Sharp was the controversy in the *North American Review* and other prints, between Mr. Edison and Mr. Westinghouse upon the relative merits and failings of their systems, both reading now as droll humor, in knowledge of the later strides of science and practice. But while we have broadened the application of principles they established, we know no more than they, why a copper wire will carry electricity while a tow string will not, and a tow string will carry fire while a wire will not.

AN ILLINOIS VILLAGE.

Elmwood, at the midway intersection of the Burlington Railroad between St. Louis and Chicago and between Galesburg and Peoria, became agitated in 1889 with desire for electric lights, and E. L. Brown, Yankee-born owner and operator of the leading industry, a straw paper mill, was urged as having requirements for such an enterprise as adjunct to the mill power plant. The counsel and approval of E. R. Brown, his father, led to acceptance of a franchise and to adventure upon that uncharted voyage.

Although the well developed and simpler low voltage system was still the vogue, it was by its limitations unsuited for small towns of scattered populations. Therefore the

imperfectly developed alternating current system, 1100-volts, 140 cycles, was determined upon, with series open arc lamps for street lighting.

A modest building was erected, a steam plant of 100-h.p., a 500-light alternator and a 30-light arc dynamo installed, while places of business were wired entirely without charge, for several hundred lights.

INTRODUCTION AND GROWTH.

The crudeness of electrical apparatus was matched by the utter absence of slightest familiarity or habit in its use by the public. Nothing was known by manufacturers as to treatment of steel, nor of oil as an insulator, so dynamos and transformers were very bulky, high in cost, low in efficiency, short in life, as the soft iron laminations quickly acquired the resistance of glass.

Dusk to midnight was the usual extent of service in the few towns that had any, and residence lighting, motors, even fans and flatirons were remote possibilities. Induction motors and meters were in process of development, flat rates, the usual terms being fifty cents per month per light. Enactment by congress had just established a legal unit of electricity (one volt of pressure and one ampere of volume of current, its elements), as the courts had been adverse to claims on undefined weight nor measure.

All-night service was at once established in Elmwood, wiring of premises was done at no charge whatever and operated at monthly "flat" rates by which extravagant use grew to be universal. The enterprise was looked upon as a kind of boom-holiday affair of no definite future or permanence.

None had used and few had seen electric lights unless having viewed with wonder the curve of lamps that rimmed the balcony of McVicker's theater or the arcs that glared at entrance to the Palmer House, Chicago, as magic and mystery. A "prospect" list was therefore essential to solicitation as a privilege the wiring of new or repaired premises.

TOWN-TO-TOWN AND FARMS.

After two or three years it became apparent that a larger clientage, more territory must be secured if the bankruptcy incident to most railroads and industrials was to be avoided; and 24-hour service could in no other way be justified. At that time of great depression (1892-3), cedar poles were at delivered prices of 65 to 90 cents each, heavy copper wires at 10 cents a pound, and competent workers at \$1.25 to \$2.50 per day.

Yates City, three miles distant, invited the service, but many were skeptical whether the current could be sent so far. But in assurance, three carloads of poles, 20,000 pounds of copper wires were bought and the two towns and a number of farm premises brought under the operation of a single power station.

Thus were inaugurated the earliest town-to-town and the first rural electric lines in Illinois and perhaps in the United States or elsewhere. Brimfield, Douglas, Maquon, Monica, Princeville, towns within a radius of six, twelve and twenty miles were added, the last named being a municipal plant purchased.

During the years of the later extensions, E. O. Brown, after a year of electrical engineering study at the University of Illinois, took part and proved adaptable and enterprising as had his father and grandfather; making it an industry of three generations and many strides of evolution.

STANDARDIZING A USEFUL INDUSTRY.

These extensions and the rapid growth of the business caused the addition of boilers, buildings, two Corliss engines, line equipment, and machines delivering current at sixty cycles, the standard for light and power, the distribution at 2,300 and 13,000 volts.

Meters had meantime been brought to standard of precision and low maximum rate of ten cents per kilowatt established and since maintained.

A feature was made of supplying farmers along and within some distance of thirty miles of lines through that prosperous region. Gratifying to them, and desirable as permanent and uniform in long-hour requirements for light, small motors and accessories. Electrical journals gave large space to details and illustrations of these farms and equipments of out-buildings, motor-pumps, separators, washers, on a scale quite complete.

From its "infancy" of the last score years of the century past to the vigorous maturity of the present, electricity has been its own best advertiser. Some hundreds of flat-irons, many fans, various heating devices, complete adoption of motors for all power, and an ever-extending use of street and interior lighting, have prevailed.

THE AFTERGLOW.

The delightful flavor of novelty, of adventure, of pioneering, has of course disappeared. The Elmwood transmission system had during a considerable time the distinction of much the largest number of customers, proportioned to population, of any in the state or nation, and it was in recognition of its early and notable growth that its founder and owner was honored with the presidency of the Illinois State Electric Association, and membership of its executive board. The rule is thus illustrated, that patient labor and accomplishment have best esteem abroad and in outside communities served than at the headquarters where the local benefit from operation, the money for wages, supplies, fuel, was many years disbursed to more than a half million dollars.

The Elmwood electric was from its inception and throughout, a family affair in management and financing. The latter from necessity, as is true of every innovation and pioneering, whether of farms, railroads, mines, commerce—the moneyed public does not come in until risks are overcome and profits assured.

Electric operation at the early period had in itself no basis of recognized security, and none but the most narrow

local and personal credit, whereas its securities have now monopolistic protection of laws and state commissions. A prime necessity, thus intrenched, with earnings thus securely fixed, its profits are uniform and large, its stocks and bonds a popular investment. The true and enduring reward for substantial accomplishment rests on a higher plane than wealth that can be told; and is happily expressed by Robert Louis Stevenson: "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

My theme is limited to the pioneering stage of the electrical development and goes no further. Were the story of our further activities desirable, they could briefly conclude in interesting paragraph, thus:

In 1913 the Elmwood electric properties were sold to and connected by high voltage lines with the Peoria Gas and Electric Company.

Two years thereafter, E. L. Brown, his son, E. O. Brown, and H. C. Pollitz, his son-in-law, organized and owned the Galva Electric Light Company, built a model power station in that city, having meantime bought and connected by lines from Galva the electric plants at a half dozen towns in Henry, Knox and Stark counties. Other communities and many farm lines were added and a business established which was later sold and became a branch of the McKinley Traction System.

E. L. Brown and H. C. Pollitz retiring and E. O. Brown remaining as general manager until the merger of the McKinley and the Studebaker electric, gas and street railway and interurban interests which cover the larger part of central and southern Illinois. On completion of that merger E. O. Brown was advanced to district manager at Bloomington of the combined properties in that city and the large territory served therefrom with electric railways, light and power.

**THE FINE ARTS BUILDING IN JACKSON PARK,
CHICAGO, AND A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SOME
OF THE WORLD'S FAIR ARCHITECTS.**

**CORRECTION OF A STATEMENT MADE IN THE JOURNAL OF THE
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.**

By JESSIE PALMER WEBER.

In the Journal of the Historical Society, Volume XV, Nos. 3-4, page 735, brief mention is made of the proposed restoration of the Columbian Fine Arts Building and the work of a committee of the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs in collecting \$7,000 and formally turning over to the Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the fund to be used in starting the work of restoring the structure to the beauty which made it one of the outstanding features of the World's Fair at Chicago. The article in the Historical Society Journal was a mere news note taken from press reports.

The names of the women composing the committee were given as: Mrs. Albion L. Headburg, Mrs. W. W. Seymour, Mrs. James W. Sleight and Mrs. J. S. Maurer. These ladies endorsed the bonds, which were donated by various women's clubs, over to George Meyer and John E. Youngberg, of the architects. The press report then quotes Mrs. Headburg as saying: "It is a great thing to save this structure for Chicago. It was designed by the famous Saint-Gaudens and was reputed to be second in beauty only to the Parthenon." Of course, Mrs. Headburg did not make that statement and the editor of the Historical Society Journal is glad to apologize for quoting her as saying it. The Journal desires not only to state correctly what Mrs. Headburg actually said but to correct the wrong impression which it gave its readers in copying such an evident mis-statement. All who are interested in the Fine Arts Building and in the history of modern

architecture know that the design of the building was the work of Charles B. Atwood and is an undying monument to his fame as an architect who was able to make his dreams come true.

Mrs. Headburg in a letter to the editor of the *Journal* in response to an inquiry as to how the error was made says: "I am glad the Historical Society will set me right. I telephoned as soon as I saw it in the newspaper and asked to have a correction made in some column of the paper explaining the reporter's mistake but no correction seems to have been made. I did not make the statement as printed and it was so far from the truth I did not worry especially about anyone believing it, but could not correct it, so it seems. In all the district bulletins, club papers, printed speeches, radio-talks and all the hundreds of times I have given this to the public—always have I said, 'Saint-Gaudens declared the Columbian Fine Arts Building second only to the Parthenon.' Charles B. Atwood created the marvelous structure. It seemed the great outburst of genius of his life. He passed away soon after, perhaps never to know that Saint-Gaudens felt that he (Atwood) had created the second finest building in classical architecture in the world, second only to the Parthenon. Augustus Saint-Gaudens declared—was my slogan almost. Now, Mrs. Weber, do help me out on this in your next *Journal*. Anyway you wish, only state that I was misquoted and I am delighted to have the mistake rectified."

Such mistakes are too often made. The story of the connection of Augustus Saint-Gaudens with the architecture and sculpture of the World's Columbian Exposition is of great interest, and although we would not detract in any way from the fame of Burnham, Atwood or the others, one is not far wrong in saying that Saint-Gaudens had a great deal to do with the wonder, beauty and art of the Exposition. In the splendid biography of Mr. Burnham by Mr. Charles Moore, now chief of the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, who was an original member of the National Committee of Fine Arts and its present chairman, entitled "Daniel

H. Burnham, Architect, Planner of Cities," published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, 1921, is given an illuminating account of the beginning and progress of the World's Fair Buildings. Mr. Moore tells the story of the life of Mr. Burnham, his first struggles, and his association with his brilliant partner, John W. Root, their early struggles and successes. Mr. Moore quotes from the *Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens* by Homer Saint-Gaudens. Speaking of H. H. Richardson, the eminent Boston architect, the younger Saint-Gaudens says: "Richardson told Burnham that when he (Richardson) was designing the Allegheny County Court House in Pittsburgh he sent for Saint-Gaudens and placed before him all the sketches for the building. Then he followed the sculptor's advice, being confident that Saint-Gaudens' opinion as to mass and outline was better than that of any other man." Probably this was the beginning of Mr. Burnham's own high appreciation of Saint-Gaudens' judgment.

Mr. Burnham said he did not know who first advocated holding a World's Fair on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Mr. Moore states that the suggestion first appeared in the New York *Independent* in a series of letters from Spain written by Clarence W. Bowen, one of its editors.¹ In 1884 Mr. Bowen went to Spain, had interviews with the King, with the Minister of Public Instruction, with Castelar and with the Duke of Veragua representing the family of Columbus. Mr. Bowen kept the subject alive until it became an accomplished fact. By the summer of 1889 New York, Washington, St. Louis and Chicago had organizations at work attempting to secure the Fair for its own city. The Chicago organization sent E. T. Jeffrey of the Illinois Central Railroad and Mr. Chanute, an engineer, to examine and report on the French Universal Exposition then going on in Paris. It also elected a committee on sites. This latter committee invited Daniel H. Burnham to consult with it as to the location to be proposed in support of Chi-

¹ Foot-note, page 31, Vol. I, Moore, Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, etc.

ago's claims before Congress. When it became certain that the Fair would be held in Chicago, on April 9, 1890 the State of Illinois licensed the corporation known as the "World's Columbian Exposition." Congress provided for a National Commission entrusted with the care and custody of exhibits, including communications with exhibitors and all intercourse with foreign officials. Congress also authorized a local corporation to build the exposition and conduct the Fair. Each organization had its own officers.

There was the usual delay and conflict of opinion at the start but Mr. Moore says that "order was brought out of chaos by James W. Ellsworth," who suggested to Lyman J. Gage, president of the Illinois organization, that he consult with Frederic Law Olmsted, the leading American landscape architect. At first Mr. Gage feared the expense would be too great but he finally invited Mr. Olmsted and his partner, Henry S. Codman, to consult with Daniel H. Burnham, the Chicago architect, who was destined to have so great an influence upon the World's Fair and the future development of Chicago. Mr. Olmsted came to Chicago and examined the seven sites proposed for the Fair, three on Lake Michigan and four inland. Of the Lake sites, Mr. Olmsted preferred the one on the north, but the railroads declined to spend the money necessary to provide transportation facilities to the northern site. Mr. Olmsted then turned to the Jackson Park site.²

Mr. Olmsted took counsel with Burnham and Root before making a formal report. The place was not a hopeful one. The land made by the Lake consisted of three ridges of sand-bars parallel with the Lake shore; the intervening swales were covered with boggy vegetation. A few oak trees had found lodgment on the two innermost ridges, but their branches had been mutilated time and again by the gales that swept in from the Lake. The soil was subject to flooding and the subsoil was water-soaked. In order to fit the site

²The Landscape Architecture of the World's Columbian Exposition, a paper read by Frederic Law Olmsted at the Convention of the American Institute of Architects, Chicago, 1893. Note. Moore's Daniel Burnham, Vol. I, page 33.

for the purposes intended the lagoons must take the character of canals, they must be made formal and their banks which must be walls must have an architectural character in harmony with the buildings to which they would form foregrounds.

* On August 20, 1890, F. L. Olmsted and Company were retained by the Exposition Board as consulting landscape architects. On September 2, 1890, A. Gottlieb was made consulting engineer, and Burnham and Root, consulting architects. In October, 1890, Burnham and Root resigned. John W. Root was elected consulting architect and Daniel H. Burnham was made chief of construction. The general scheme of land and water was suggested by Mr. Olmsted. The arrangement of the terraces, bridges and landings was made by his partner, Harry Codman. The size and number of the buildings was determined by Olmsted, Codman, Burnham and Root. The shape and disposition of the buildings was determined by Burnham and Root in consultation with Mr. Gottlieb, the engineer.³

On December 9, 1890, Mr. Burnham drew up a voluminous memorial to the Grounds and Building Committee making recommendations for procedure. This memorial was signed by Burnham, Root, Olmsted and Company and A. Gottlieb. This memorial contained among other recommendations the suggestion that a number of American architects be chosen from men having peculiar fitness and reputation for certain kinds of work. Mr. Burnham was authorized by the committee to select the architects and he selected Richard M. Hunt, New York; McKim, Mead and White of New York; George B. Post, New York; Peabody and Stearns of Boston, and Van Brunt and Howe of Kansas City. Mr. Burnham was also authorized to select five Chicago architects. He named Burling and Whitehouse, Jenney and Mundie, Henry Ives Cobb, S. S. Beman, and Adler and Sullivan.

On January 10, 1891, the first meeting of the architects took place in the office of Burnham and Root. Mr. Burnham

³ Moore: Daniel H. Burnham, Vol. I, page 35.

drove the visitors to Jackson Park. It was a cold, cloudy, winter day, the Lake was white with foam. Mr. Burnham said that Robert Peabody climbed up on a pier, looked around at the desolate place and called down, "Do you mean to say that you really propose opening a Fair here by '93?" "Yes," said Mr. Burnham, "we intend to." "It can't be done," said Mr. Peabody. "That point is settled," was Mr. Burnham's reply. John Wellborn Root died of pneumonia on January 12, 1891, while the architects' meeting was in progress. At the January meeting the architects confirmed the general scheme, settled the exact sizes of court and canal, fixed the location of the main buildings, agreed upon the height of the cornice around the main court and also the approximate height of the terraces above datum. At the end of the meeting Mr. Burnham apportioned the work of the architects as follows: Frederick Law Olmsted and Company, Landscape; Richard M. Hunt, Administration Building; Peabody and Stearns, Machinery Hall; McKim, Mead and White, Agricultural Building; George B. Post, Manufactures and Liberal Arts; Van Brunt and Howe, Electricity; S. S. Beman, Mines and Mining; Adler and Sullivan, Transportation; Henry Ives Cobb, Fisheries; Burling and Whitehouse, Venetian Village; W. L. B. Jenney, Horticultural Building. Mr. Burnham said that Harry Codman's knowledge of formal settings was greater than that of all the others put together. He proposed to carry back the MacMonnies fountain in the Court of Honor, taking it out of the north and south axis.

When the architects met in February they brought with them in their private car Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Mr. Burnham said in relating the story of this momentous meeting, "I had seen the necessity of having an adviser as to the sculptural decorations so I wrote to Saint-Gaudens asking if he would come out to give general advice and also select the sculptors. We had breakfast for the visiting men. They were filled with enthusiasm. Charles McKim with a good deal of suppressed excitement, broke out, saying, 'Bob Peabody wants

* Moore: D. H. Burnham, Architect, etc., Vol. I, page 45.

to carry a canal down between our buildings.' " Mr. Burnham said he would agree to that even though it would cost something. That was Peabody's contribution to the landscape of the Fair. At night that canal was wonderfully beautiful.

Next, Saint-Gaudens took a hand. He said the east end of the composition should be bound together architecturally. All agreed. He suggested a statue backed by thirteen columns typifying the thirteen original states. All were delighted. Mr. Burnham states that a day or two later a meeting was held in his office, the Grounds and Building Committee being present. Lyman J. Gage presided.⁵ All the architects, including the Chicago men, were there, each with his sketch or sketches. One by one they put the drawings on the wall. Richard M. Hunt, crippled by rheumatism, sat on the edge of the table and told about his Administration building with its dominating dome expressing the leadership of the Government. Then came George Post, who had a plan for a dome four hundred and fifty feet high. When they saw that a murmur ran around the group. Post turned about, saying, "I don't think I shall advocate that dome, probably I shall modify the building." Charles McKim had a plan for a portico extending over the terrace. It was extremely prominent. He explained that the portico had merely been under consideration and that he would withdraw it to the face of the buildings. Thus was the feeling for unity manifested and the willingness of these two great architects, George Post and Charles McKim, to subordinate their individual ideas to produce a single harmonious effect illustrates the spirit which made possible the wonderful artistic success of the Fair. So the day went on. Luncheon was brought in. Then the large Chicago Committee came in. The winter afternoon was drawing to an end. The room was as still as death save for the low voice of the speaker commenting on his design. It seemed as if a great magnet held everyone in its grasp. Finally, when the last drawing had been shown, Mr. Gage, the chairman of the meeting, drew a long breath. Standing against a

⁵ Moore: Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, etc., Vol. I, pages 46-47.

window and shutting his eyes, he exclaimed, "Oh, gentlemen, this is a dream." Then opening his eyes he smilingly continued, "You have my good wishes. I hope the dream can be realized." All day long Saint-Gaudens had been sitting in a corner, never opening his mouth and scarcely moving. At last he went over to Mr. Burnham and taking both his hands in his own, said, "Look here, old fellow, do you realize that this is the greatest meeting of architects since the fifteenth century!"

Afterwards the officers of the National Commission met the architects and the sketches were shown to its members. Late in February, 1891, the whole work was adopted by all the authorities. The death of Mr. Root left the commission without its chief designer. Mr. Burnham looked about everywhere considering various architects for this important position. Professor Ware of Columbia University strongly urged the selection of Charles B. Atwood. Mr. Burnham made an appointment to meet Atwood at the Brunswick Hotel, in New York, but Atwood failed to keep the appointment. Mr. Burnham waited for him an hour past the time and then left the hotel to catch the train for Chicago. As he was crossing the street a man stepped up to him and said he was Atwood. Mr. Burnham somewhat brusquely said he was on his way to Chicago and if necessary he would communicate with him later. Within a few hours after Mr. Burnham reached his Chicago office Atwood walked in. As a result of this conference Charles B. Atwood became at once the chief designer for Mr. Burnham's private work, but the demands of the Fair were so insistent that private work had to be entirely given up.

Charles B. Atwood designed more than sixty of the World's Fair buildings besides many ornamental features. Mr. Burnham said of him, "I asked him to design an art building and explained what was wanted. He was very gentle, with an engaging manner and certainly he was a very great artist. His Art Building in design was the most beautiful building I have ever seen. I sent a blue-print of the Art Building to New York. The architects took it to the Players

Club from whence they sent the most enthusiastic telegram saying that it was a triumph of architecture." The motives of the Art Building appear in the Field Columbian Museum, designed by D. H. Burnham and Company, erected in accordance with the Plan of Chicago on the Lake Front.

Mr. Burnham said that when the work on the Peristyle was to be undertaken he sent a letter to the governor of each of the thirteen original states, asking for a granite column to carry out Saint-Gaudens' suggestion. He asked Atwood to prepare a drawing for the columns but he kept putting him off. One day Mr. Burnham told him that he could wait no longer, and Atwood pulled out a drawer and showed him a column beautifully drawn. He enquired if Mr. Burnham had really made up his mind and Burnham asked him what he meant. Atwood said he felt that the screen as planned would be too thin. Mr. Burnham asked him if he had any suggestion to make and Atwood took out a complete drawing of the Peristyle, exquisitely rendered. "It was as if some one had flung open the Golden Gates before me," said Mr. Burnham. Burnham told him there was no question of even a possible alteration.

The plan for the Venetian village was abandoned and it was decided to place the Music and Fine Arts Buildings in Jackson Park instead of on the downtown site originally selected. Mr. Whitehouse was asked to design the Fine Arts Building but a severe illness prevented his doing so and the work came to Mr. Atwood. The original location planned for the Venetian village was on the end of the pier in front of the Grand Court. When the village was given up, Saint-Gaudens suggested the thirteen columns shown on the earlier plans of the work. This design being deemed inadequate, the Music Hall, Peristyle and Casino as one composition was entrusted to Mr. Atwood; and Mr. Whitehouse took up the very important work of designing the Festival Hall. The total area of the buildings was just under two hundred acres.⁶

Mr. Burnham had a genius for friendship and the World's Fair fostered many genuine and beautiful examples of this.

⁶ Moore: Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, etc., Vol. I, pages 48-50.

He regarded the artistic taste of Augustus Saint-Gaudens as supreme. During the work on the Fair he had opportunities of seeing the true modesty and nice discrimination of Saint-Gaudens who refrained from himself accepting commissions and with fine appreciation assigned to his fellow sculptors the work which each was best fitted to execute. "Mr. Saint-Gaudens was a man of few words, but firm convictions. Silent and even reticent as to matters that did not concern his art, generous and appreciative in the case of honest and capable work, quick to discern ability and promise, he hated pretence and was impatient with mediocrity. These qualities made his judgments sure: so that where he led others might safely follow. Throughout the remainder of the sculptor's life Mr. Burnham relied on him for advice and counsel; and he was never disappointed.

Notwithstanding his reticence, Mr. Saint-Gaudens was one of the most companionable of men. He could express sympathy without words, whether in the consultation room or at table. When one tried to recall what he said, one was at a loss to remember more than an occasional pregnant sentence, but there was always the sense of companionship and good-fellowship. He let others do the talking, but afterwards one discovered that he had guided the conversation. The friendship between Burnham and Saint-Gaudens was independent of time or space. Separation did not impair nor infrequency of meetings blunt it. It responded instantly to call. Indeed, the influence of Saint-Gaudens was abiding and permanent on Mr. Burnham who was ever testing his own ideas by the criterion of how his friend would look at the problem. Saint-Gaudens counted his visits to the Fair among the happy experiences of his life. "The days I passed there," he writes, "linger in the memory like a glorious dream and it seems impossible that such a vision can ever be recalled in its poetic grandeur and elevation. Certainly it has stood far beyond any of the expositions, great as they have been, that have succeeded it."

¹ Moore: Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, etc., Vol. I, pp. 62-63.

Oh, yes—there was glory and honor enough for all. Daniel H. Burnham, the organizer and balance wheel, great architect, great friend, man of transcendent vision; John W. Root, who died at the beginning of the World's Fair work but who had been the steadfast friend of Mr. Burnham and his hopes for the Columbian Exposition; Richard M. Hunt, the first American to conquer in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, whose great contribution to the Exposition was the dominating Administration Building; George Post, Charles McKim—"Charles the Charmer," Saint-Gaudens called him; Frederick Law Olmstead, landscape architect; the lamented Henry S. Codman, Mr. Olmsted's partner, who died during the Fair, January 13, 1893, at the age of twenty-nine years; Peabody, Van Brunt, Sullivan, Whitehouse, Jenney, Beman, Cobb, Francis D. Millet, director of color, the gentle dreamer, the gifted Atwood, and many, many more.

"There was one quality that all these friends possessed in common—joy in living. Through them all—Saint-Gaudens, Atwood, Millet, McKim, Burnham—ran the pagan strain characteristic of the artist. No matter what their ancestry they had none of the austerity of the Puritans. They realized the richness and beauty of life. They used the wealth of clients to promote the joyousness and fineness of living. They rose above the trammels and sordidness of material things and lived in the realm of the spirit. To them the amenities of life were worth seeking first of all. To them the Chicago Fair was an opportunity to express their feelings to the world and they used it to the full—and with great success."⁸

⁸ Moore: Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, etc., Vol. I, p. 68.

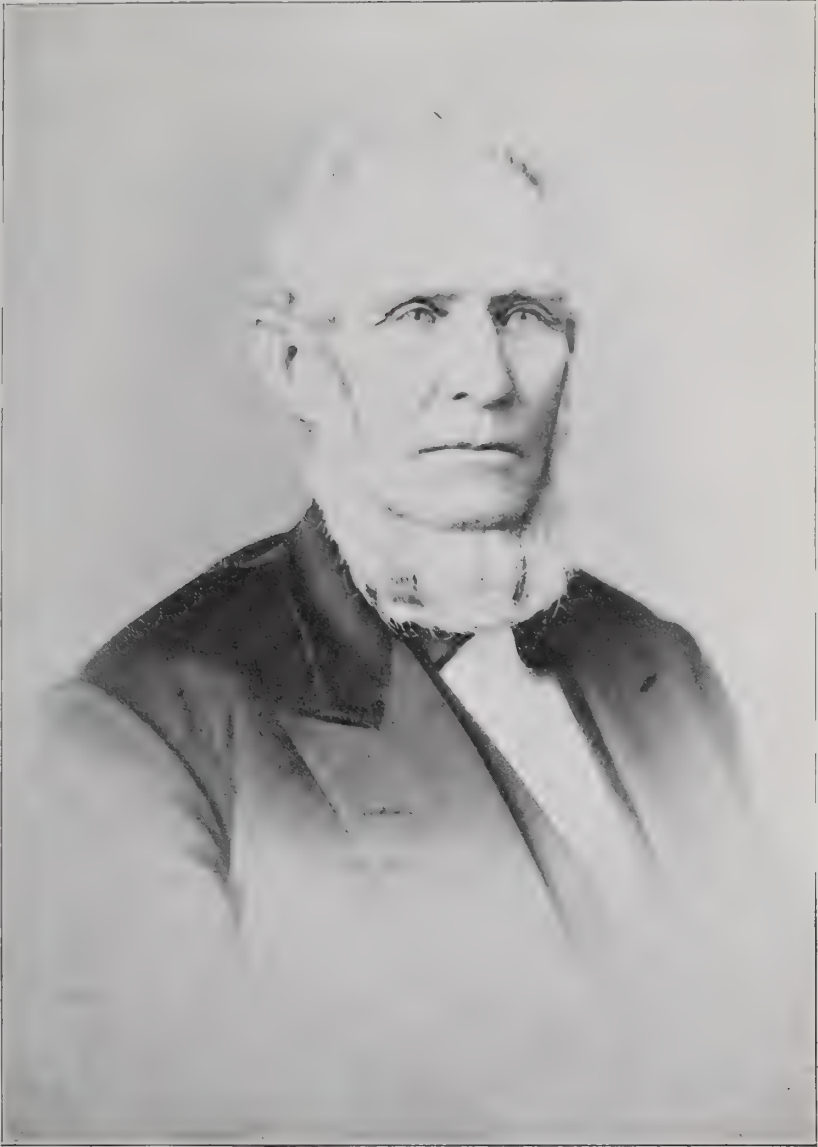
JONATHAN COLBY, PIONEER OF 1834 IN MENARD COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

By **LYDIA COLBY.**

Beech Hill, one mile from the village of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, was a big hill covered with a stretch of three miles of valuable timber when it was given to William Davis Colby of Haverhill, Massachusetts, as a land grant from the King of England for his services in an Indian War. William was the son of Isaac and Sarah Davis Colby of Haverhill, Massachusetts; was born March 15th, 1742, and named William Davis for his mother's favorite brother. His captain in the Indian War was Jonathan Straw, an Englishman, who had a daughter, Elizabeth. William fell in love with her; they were married and went to live on the New Hampshire land grant known as Beech Hill. Here he erected a saw mill run by water power and probably sawed out his own timbers and lumber for the house which he erected part way up the hill. This is the front of the two and a half story house that is still standing on Beech Hill and is known as the William Davis Colby House, built in 1769, and was the home of himself and his descendants for one hundred and thirty years.

Nine children were born to William D. and Elizabeth Colby. Their fifth son, Timothy N., July 11, 1782, married Lydia Herrick and brought her to the old home to live. At that time a big ell was built on the back of the house, throwing the big brick oven which was built at the back of the original house into the center of the reconstructed house.

Six children were born to Timothy and Lydia Herrick Colby, four sons and two daughters. One daughter died of diphtheria in childhood, the other of consumption just after she reached maturity. Of the sons, the eldest is the subject of this sketch, Jonathan N., born March 10, 1808, at Beech Hill.



JONATHAN COLBY.

Jonathan's father continued the lumbering business begun by William Davis Colby. It was still a very paying enterprise. The ship masts which he delivered at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, were worth a trifle over \$100 each. Concord, only seven miles away, was building up and could use sawed lumber in quantities. As quite a young boy Jonathan hauled, with oxen, most of the timber for the Eagle House of Concord. His earlier schooling he received at a district school but later he attended a select school in the village of Hopkinton. When he appeared before the professor of the select school he was asked, "What have you studied?" The answer came back promptly, "Reading, Writing and 'Rithmetic"—"Arithmetic," corrected the professor. Jonathan never forgot the correction and was very correct in his speech all his life.

When Jonathan was nineteen his lungs troubled him slightly. With a boy friend, Brown Sibley, similarly afflicted, he was sent to the Isle of Shoals. Here one whole summer the boys hunted and fished and lived out of doors. Once when hunting snipe Jonathan's old gun bounced, went over his shoulder and stuck in the mud. The out-of-door life cured Colby. His lungs never troubled him again, but his friend, Sibley, died. The Sibley family took the silver found in their son's pocket, had a silver spoon made from it, marked it "Brown Sibley to J. C." and presented it to young Colby.

Soon after this Jonathan Colby went to clerk in a store in Concord. After clerking in Concord for a year he went to Boston where he clerked for three years for a man named Mullineaux. With true Yankee thrift he had been saving his earnings, which by now amounted to some \$700. With a fellow clerk and friend named Caverno he decided to go to western New York and go into the mercantile business. When they reached their western New York town they found it not at all to their liking. Caverno had two friends at New Salem, Illinois, who had been writing him glowing accounts of the Illinois country. These friends were Charles Clark of Stratford, New Hampshire, and Matthew Marsh. Marsh had an uncle in Boston, a ship owner, who gave him passage on one

of his ships to New Orleans. From there he came up the Mississippi to St. Louis, where he met Clark, who had come by the Ohio River route. These two men had intended settling on the Illinois Military Tract but changed their minds and went to New Salem instead. Clark settled near Petersburg, where he married and raised a family. Marsh went to Jacksonville and later to Chicago to live.

When Clark and Marsh's letters about New Salem caused Colby and Caverno to follow them, Colby wrote a good-bye letter to his mother. When it reached her she took it in sorrow and went upstairs, saying, "I will never see Jonathan again." But she did see him often, for after railways were built he visited her every two or three years until her death in 1866.

Colby and Caverno came by lake boats, by stage and river boat to New Salem. Colby's diary says their stage pulled into New Salem at 11 a. m. November 4, 1834. Election was going on. Colby and Caverno were cordially invited to "Come on and vote." "I don't want to vote," said Colby, "I have no right to vote. I have not been here long enough." "Oh, well, come on anyhow; that's all right," was the response. So vote they did, but as Colby was a Whig and Caverno a Democrat, their votes did not materially affect the election. This was long before the Australian ballot system came into use. They voted by orally calling their preference. Tradition says that A. Lincoln was one of the clerks of the election.

William G. Greene, Sr., was in New Salem that day. Learning that the Greene's had considerable land for sale, the two Yankees asked him if he could put them up for a few days. He thought he could, so they went with him to his house where they were hospitably entertained and where they secured board with good "Aunt Lizzie" Greene for some time. "Aunt Lizzie" took motherly care of them, washing and mending their clothes, as she did for her own sons. Meanwhile her son, William G. Greene, Jr., had sold the two friends a tract of land of 280 acres of joining lands which they divided



BIRTHPLACE OF JONATHAN COLBY, BEECH HILL, HOPKINGTON, N. Y.

evenly, Colby taking the 140 acres on the west side of the road in Section 33, Township 18, Range 7 West of the Third Principal Meridian. This became the Jonathan Colby homestead. Caverno took the 140 acres in Section 34, which years after became the home of Mary Colby Dixon.

The men began at once to split rails to fence in their land. Caverno was not a strong man and often as they worked he would plead with his younger, stronger friend, "Come, Colby, let's sit awhile and plan."

After boarding with Mrs. Greene for some time Colby and Caverno found board more convenient to their work with Levi Sommers, whose land joined theirs on the east. These Yankees had been clerking in Boston and were presumably pretty well dressed, especially for a frontier community. This probably led Uncle Levi to say of his son, "He is just as smart as Colby or Caverno. All he needs is the 'fixin's.' And my darlin's the 'fixin's' he shall have." History failed to record whether the son got the "fixin's." While boarding at Sommers, a bad hurricane swept over Clary's Grove through the prairie, carrying limbs of trees for miles. For years the lands in the path of the storm was locally called "The Hurricane."

Abraham Lincoln was postmaster at New Salem at this time. A cousin of Mr. Colby's, John Herrick, started from Beech Hill, New Hampshire, for New Salem with four letters from various relatives in the old home, for Jonathan. Arriving at Chicago, Herrick decided to go to Lake County instead of to New Salem, so writing a letter of explanation he posted the entire five to his cousin, Jonathan. Mr. Lincoln, putting the letters in his hat, went out to collect from Colby the price of the postage, which was twenty-five cents on each letter or a dollar and a quarter for all. At that time this was the price of an acre of land. When Mr. Lincoln came up to where Mr. Colby was plowing he said, "There was a pretty heavy mail for you this morning, Colby. I thought I'd bring it out."

In the last of May, 1834, before Jonathan Colby reached New Salem in November of that same year, Lydia Ingalls arrived with her three brothers and sister, Deborah, in Chandlerville from Pomfret, Connecticut. Her brother Henry's wife was a sister of Priscilla Childs Chandler, wife of Dr. Chandler, the founder of Chandlerville. Henry and Edmund Ingalls settled on land joining Chandlerville on the west. Charles F. went to Lee County and took his sister, Deborah, with him. Lydia lived with her brothers in Chandlerville and suffered severely from chills and fever. Later, another brother, G. Addison Ingalls, joined the family from Connecticut. He went with his friend, John Rickard, to attend school in Clary's Grove. He boarded at Robert Conover's, doing the chores to pay for his board.

Telling Aunt Polly Conover about his sister, Lydia, one day, he told how she could spin and sew, knit, cook and make cheese. "Oh," said Aunt Polly, "do you suppose she would live with me and teach me how to make cheese?" So Lydia Ingalls, glad to escape from malarial Chandlerville, came to live with the Conover's. She became the friend of Henrietta Conover and of a young English girl, Maria Greenwood. Here, too, she met Jonathan Colby, another New Englander, far from home. They were mutually attracted and were married at Aunt Polly Conover's, April 9, 1837, by Jonathan Mariam, "minister of the Gospel." James White (brother of Rev. Guthrie White) and Maria Greenwood were their attendants at the wedding. Later James White married Maria Greenwood.

Mr. Colby had built for his wife an eighteen foot square house of hewn logs, with a loft above the lower room. When the logs did not fit, a slab was fitted over the place and the space filled with mud. This was called chinking. Mr. Colby had to chink his house after he took his wife to it and wrote his mother after a day's chinking "that he had been throwing mud at his wife all day."

As the family grew, a frame lean to was added to the back of the house for an extra bedroom.

In 1849, after twelve years in the log house, William T. Beekman built Mr. Colby a big frame house, Isaac Cogdal doing the stone work. Both Mr. and Mrs. Colby had come from fine old homes in New England, homes that are still standing and in good repair but they loved their old log house. As she left it for the new house, Mrs. Colby turned to look back with a sigh, saying, "The happiest years of my life have been spent in that old log house." The children were not troubled by memories. For them it was a glad time. They had roasting ears for dinner and as they were leaving the house the children were allowed to throw the cobs out of the door. William D., the oldest, a child of eight, thought he would make a joke about it. "My," he said, "when the neighbors see the cobs, they'll think Mr. Colby has turned the old house into a stable." "Humph!" said his father, "if they see the children about they will more likely think he has turned it into a pig pen." And William did not try joking with his father again for a long time.

The year after moving to the new house Mr. Colby was at Mr. Hurd's, a neighbor's, where a threshing job had just been finished. The machine was still running from its own momentum, when Mr. Colby in passing saw some wheat on the table that had not been put in. He brushed it in but got a trifle too close and his hand was caught. When he was finally extricated from the machine his only remark was, "By George! I've lost my hand." The hand was amputated by Doctors John Cabinas and Richard Bennet. It was nearly midnight when their work was done. Mrs. Colby had been holding a tallow candle for them to see to do their work. It was before the discovery of ether, so it was done without an anaesthetic. Mr. Colby asked the privilege of moaning once. He gave that when the first cut was made through the skin. After that he never made a sound. George C. Spears was present and told how brave the Colby's both were. Whether this blow finished whitening Mr. Colby's hair, I do not know, but from middle life on his hair was snowy white. It was abundant, too. He had a fair, clean-looking skin, piercing

blue eyes, a straight, firm mouth, was about five feet ten inches tall, straight and square shouldered and in his later years always wore a tailor-made blue broadcloth suit; a new one for best and an old one for every day.

The logs of the old log house were numbered and it was moved across the road to where the J. Colby Beekman house now stands. It was used as a tenant house for Mr. Colby's help. The first tenant was Jo Beans; the second, Garret Houk; and in 1857, the Thomas O'Neal family occupied it. In 1880 Grosvenor Colby, the youngest of the Colby children, tore the old house down so as to clear the field for cultivation.

There had been much of happiness, much of work in the old house. The five older children were born in it. Grosvenor was born in the new house. The mother lived but nine years in the new house, dying September 3, 1858, when Grosvenor was but eight years old. The daughters, Mary and Sarah, kept the home and raised the younger children. Grosvenor was sent to college at Lincoln and Maria to the Seminary at Rockford. Sarah married John T. Beekman in 1867. William married Mary E. Dodds in 1868 and took her to his new home in Henry County, Illinois. Henry married Mary E. Bone in 1869 and established a home on Rock Creek. Maria married Hamlin P. Rucker in 1874. Mary kept the home for her father and brother until in 1885 she married Adam Dixon and made her home on the former Caverno land across the road from her father's. Grosvenor never married. Jonathan Colby, returning from a visit to New Hampshire, North Dakota, Chicago, and Henry County, took cold on the road home and died of pneumonia October 28, 1885.

His brother-in-law, Dr. Ephraim Ingalls, of Chicago, said of him: "Jonathan Colby and Thomas Church are the two finest men I have ever known." As a professor for forty years in Rush Medical College, Chicago, Dr. Ingalls had known many men of fine character. Both Jonathan Colby and Lydia, his wife, were members of the Congregational Church in New England. There were no Congregational churches in central Illinois in their lifetime and they united

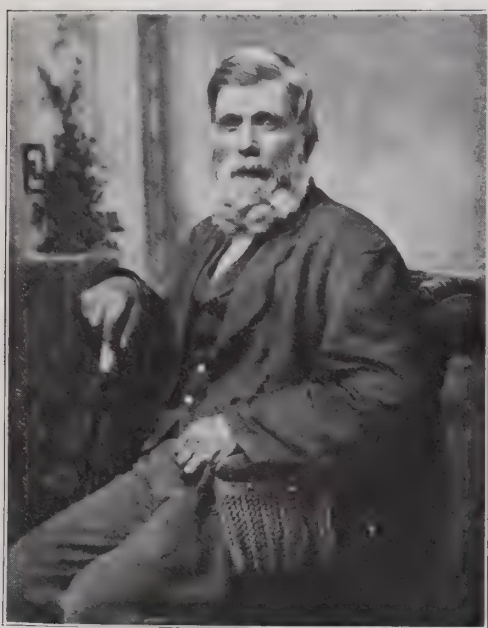
with none other. Jonathan Colby was never an office seeker. He was a man of unusually good judgment, clean, upright life. Quoting a local history, "He enjoyed in a large degree the respect, confidence, and admiration of his fellow men because of his success and the straightforward manner in which it was gained. From pioneer times until his death, he was classed with the valued citizens of his community."

**MATTHEW ORR, PIONEER IN HENRY COUNTY,
ILLINOIS, 1852.**

By LYDIA COLBY.

Matthew Orr, one of Cornwall township's pioneer settlers, was born in County Down, Ireland, in 1809. He was married in Ireland to Susannah Crawford, who was born in Ballymena, County Antrim. They were both of Scotch-Irish stock. She was a staunch Presbyterian but Mr. Orr was an Episcopalian and never united with any other church. Two of their children, Mary and Catherine Jane, were born in Ireland, also a baby boy that died after they arrived in America. They came to New York (about 1847) but located at Safe Harbor, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, where for five years Mr. Orr was captain on a canal boat operating between Philadelphia and Havre de Grace.

What induced him to come to the Illinois prairies we do not know, but thanks to a thrifty wife who insisted on his saving one-half his salary, however small it might be, he did not come empty handed. He brought with him \$500 in money to invest in Government land at \$1.25 per acre. The Orr family came to the new country by water—down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, up that river to the Illinois, and up the Illinois to Peoria. Mr. Orr had no team or farm equipment so he walked from Peoria to Cornwall township (which was not named until later) to select his land. This was a distance of sixty miles. To enter the land he walked another forty miles through Prophetstown to Dixon to the Government land office. This was about 1852 and the land entered was the old homestead directly east of where Liberty Church now stands and on the south side of the road. After entering the land he walked back to Peoria for supplies and started to build a sod house on his new land. Soon he had a team of oxen and had his family moved out to the home of the Schueys.



MATTHEW ORR

one of his two neighbors. The Schueys lived on what is now (1923) the Warren Dunham farm and was once in the years between the property of Hugh Armstrong, Sr. The Schuey house was so small and the owner's family so large that Mrs. Orr kept her three children out of doors with her in the shade of the small house as much as possible. (Christina, the younger child, had been born at Safe Harbor.) When Mr. Orr had his sod house completed, roofed with long slough hay from his own land it was very comfortable and he moved his family into it. They lived in the one-room sod house for four years. John and Elizabeth A., the two youngest children, were born in it. They built a small three-room frame house beside it for Mr. Orr's brother, Joseph. But Joseph Orr, being dissatisfied, returned to Peoria to live and the Matthew Orr family of seven moved into it from their sod house. They had been happy in it and very hospitable. They entertained the entire George Ferguson, Sr., family in their one-room home, while Mr. Ferguson built a house on this land further south, not far from the Orr's second original neighbor, the James Clark, Sr., family, who lived on the southern edge of Cornwall township.

The original cooking arrangement in the sod house must have been in a fire place for a "dutch oven" was used in doing the family baking.

Their first corn crop was put in with a spade. Mr. Orr broke the tough prairie sod with a spade, worked up the earth in the holes he thus made, and his three children dropped the seed corn into the holes and covered it. Like all children, the older ones teased little sister until she went off "on strike." The crop was probably not a large one. That same summer Mr. Orr helped his neighbors on Spring Creek, the Steele Hamiltons and the John Taylors, at their harvesting. The grain was probably cut with a cradle or scythe. The payment he received was one bushel of wheat for one day's work.

Soon Mr. Orr had acquired a team of horses and drove to Peoria with his wheat and corn to have it ground at the mill there.

Fifteen years after moving into the three-room house (about 1871), Mr. Orr built in the same yard a big two-story frame house that still stands. Here his family lived to grow up, marry, and start homes of their own. Here his wife, Susannah, died, and here years later he too passed into the great beyond.

Mr. Orr was a shrewd, far-seeing business man,—honest, kindly and upright. His sense of humor was unusually keen. Men enjoyed his company and the aspiring were very prone to copy his business moves. He saw that land was the best investment he could make while it was so cheap. He entered an eighty-acre tract for his nephew, John Seeds, of Philadelphia, but Mr. Seeds preferred the city and returned to it. So Mr. Orr purchased the land of him. John Murphy decided to move and sold Mr. Orr his eighty acres. A purchase of 160 acres in Shabbona Grove and another 160 acres south of that kept him busy riding over the country with his gentle team, old Bill and Snip, hitched to a double carriage. That was a very familiar figure on the road from 1880 on to the time of his death.

One year Mr. Orr, a Mr. Alexander who lived on the State Road, and Samuel Dickey who lived on Mud Creek were shipping hogs the same day. The three men, eating their dinner in the Atkinson Hotel, were discussing the hog market, present and future. Mr. Orr thought the seemingly good price would hold. The other two men were skeptical of it and dared Mr. Orr to buy 100 hogs from each of them the next year at the present figure. Mr. Orr took the dare, signed a contract to accept 200 hogs one year from date, said hogs to be the best of their herd, at the present price as stipulated. It was a gamble on futures for sure. The hogs were not then in existence, but with his usual good fortune he managed to come out a trifle ahead of the game on his 200 hogs the next year.

Of his five children, Mary, the oldest daughter, married Silas Burgett. They lived one mile west of the old home on a farm until their large family were nearly grown, when they removed to Orr, North Dakota. Catherine Jane, the second

child, was one of the strong teachers of early Henry County. At one time she was the highest salaried country teacher in the county. True, the salary was only \$50.00 per month, but at that time many were receiving from \$18.00 to \$25.00 per month for similar positions. She married Jerome Black. They purchased the Fry place for a home and their descendants still live there. Christina married Alexander O. Casteel. They purchased the Jocylen farm joining the John Sears, Sr., farm on the north. Later they moved to Geneseo, selling the farm to Hugh Armstrong, Jr. John Orr, the only son, never married. He went in '81 to Dakota. The town of Orr, North Dakota, is named for him. Elizabeth A. married Rev. Francis I. Moffatt, the then pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church. He was pastor at Calvary eleven years. Later he served at Red Oak Grove, Iowa, Summit, Iowa, and spent the remaining years of his life in Davenport, Iowa. Mrs. Elizabeth Moffatt still keeps the old Davenport home but lives with her daughter, Mary, in Madison, Wisconsin, where all her children have been educated in the University of Wisconsin.

**SIXTY-SIXTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF DANIEL
GILL AND LUCINDA PYLE GILL,
DUQUOIN, ILLINOIS.**

DUQUOIN, ILL., February 29, 1924.

Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield, Illinois.

MY DEAR MRS. WEBER—Through a neighbor who is on the mailing list of the State Historical publication, my attention was called to my donation of some historical matter mentioned therein. I looked through the book and noted that you made reference to the wedding anniversary of a number of old people in Illinois. I feel that we have a representative in our county that should go in that list, so I have gathered a few facts from the Gills and am sending it to you in the hopes that you can use it for your next publication and, if you do, mail a copy to Dan Gill here at DuQuoin, Illinois.

Monday, February 11, 1924, Daniel Gill and his wife, Lucinda Pyle Gill, celebrated their sixty-sixth wedding anniversary at their home, but a kind of surprise from a number of friends who called and spent a part of the day and evening with them.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Elihu Onstott, a justice of the peace, at the home of the bride's parents on their farm in a two-story frame house—back part of brick—on the SE. NE. 24-6-2 West in Perry County, Illinois, which house was built about 1857. Of all the people who were present at the wedding there are now only about a half a dozen living, beside the bride and groom. The day before the wedding was a severe cold day with a little snow. Lucinda Pyle came to town—DuQuoin—with her mother to do her shopping at Smith's store, one of the two stores then in town, the other being run by Ferdinand Wells and a man by the name of McClure. The day of the wedding was still very cold and a light covering of snow on the ground.

Daniel Gill was born in the edge of Perry County about two and a half miles south and a little west of DuQuoin, on a part of what is now known as the William Walker farm, November 18, 1836, and has resided in this vicinity ever since. His father was George Washington Gill and his mother Martha Grisham Gill. The mother came direct to Illinois from Virginia when a young girl and was staying with the William Hall family a little northeast of Murphysboro, where the town now is, when George Washington Gill met and married her. The Gill family is descended from Francis Gill, whom they know first about in Chesterfield County, Virginia, and his wife, Catherine Roy. The son, William Gill, from whom this line descended, married Mary Rogers and moved south into Halifax County, Virginia, where Peter and John Gill, the two older children, were born. The family then moved to Williamson County, Tennessee, where most of the other children were born—one named Wiley Blunt Gill, being named after a Governor Blunt of Tennessee. They came to Illinois about 1813 or 1815 and settled on a farm between DeSoto, Illinois, and Murphysboro, close to Big Muddy River, over which William Gill conducted a ferry for a number of years. As a boy and a young man Dan Gill spent considerable time in this vicinity and at Murphysboro. Fannie Gill, a daughter of William Gill and an aunt of Dan Gill, married James Logan, and Aletha Gill, a cousin of Dan Gill, a daughter of Peter Gill, married Thomas Logan, both of whom were brothers of John A. Logan. The John Gill referred to above was the father of John M. Gill of Murphysboro, who was the father of Joseph Gill, Lieutenant Governor with Altgeld.

Referring to the Logan family, Dan Gill stated that he had been at the home of John Logan, the father, just south of or in the south edge of the city of Murphysboro, many times. On one occasion when he was about 12 years of age he, with William Spillers, a cousin, William Logan and Monroe Gill, were playing marbles in the horse lot at the Logan home when John A. Logan, then a young man about 22 years of age and in the practice of law, strolled through the horse

lot with his head high and kicked all the marbles out of the ring. Immediately the players jumped up and knocked the hat from the head of John A. Logan. A regular sham-battle ensued between John A. and the players, with a "no-decision" result.

Gill refers to John A. Logan as being very much reserved and not participating in the rough and tumble festivities of the times. He was not usually found at the race course as was his brother, Thomas Logan. His first remembrance of John A. Logan was when he was going to the local schools and he—Gill—was a very small boy. Later John A. Logan went away to school, but he does not now recall where. Not long after he began to practice law, John A. Logan was married in Marion, Illinois, on the site of a large new school building erected and known as the Logan School. After his marriage John A. Logan was not around Murphysboro except on occasional visits. Gill knew the other members of the family better than he did John A. Logan. He was not acquainted with Mrs. John A. Logan except as having seen her on several occasions.

Gill relates of Thomas Logan, that at a horse race on a race course on the John Robinson farm, about two miles northwest of Elkhville, Illinois, Hatch Hicks, a very large man, in some matter that came up between Thomas Logan and Hicks, called Thomas Logan a liar. Logan got close up to him and asked him what he said and as he repeated it Logan hit him under the chin, knocking Hicks down. Immediately he jumped upon Hicks with both feet and began stamping him with all his might. Dan Gill and Emri Byars separated the fighters with difficulty and Gill asked why he, Logan, who weighed about 120 pounds, tackled such a large man, and he replied that he never let another man get the first lick—that was half the battle. Thomas Logan was a more active man and a much more aggressive fighter than John A. Logan as young men. John A. Logan was very little larger than Thomas Logan as a young man, being about 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighing about 140 pounds, as he remembers him. Later when Logan

was in politics he became much heavier. Thomas Logan was very fond of horse racing and rode many a race himself.

Dan Gill recalls that the first frame house built in this section of the country was built for Mike Taylor about 1845 on the SW. NE. 25-6-2 West in Perry County, Illinois. The building was constructed by Elihu Onstott, who was a carpenter, justice of the peace, cattle and stock buyer. The boards were sawed out of logs hauled by G. W. Gill, with a two man hand saw, similar to our present day cross-cut saw. The building is still standing, occupied and in a very good state of preservation.

The Taylor family that lived here came from South Carolina to Port Gibson, Mississippi, and from there to Kentucky and to Illinois about 1819. They were very dark-skinned people, black hair and eyes. Like a lot of other people of those days, they were up to playing coarse jokes. On one occasion when Gill was a boy a lot of people from this section had been to St. Louis to trade and incidentally a little whiskey had been passed around. On returning through Belleville, one of the Taylor's—Dick Taylor—whose body was very hairy, stripped off his clothes and the rest of the fellows put him to the end of a large chain and chained him to the wagon. As they went through the streets Dick Taylor would pull at the chain and try to get away, acting all the time like a wild man. After they had gotten through the town a party of citizens came out and warned them not to try such an action as that again.

Dan Gill was present at the time the first engine was brought into the country by the Illinois Central Railroad Company for the purpose of operating a construction train between Big Muddy River, just north of Carbondale, to up about Ashley. The engine, as well as most of the rails and other construction materials, was brought up Big Muddy River on flat boats to just west of the present site of the Illinois Central Railroad Company bridge over Big Muddy River, north of Carbondale, Illinois. When the first engine was brought up the incline to the grade there were present

several hundred people. Gill and his father helped in the section gang in the construction of the road and were working on the line when the first box car and the first passenger train went through.

Gill later dealt some in stock and, along with others, drove stock to Chicago from time to time. On reaching Chicago the stock were penned on a farm of a man named Thompson, which was then about twenty miles south of Chicago. In driving the stock north they penned them in some farm enclosure at night and early the next morning they turned them out to range while they obtained breakfast for themselves and horses. He does not now recall the other stopping places on the way.

Dan Gill, Bent Gill, a cousin, and Elijah Vancil cleared off the right-of-way of the Illinois Central Railroad Company from a short distance south of DuQuoin to Elk Prairie, for which they obtained seventy-five cents a day.

Lucinda Pyle Gill was the daughter of Hiram Pyle and Catherine Dry. She was born within the north city limits of DuQuoin in a little log house erected there shortly after her father came to the country. The ground is now owned by the Marshal Browning Hospital. She lived there until about 1856, when the Pyle families, who owned most all of the ground where DuQuoin now stands and some in the vicinity, sold the ground for about \$25.00 per acre and went overland to Worth County, Missouri. Hiram Pyle did not like that part of the country, so did not stay except until spring, when he returned and built his house where the wedding referred to took place. Lucinda Pyle was born May 14, 1837.

John Pyle, a Tory and sympathizer with the British during the Revolutionary War, was first mentioned in the old records of 1768 as being appointed a commissioner of the peace for Chatham County, North Carolina. He is said to have been a descendant of a Dr. Samuel Pyle, rather, a son and a doctor himself, who came to America with William Penn or shortly after. Dr. John Pyle, with five other brothers, drifted south into the Carolinas—Chatham County and vicin-

ity. After the Revolutionary War he settled for a time in Greenville County, South Carolina. About 1806 he, with his three sons, William, Abner and John (this John Pyle being named for a son John who had been injured and died in a battle with the British while fighting with the Americans in 1781 after Dr. John and his son John had come over to the American side) moved to Christian County, Kentucky, and about 1809 they came to Illinois, but owing to difficulties with the Indians the families returned, to come again in 1817. Sarah Schwartz, a sister of Hiram Pyle, said that they crossed the Ohio River near Golconda, Illinois, in the spring of the year. John Pyle, Sr.—Dr. John—died on the trip to Illinois and was buried on the way. The mother had died in Kentucky. John Pyle, the son, married Mary Wells in 1806 in South Carolina, a daughter of Lewis Wells, and Abner Pyle married Sarah Wells, a sister. William Pyle died in 1832 and his family moved to Dade County, Missouri. The other two families lived in this vicinity until about 1856, when part of them went to Worth County, Missouri, and still later a part went to near St. Jacobs and Lebanon, Illinois.

Both of these people have an intimate knowledge of DuQuoin and vicinity long before the city was established here. They are both in very good health and seem to remember very well the incidents of long years ago.

Such of the above facts and incidents as you care to, you may use for publication, and if any facts suggest others to you that I might ask them about I would be glad to take the matter up with them in behalf of the Historical Society.

I note you have not gotten the files of the *Tribune* here, which are back in the same old place, not receiving any particular care. If I can get time I want to go into some other papers I have here preparatory to sending the same to you.

Sincerely,

H. E. KIMMEL.

MARIE LEFRETTE; A STORY OF KASKASKIA.

Reprinted from the Knickerbocker Gallery, Pub. New York, 1854.
Samuel Hueston, Pub., pp. 277-322.

By J. L. McCONNEL.*

LE MAITRE A DANSER.

Kaskaskia (properly written Cascasquia), founded, according to the best authorities, about 1688, by the good Father Allouez, is probably the oldest settlement on the waters of the Mississippi. For a long time the headquarters of the French in the Great Valley; successively a military post of some importance, and the capital of the growing State of Illinois, it possessed, for many years, the distinction of a frontier metropolis; but its site was chosen without regard to that geography which ultimately develops its own foci; and every new farm opened in the country hastened the decay of its factitious prosperity. A few miles in any direction from the true focus are sufficient to seal the obscurity of the most promising town; and he who fortunately pitches his cabin upon the converging point of the lines of commerce may safely await the lapse of time, secure that his cornfields will eventually become city lots, and his modest dwelling give place to palaces of trade.

In accordance with this geographical principle, as the country to the northward was settled and improved, Kaskaskia decreased in importance; and, as St. Louis began to emerge into the light, the shadow of her wings deepened the

* John L. McConnel, son of Murray and Mary (Mapes) McConnel, born and educated in Jacksonville, Illinois, lawyer and polished writer.

In the Mexican War under Governor Ford's call a company was raised in Jacksonville by J. S. Roberts, editor of the Jacksonville Standard. Jacob Zabriski was elected first lieutenant, John L. McConnel, second lieutenant, and James Dunlap, third lieutenant. This company was afterwards incorporated into the First Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Colonel John J. Hardin commanding Roberts' company being designated Company "D" of which John L. McConnel was captain. He was wounded at the Battle of Buena Vista. The effects of this wound brought him to an untimely death.

The Illinois State Historical Library has two of his earliest novels: "Talbot and Vernon," published in New York, Baker & Scribner, 1850; "The Glenna," a family history, published New York, Charles Scribner, 1851, and "Western Character or Types of Border Life in the Western States," published New York, J. S. Redfield, 1853.

growing twilight around her elder sister. The removal of the seat of government withdrew the only remaining element of prosperity; and, in 182—, the period of our story, the venerable old town was rapidly subsiding to her natural level of obscurity.

On a bright June morning, in the year last mentioned, a woman of thirty-five or six sat at the bow-window of a house in the decrepit old town. Like the little capital of which it formed a part, the tenement “had seen better days”; for it was somewhat dilapidated now, and wore that threadbare aspect which distinguishes most men who have fallen into the same lamentable category. The gloom which attends decay was, however, in some degree relieved by the cheerful notes of two or three song-birds that hung above the woman’s head, and the fresh green vines which tenderly concealed the ravages of time. The occupant herself did not disturb the harmony of character which made the place so pleasing to the eye; for the scrupulous neatness of her dress was apparently designed to compensate for plainness of material; and though the touch of years had evidently been upon her figure, the memory of its youthful contour yet lingered in its well-preserved and flowing outline.

The street upon which she looked was a straggling thoroughfare, that seemed to have been formed by a tumultuous and disorderly recession of the crowd of many-gabled houses. As the whole town was quaint, dingy, irregular, and crumbling, so the street was of no particular width, full of odd corners, crooked, interrupted, and not very well swept. But also, as the town was cheerful, vine-clothed, redolent of flowers, and jubilant with the songs of unnumbered birds, so the street was vocal with the silvery voices of bright-eyed and half-naked children, who played merrily with whole packs of sleek and worthless but good-natured curs; while fat and delighted grandmeres gazed smiling from the open windows, on the gambols of their bare-legged posterity. Gay, light-hearted groups passed to and fro along the crooked passages, and black-eyed girls in dishabille flashed fittingly from house

to house, or, singing sweetly as their charges, fed troops of gayly-plumed Canaries, or vied in liquidness of tone with that full-blooded Frenchman, the mocking-bird. The morning sun streamed down the openings, and gilding rusty porticos, and penetrating tangled vine-clusters, sharply defined the peaked shadows, and poured in golden richness into open casements.

All Kaskaskia seemed in a joyful mood that morning, save only the solitary occupant of that window, who contemplated, absently and sadly, the animated scene before her. The antic gambols of the lively French children called up no smile to her patient face; she even slightly turned her head while merry groups were passing; and once or twice, in the very midst of loud bursts of laughter, she rose from her seat and slowly crossed and re-crossed the room. At each turn she paused for a moment to listen at a door opposite to the window. No sound came forth, however, and at last she resumed her seat with an air of weariness which seemed to forbid her again leaving it.

Scarcely had she done so, when a quaint little figure, in a rusty but well-brushed black coat, and a very large beaver hat, frisked round the corner of the house, and paused in the attitude of a dancing-master, beaver in hand, directly before the open window.

"Ah! Madam Lefrette!" he exclaimed, in a voice of delighted briskness, and with a salutation whose profundity he would have equally devoted to peer or peasant, lady or laundress, "Bon jour, Madame!"

"Good morning, Mr. Maillefert," the lady quietly returned, and was about to add some further common-place; but the vivacious little Frenchman would not allow it.

"I shall see you at *mi fete* this night, Madam, certainement? Eh? You come?" he broke in rapidly.

"I fear not, Monsieur," she replied.

"Non? Pourquoi? Pardon; eh?"

"My husband is quite ill," she replied.

"Est-il malade?" he interrupted. "C'est mal; vraiment!"

He pondered a moment, as if feelingly contemplating her affliction; but suddenly lifting his head, he naively exclaimed:

“Mais, Madame, who shall chaperon La Belle Marie?”

“I do not know,” she replied with a smile, “that Marie will wish to go. If she should, however, shall I place her in your charge, Monsieur?”

A bow of profound obligation, and a broken speech, expressing his deep sense of the honor, was all the overpowered artist could produce, before a light footstep and a silver voice announced the entrance of Marie herself.

A gleam of yellow sunlight which bathed the street in front, would not more suddenly or cheerfully have illuminated the room. The sweet songsters who occupied the cage above her mother's head enriched the air with no mellower or clearer notes; no foot in Monsieur Maillefert's dancing-school was lighter, no figure more graceful, no eyes brighter, no face more beautiful. Light auburn hair, clear, dark-blue eyes, a nose of Grecian truth, and a mouth combining all the attractions of pearl and ruby; a throat as full, and neck as flexible as the dream of a sculptor; shoulders white and round, with a bust as faultless as the statue of the “Slave,” completed the beauty of a face and form as perfect as ever wore the youthful graces of sweet seventeen.

She was arrayed in a loose though neatly-fitting morning-dress of cross-barred muslin, white as the lily. This was confined at the waist by a silken cord of pale pink hue; around her neck was tied a narrow velvet ribbon, of the same becoming color; and her hair was simply dressed in the fashion of the time, with a band and flowers.

Her appearance was the signal for the recommencement of the little Monsieur's universal salutations, elaborate and profound, as if given to a whole ball-room, marshaled for the dance; and in his twinkling black eye there was a ray of light which showed that age, though now approaching his fiftieth year, had not deprived him of the Frenchman's greatest pleasure—admiration of female beauty.

"*Souhails le bon jour, Ma'm'selle!*" he exclaimed with all the artist's grace, as she came to the window, and received his salutation with a smile which would have revived one of his nation, though he were in the article of death.

"Monsieur Maillefert has called to inquire whether you will attend his fete this evening, Marie," said her mother, "and I have placed you under his protection."

"I am sure no better chaperon could be chosen," said Marie, smiling, in reply to the repeated bows of her whimsical protector; "but how is my father this morning?"

"He is sleeping," her mother answered, glancing at the door at which she had listened, "and, though he passed a somewhat restless night, he now seems much better."

"What time will you call for me, then, Monsieur?" she asked.

"At seven, Ma'm'selle, *exactement*"; and, gallantly touching his lips with his fingers, with another flourish of his beaver, he took his leave, and went on tip-toe up the street, by far the happiest man in all Kaskaskia.

"Sit down here for a few moments, Marie," said Madame Lefrette, pointing to a seat beside her own. Marie obeyed without speaking; and while the daughter leaned upon her mother's lap, and the mother placed her arm caressingly across the daughter's shoulders, both gazed in silence for some minutes at the cheerful scene before them. The elder was the first to speak.

"Marie," she said, drawing the girlish form nearer to her bosom, as if to compensate the harshness of a duty with increased affection, "if you go to Monsieur Maillefert's fete this evening, I must warn you against an error that I fear you are falling into."

Marie looked up in surprise.

"Don't alarm yourself," her mother continued with a smile; "I do not apprehend any great danger—to you, my dear; but you are young and impulsive, and may thus unconsciously do a very great injury to another."

"I? Why, mother, mine, what can you mean?"

"I mean, my daughter," said her parent, gravely, "that at M. Maillefert's you will probably meet Coron de Cheville."

Marie's eyes fell as if a blow had been threatened her, and the blood mantled in a deep blush to her very temples, while her frame trembled as the young alder in a wandering wind.

"I do not wish to give you pain, Marie," her mother continued, placing her arms about her neck; "but the circumstances of your position render it necessary that I should guard you against an error of manner which may be fraught with evil to yourself—and others."

"What would have me do, mother?" she asked, without raising her eyes, which were now ready to overflow.

"Nothing but what your own good sense will teach you. Receive him courteously and kindly, but not warmly. Let your father's faith be kept, by showing him that you are willing to accept his friendship, but will not encourage one step that leads toward the forfeiture of any obligation."

"I am sure, mother," she said, hastily lifting her head, "if he knew it he would not take such a step, however much encouragement I might give him."

"Is it possible you have left him in ignorance, Marie?" Again she dropped her eyes, and was silent.

"Well, well, my daughter," she resumed, replacing the arm, which for a moment she had withdrawn, "I will not reproach you. It is not too late, I hope. Let him know your position without delay. It will be better for all parties. And now, I must go to your father. You will have some preparations to make, and"—after a pause—"I hope we may never have occasion to return to this subject."

She turned away as she spoke, and entered the sick-chamber of her husband, leaving her daughter occupied with reflections the most unhappy her young life had yet seen.

The "circumstances" referred to by the mother are essential to our story.

Among the French customs which the shifting of population and consequent change of social manners had not entirely

abrogated, was that of affiancing children in their infancy—a blind, pernicious system of anticipation, which mortgages the Future to the mercenary wants of conveniences of the Present, and plants the seeds of superfluous immorality, whereof spontaneous growth is sure to yield a sufficient harvest. In accordance with this custom, Marie had been, in her sixth year, affianced to young Napoleon Le Vert, then a youth of ten summers, the son of M. Lefrette's partner in business. During the eleven years which had since elapsed, each had been reared and taught to look upon the other as the companion of the future; and though, after reaching those years which gave them a place in society, neither had shown much attachment to the other, the only effect of this indifference had been to conceal the knowledge of their fiancailles from their acquaintance, or to let it die to their remembrances; for the parents of both still viewed the contract as irrevocable.

This arrangement had been ratified—perhaps suggested—by Marie's grandfather, who, although at this period some years dead, must figure modestly in our narrative. He was a Virginian, who had emigrated to Kentucky with some of the foremost pioneers, when that country belonged to the venerable "Old Dominion." Having made a settlement, and, by proper charters, secured the territorial rights which accrued upon the act, his roving spirit had led him to Kaskaskia. Here he came enamored of, and soon married Josephine Le Vert, a young Frenchwoman, the sister of the elder M. Le Vert, of our story. Lingering for some months, attracted by the primitive simplicity of the people among whom he found himself domesticated, a daughter was born to him; and this daughter was the mother of Marie Lefrette. As soon after this event as his wife could endure the journey, he returned to Kentucky. But, upon searching for his land, he found that the man whom he had left in possession had sold the most valuable portion of it, under a claim which he had set up by virtue of actual residence! To add to his discomfiture, on examining his papers to find the original grant to himself, he discovered that that was lost or destroyed! The

books of records which might have supplied its place, had been either burnt or carried away by the Indians in some murderous foray; and all muniments of title were thus obliterated.

He resorted, however, to the desperate expedient of a suit at law, endeavoring to show that the grantor under whom the occupants claimed, was a tenant, and could not be allowed to deny his landlord's title. But no lease could be produced; indeed, he had forgotten whether a lease was ever made; and, in the absence of any paper to support it, his suit failed, and his land was lost. Soured and disgusted, he returned to Kaskaskia, where, at the age of fifteen, his daughter was married to Monsieur Lefrette. Of this marriage, the only issue was our Marie, whose grandfather lived just long enough to confirm her fiancailles with the son of his brother-in-law, claiming the Episcopal right of confirmation in virtue of his will, which made her sole heir to the land he had lost!

By these possessions, which might just as well have been "castles in Spain," nobody save the poor old man set very great store; and the fact that Marie's father was a large stockholder in various land companies, and was accounted rich (prospectively), probably had more influence in inducing the elder Le Vert, who was supposed to value good lands higher than good hearts, to seek the betrothing of his son with his partner's daughter.

One other character noticed, and the story may march on.

Coron de Cheville, a young man two or three years the senior of Marie's fiance, was a descendant of M. Rocheblave,* the last French governor of Kaskaskia. Having inherited a moderate fortune, he had, to some extent, enjoyed the advantages of travel, and of an education which this country did not then afford. At the age of twenty-four he had returned to his native town, and now divided his time about equally between Kaskaskia and St. Louis.

*Whose wife, on the taking of the place in 1778, by Gen. George R. Clarke concealed or destroyed all his public papers; and by the loss of many grants and charters, was the cause of infinite confusion in land-titles.

Mingling freely in the unconstrained society of the former place, he could not fail to meet Marie Lefrette; and, just at that age, when all such impressions are more vivid and definite than at any other, he was at once attracted by her beauty, grace, and simple refinement of manner. Ignorant of her engagement, he prosecuted a series of delicate but unconcealed attentions, which, in a circle more thoroughly organized, would have been at once set down as indications of a desire to make her his wife. Even here, observations had been made upon his assiduity, inasmuch as to excite the jealousy of Napoleon Le Vert, Marie's intended husband—a young man of morose and haughty temper, who, although incapable of loving anything very deeply, was yet, of all men, most likely to resent what he superciliously deemed a trespass. Nothing but Coron's self-control, and the manly contempt he felt for the other's boyish demonstrations, prevented a collision; for, we are bound to say, the conduct of Marie, guided only by her feelings, and tempered by no respect for Napoleon's half-formed character, was not calculated to avert it. She took little pains to conceal her preference for free and open bearing of the former to the arrogant and sullen manner of the latter; probably reflecting if she ever thought seriously of the matter, that she would have quite enough of his vapors after her marriage, and willing while she was yet free, to obey an impulse, of whose whole forces she was ignorant. It was this impudence against which her mother warned her.

II. MONSIEUR MAILLEFERT'S FETE.

M. Maillefert's house was situated almost in the heart of the town, but was surrounded by a garden carefully and elegantly cultivated, and containing, perhaps, two acres of land. Overlooking this on three sides was a broad, wooden corridor, which contained more space than lay within the walls; through the omnipresent vine, which hung in masses from the eaves, and clambered, richly laden with the choicest flowers, upon every column, and along the balustrade, inclosed it from the sun and rain almost as effectually as the rude

carpentry which marked its inner limit. The whole edifice looked as we might imagine a Chinese pagoda, which had been crushed toward the earth by a steady pressure from above; not falling into ruin, but expanding horizontally in proportion as it subsided vertically. Its peaked gables and projecting eaves; its triangular attic windows, and broad, low doors; its "sway-back" roof and narrow flights of steps, all encouraged the illusion. But the presence of an elegant and ornate taste, everywhere visible in the arrangement of flowers and the training of a thousand creepers, fenced out the idea of decay; while the merry notes of the little Monsieur's fiddle, heard from within, or the cheerful tones of his bird-like voice, banished all gloom, and peopled the rooms with gayety.

In those old days, when a morose and mistaken puritanism had not given dancing to the devil, and then denounced it for belonging to him, the dancing-master was no unimportant personage, at the worst; and on this great occasion—the closing fete until the cooler weather of the autumn—the moral stature of the character was not diminished. When M. Maillefert, proud of his charge, as a young emperor of the conquest of a capital, marched up with Marie to the gate, the little crowd assembled there respectfully gave way for him to pass, but affectionately closed in upon his heels, and followed him within the house.

A narrow hall ran through from front to rear, dividing a large saloon and a suite of rooms; and these notwithstanding the low ceilings, unlevel floors, and bare walls, presented an appearance quite elegant and imposing. The planks had either been diligently rubbed smooth for the purpose, or worn so by the friction of many feet. Garlands of evergreens, and wreaths of flowers, and quaint devices made of various leaves, adorned the window-frames, or drooped gracefully between; while bouquets and choice single flowers were scattered on the unobtrusive little tables, or strewn along the divans. Green branches of the delicate pine were fixed against the wall, as brackets to support the numerous lights; and the

radiance of these was a-tempered, not diminished, by the veil through which it was filtered.

As the company entered, little negro girls, with their wide mouths full of ivory and fun, attended to receive the hoods and mantles, while two boys of the same shining sable were already "tuning up" their fiddles. These were the Monsieur's musicians; pupils of his own, whose proficiency reflected as much honor on his musical ability as the graceful dancing of the active 'demoiselles, upon his standing as a master of the "art of motion."

One long, complaining cry from both instruments, to try their tone, and then a sudden shifting to the rapid notes of a dancing tune, "put life and mettle" in the expectant company. The little Monsieur led his partner, Marie, to the head of the saloon, and at his signal the figures were speedily filled up. His shrill voice was now heard from end to end, and, as if instantly affected by some volatile gas, the whole array began to move with as much agility as art, and more grace than either. Round and round, to and fro, up and down, the dancers went; the flashing of light drapery, the wreathed smiles of pleasure, the flitting of fair forms through mazy order, and the changing lights and shadows, furnished forth a scene of animation far more common then than now. The tripping of light feet, the exhilarating music, the hurried chat and merry laughter, pervaded with a careless gayety the perfumed air; while the hurried alto of the maitre shot, like a sunbeam, through the mazes of the figure, and illumined all with the light of discipline and order.

The rooms gradually filled up with old and young; and many a fat little dame danced with her eyes, though she might not with her feet, and gazed in envy on the figures, remembering her own gay days of youth. The fathers of the village, too, were gathered in; and boys and girls, who now impatiently awaited the coming of that time, whose passage they were destined to regret. After the first "set," the master, having given the example, consigned Marie to another partner, and devoted himself to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Cool,

light beverages and delicate spicy-cakes, were passed about from time to time by the little negroes; and, at eleven a supply of strong, hot coffee, accompanied by viands more substantial, was served to every guest.

While the dancers were standing in their places, to do honor to this favorite stimulant, two gentlemen advanced from the line of spectators, and approached the spot where Marie was chatting with her partner. The younger of these, who was a rather handsome man of perhaps five-and-twenty, with an air of quiet grace and thorough good breeding, pressed the hand which Marie timidly extended him, glanced for a moment at the rapidly-changing color in her face, and then introduced his companion—a tall, middle-aged man, with the keen look of an attorney.

“Mr. Beman,” said De Cheville, “informs me that he knew your grandfather, in Kentucky, and——”

“And,” interrupted the elder, with a somewhat elaborate bow, “desired this introduction as much on account of his grand-daughter’s own attractions, as of her relation to his old friend.”

Marie inclined her head rather coldly; for she was somewhat shocked at the breadth of the opening compliment; but hastened to say, as if conscious of the ungraciousness of her manner:

“I am always glad to meet any one from Kentucky; and my mother will be happy to see you at our home.”

“He was just asking me to take him thither,” said De Cheville, “when I told him you were here.”

“And justified his ardent praises,” added Beman, with a laugh, “by pointing you out.”

De Cheville glanced at Marie with a conscious blush; but she turned away her face, to cover a confusion, which, however, gave him more pleasure than a look of frank directness. At the same moment, the tap of the bow upon the fiddle announced the recommencement of the dance. Coron had only time to make a hurried engagement for the next figure,

and retired with his companion from the floor, when the master's voice again set all in motion.

At the same moment, Napoleon Le Vert, a young man who might have been called well-looking but for a certain fullness about the corners of the mouth, which invariably indicates a hot but selfish temper—pushed rudely through the crowd, and forced Marie to pause in the movement.

“Shall we dance the next figure, Marie?” he asked in a tone which sounded more like command than request.

“I am engaged to Monsieur de Cheville for the next,” said Marie, timidly; “but the following one——”

“I am engaged for that, myself,” he interrupted, and abruptly turned away. A flush of anger rose to her face; but, without otherwise noticing his rudeness, she recommenced to dance.

It so happened, that she had been arrested very near the place where De Cheville and his companion had taken their stand among the spectators; and, though the former did not overhear the words of the brief conversation, he comprehended the pantomime sufficiently to see that Napoleon was uncivil and offensive, and that Marie was distressed. His blood boiled with indignation. He was about to intercept and accost Le Vert, when the latter pushed past, and roughly jostled him, evidently on purpose. Coron put out his hand and stopped him.

“What do you mean by pushing me thus?” he asked, in as calm a voice as he could command.

“If you are so dull as not to understand it,” answered the other, “perhaps you will know what this means!” And he struck him on the cheek with his open hand.

The insult was scarcely complete, when De Cheville seized him by the throat, and, jerking him from his feet, pitched him headlong through the open window upon the corridor. Beman grasped his arm, and the crowd rushed forward to interfere; but, shaking them off, he sprang through the casement, almost upon the prostrate Le Vert. Two or three of the men hurriedly followed him; but, before they could inter-

pose, Le Vert had risen, bruised and bleeding, and, with the spring of a cat, buried a knife in De Cheville's side! The latter reeled for a moment, but recovered himself; and, as the blow was about to be repeated, grasped his assailant's arm, and wrestling the knife from his hand, would have sheathed it in his bosom. But now came a rush of men, accompanied by the clamor of many voices and, at the same moment, Coron's hand dropped, his eyes closed, and he sank lifeless into the arms of his friend Beman.

"He is dead!" shouted the latter. "Seize the murderer!"

The crowd swayed to and fro, and, in the obscurity, several persons were arrested; but Le Vert was nowhere to be found. Marie, with several other ladies, without knowing the cause, were involved in the confusion, unable to ascertain what had happened, until she heard Beman's exclamation.

"What is the matter? Who is dead?" she asked, but without eliciting an answer, until some one clambered into the window, and, after looking out upon the corridor, turned to announce:

"It is Coron de Cheville!"

A scream rang through the saloon, of such intense and sudden agony, as to silence the clamors of the crowd; and, dashing both hands against her temples, Marie reeled, fainting, to the floor. Monsieur Maillefert raised her, placed her tenderly upon a divan, and called frantically for water. While it was being brought, he stood disconsolately wringing his hands, and repeating, in a voice of ruin and despair:

"Ah! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mi fete is spoil! mi fete is spoil!"

The women clustered about the prostrate girl, and, dashing water into her face, soon brought her back to partial consciousness. She sat up and looked, bewildered, about her, unable to recall the meaning of the scene. But, when some one came in from the room where DeCheville had been carried, and said that they pronounced the wound dangerous, but not mortal, she threw herself in the arms of the woman who knelt beside her, and burst into tears, exclaiming:

“Thank God! Oh! thank God!”

Monsieur Maillefert now bustled forward, as if suddenly re-collecting himself, and said:

“M’m’selle, votre mere have send un messenger in ver’ mosh hurry—I take you, then?”

“A messenger!” exclaimed Marie, lifting her tearful face. “For what?”

“M’m’selle, I know nothing,” the master replied, with a shake of the head, which, however, contradicted his word.

“My father! My father!” she cried; and, springing to her feet, hastily put on her mantle, and taking the master’s arm, hurried eagerly homeward.

Her fears had been but too well founded. Her father, whose illness had been considered serious by no one but his wife, had grown suddenly worse. The physician had been called, and, by his direction, Marie was sent for at once. It was impossible, he said, that Monsieur Lefrette could survive the following day; and, though he made no such admission in words, it was plain that the sudden turn in the disease took him as much by surprise as it did Marie herself. He was not mistaken now, however. His patient lingered, free from pain, until near noon on the morrow; when, without a struggle, he passed from life.

Two days afterward, the kind-hearted people of the good old ville attended his remains to the last resting-place; and, having done him this final service, turned away toward home, speculating upon the extent of his widow’s dower, and the amount of his daughter’s inheritance. The prevailing opinion was that Lefrette had died wealthy; and if the supposition was based rather too exclusively upon his part-ownership of certain company land-grants, whose value lay chiefly in the future, this fact only served to rebut one argument against the hypothesis, by accounting for the plain manner in which the deceased had lived.

Mr. Beman, who walked homeward with a knot of gossips, listened to the discussion in silence; but, on learning that all these castles were founded upon stock in the “—— Land

and Emigration Company," incontinently broke into a loud laugh, which not a little scandalized his grave companions. He gave no reason for his mirth, but turning aside, down a quiet road, drew a bundle of papers from his ample pocket. Of these he selected three, and opening the first, as if to assure himself that he had not laughed too soon, glanced with a recurring inward chuckle, down the ample folio pages.

Folding this carefully, he opened in succession the other two, and read them gravely from end to end. Replacing the whole in his pocket, he turned upon his steps, and walked slowly back into the quiet town.

The first and most amusing of these papers was a full and complete assignment of all the effects, "goods and chattels, lands and tenements, rights and credits," of the aforesaid "—— Land and Emigration Company"; setting forth, in elaborate legal verbiage, that their title to certain tracts, upon which their speculations were based, had been declared invalid by the courts, and providing as effectually as possible for the safety of certain creditors, by declaring a trust in their favor, and appointing Beman assignee. Then followed a short inventory of property, and a long list of creditors; and the footings showed a very large balance on the side of insolvency! A ruin more complete and irretrievable never overtook a company or individual! No whisper, however, of the failure had ever reached Kaskaskia; and among all who had curiously speculated upon Beman's business there, none had ever approached the truth. The lawyer, himself, had as yet kept his own counsel.

The nature of the other papers, which he perused with such grave interest, we shall see in the sequel.

III. REVERSES.

Several weeks passed away, bringing little that is essential to be told. Marie and her mother remained in the home-stead, mourning, as a mother and daughter only can mourn, for the departed. Monsieur Lefrette had not been a very domestic husband or demonstrative father; yet the hand which

had snatched him away had touched his memory with gold; and his death seemed more a loss than his return would have seemed a gain. They did not yield weakly to lamentation, however; for each was a support to the other. And had it not been for the unutterable sense of loneliness and the constant impulse to wait for someone's arrival, before engaging in anything, they might, after the first burst of grief, have at once regained their cheerfulness.

Many of their friends and neighbors came to the house with such condolence as occurred to them; and kindness to the widow and orphan was far more delicate and genuine among the simple villagers than often it is among the more artificial denizens of cities. Had their loss not been irreparable, the fountains of sympathy and affection which were now opened for the first time, might well have renewed the greenness that was withered; and, as it was, the repeated and unprompted offers of kind service did much to assuage the sense of desolation which always accompanies the sudden death of a long-trusted protector.

Among those who called with these and other motives was the elder Le Vert—a man whose delicacy was in an inverse ratio to his business capacity, and who, therefore, in proportion as he over-valued money, under-valued kindness and affection. No one would have suspected him of attempting to console a mourner, or of sympathizing with a sorrow; and Madame Lefrette was, accordingly, not mistaken, when, upon his entrance, she concluded that she owed the visit to some matter of business."

"It will be necessary, Madame," he commenced almost as soon as he had deposited his heavy person in the chair offered him, "that letters of administration on your late husband's estate be taken out as soon as convenient.—"

True; she had not thought of that, as yet.

"And," he continued, wiping his damp forehead, and speaking in the tone of a man who had already settled the affair in his own mind, "I have determined that, as his partner in trade, the duty will most properly devolve upon me."

It was precisely what she would have requested, she said.

"You perceive," he went on, graciously affording a reason, when the arrangement had been sanctioned without it, "I shall be allowed by the law, a certain time in which to settle up the partnership business——"

"Can you tell me what the state of the business is likely to be?" she asked, with some interest. "I ask because, from the anxiety he expressed, I was led to apprehend some embarrassment."

"Well," said the man of business, "he is somewhat in debt to the concern, for funds drawn out in his land speculations; but that is well invested; and, as I was about to observe, since Napoleon and Marie are to be married, that will make no difference."

"Ah!" she said, "that reminds me; is Monsieur de Cheville out of danger?"

"I am not advised," Le Vert replied dryly; "but Doctor Lutin has notified Napoleon that he need not keep out of the way any longer; so I suppose the fellow is considered convalescent."

Madame Lefrette made no articulate reply; though the aspiration with which she acknowledged the information was probably quite as much an exclamation of surprise that Coron de Cheville, should be classed as a "fellow."

The heavy gentleman rose after a pause, and, making a ceremonious bow, took his leave, graciously informing the widow, that his son Napoleon would do her and Marie the honor to call in the evening. A curl of scorn bent her lip for a moment, and it was her only acknowledgment of the condescending announcement; but it was softened immediately by the reflection, that loyalty to the memory of her departed husband required her to keep the faith he had pledged and for this purpose, if necessary, even submit to be "patronized" by a pompous blockhead. She therefore faintly smiled a pleasure which she faintly felt, and the dull man's shadow was removed.

Marie entered by another door, as the first closed upon her intended father-in-law. Her step was not so light as when we saw her at the fete, nor her face so blooming; but the pensiveness of sorrow but added an element of interest to her beauty, and quietness of bearing detracted nothing from her grace.

"Monsieur Le Vert has been here?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes," her mother answered, "and left word that Napoleon will call this evening."

"Is Napoleon, like his namesake, a great sovereign," she asked with a faint smile, "that his progresses must be announced by so dignified an avant-courier?"

"Neither he nor his father, Marie," said her mother, somewhat severely, "is the proper subject of a jest—from you."

Marie smiled again, as if the qualification "from you" implied only a special prohibition. But the rebuke was too sadly true to afford amusement; and without replying, she walked to the window, with her lip quivering from far different emotions. Her mother watched her for some moments, as if waiting for her to speak, but at last broke the silence herself.

"You do not ask," said she, "how it is that Napoleon can reappear openly, without risk?"

"I suppose he has been tried," Marie answered, with a curl of the lip, "and acquitted on the usual plea of self-defense."

"No," her mother replied, glancing keenly at her; "it is because Monsieur de Cheville is out of danger."

"Scarcely, I should suppose," returned Marie, "so long as the man lives whose hatred could prompt such an assault!"

"It does not become you to say so, Marie!"

Again the daughter's head drooped in acknowledgment of the just rebuke. Napoleon Le Vert was her affianced husband; and whatever would have been her feelings toward Coron de Cheville, had she given them sway, she was under a bond, whose penalty was her dead father's faith, to justify,

or at least not to condemn, the acts of him to whom the solemn compact had assigned her. We will not undertake to inquire how her heart rebelled against this hard necessity, nor how much LeVert's offense was increased in enormity to her view, by the fact that it had been committed against De Cheville. Let it be sufficient that, in spite of all her mother's exhortations, and the severe schooling of her own best reason, it was thus increased; and that, before the effort to repress her indignation was required, she could never have conceived its difficulty.

The shadows were lengthening when she went to the window; and while she stood, buried in thought of no pleasant nature, the sun dropped below the horizon, and the shades of evening gathered on the street before her. The day had been intensely warm, but now a gentle breeze sprang up, and laughing groups assembled on piazzas, or in front of open doors; strolled leisurely among flower-beds, and gayly promenaded on the walks. The hum of business was suspended, but the hum of pleasure filled the air instead; for the light-hearted people of the place were almost all without their doors. As the sunlight faded out, the moon rose on the scene; the shadows which had pointed toward the east were now turned westward; and the sheen lay on the quaint old town like a silvery mantle. Sweet music floated on the wind, and perfumes from a hundred gardens, exhaled by the sun, now settled toward the earth, and mingled with the coolness of the closing night.

Marie stood at the window until the gathering darkness made her figure but a shadow. Her mother had left the room, and she was alone with her thoughts. A knock at the front door startled her from reverie; and had there been an observer present, even the moonlight would have revealed the flush that overspread her face on suddenly recalling the promised visit of Le Vert. It must be, she thought, Napoleon's knock; and its alarm had scattered from her mind a crowd, of images, among which the figure of her future husband had filled a place. She reproached herself with this; but it

augured ill for time to come, that it was only sense of duty that prompted the censure.

She had scarcely time to gain a seat, and still the fluttering of her heart, when the door was opened, and, instead of Napoleon, Mr. Beman was shown in. A sigh of relief, still less promising for future happiness, escaped her, as she rose and welcomed the lawyer.

"I fear I am liable to the charge of intrusion," said the latter, courteously, as he took the seat offered him; "but as my time in Kaskaskia is somewhat limited, and I could not think of going away without seeing my old friend's daughter, I determined to take the risk."

"We should be more unsociable than grief ought to make us," said Marie, warmly, "if we were not glad to see you; and I am sure my mother will say the same."

"She is well, I hope?" he said, in a tone of interest.

"She has not recovered from the shock of my father's death," Marie answered, sadly, "and I am fearful——"

The sentence was arrested by the entrance of Madame Lefrette herself, whose feeble step and pale face gave but too evident ground for the fear her daughter was about to express. She received Mr. Beman, of whom Marie had spoken as a friend of her father, with a grace which always marked her manner; and as that gentleman, referring to events which had taken place in her girlhood, mentioned names and recalled circumstances about which she had not thought since her father's death, a conversation ensued, which Marie was delighted to see gave her great pleasure. He seemed to have been intimately acquainted with all the difficulties, law-suits, arbitrations, and controversies, whose result had been the return of her parents to Kaskaskia; and from these, as from a common center, his recollections radiated in all directions, returning from time to time, until the contributions of the two presented a clear summary of the whole disastrous business.

"My uncle," said he, "was your father's counsel in these affairs; and having been a junior partner in the office at the

time, I well recollect the zeal and industry with which he endeavored to unravel the complicated transaction. But, if my memory serve me well, he was met at every point, by the loss of certain papers, and the disappearance of a witness, named, I think, Miller McAllen."

"I have heard something of the kind," said Madam Lefrette. "And up to the very day of his death my father clung to the hope, which I suppose was desperate, that these papers might finally be found. Indeed," she added, sadly, "the thought went with him to the grave; for in his will he made my daughter heir to these same lost estates."

This information seemed rather to take Mr. Beman by surprise; and from the momentary working of his expressive features, one would have supposed it of more importance than he had apparently attached to the subject.

"Pardon me," he said, "may I ask whether that will has ever been regularly proven?"

"I think no legal steps were ever taken in the matter," said Madam Lefrette. "The will itself was preserved as a testimony of my father's affection for Marie, and not for any pecuniary value it was ever presumed to have."

"Nevertheless," returned the lawyer, "even as such testimonial it was worth placing upon record; and if you will pardon the officiousness, I would advise that it be done yet."

"If I thought it could be of advantage to Marie——" she commenced.

"I do not know that it would," Mr. Beman interrupted; "but my experience as a lawyer has taught me the wisdom of allowing no paper, which on its face conveys a right, to remain imperfect for want of legal authentication."

"I am sure, mother," said Marie, "the gentlemen of the law understand these things better than we can."

"Of course," the widow said; "and I have often thought that something ought to have been done in the affair, out of respect for your grandfather's memory, if for no other reason."

"If you will allow me to do you this service, then," said Mr. Beman, "I will undertake to make the probate immediately."

By her mother's direction, Marie brought the will and gave it to Mr. Beman, who opened and perused it carefully from beginning to end. After ascertaining that it was all in due form, and learning that the subscribing witnesses, one of whom was the elder Le Vert, were still resident in Kaskaskia, he placed the paper in his pocket and resumed the conversation.

"I met this M. Le Vert a while ago," he said, "and shall have occasion to call on him again tomorrow, if, indeed, the communication I made to him do not bring him to me first; so there need be no delay."

"The communication must have been a very important one," said Marie with a smile, "if its effect is likely to be the unbending of his dignity, so far." "It was rather so," said the lawyer, dryly; and the conversation flowed in another channel.

Two or three hours passed pleasantly away. Mr. Beman was a man of varied observation, keen humor, and a kindness of heart, which had survived the assaults of years, and the hard experiences of professional life. This toned his manner, as well as tinged his thoughts, giving to both a quaint bonhomie, which kindly forbore to censure, yet could not fail to penetrate, the absurdities before it. A propriety of anecdotes, and an unobtrusive cheerfulness, which gently interposed itself between his listeners and all gloomy thoughts, gave wings to moments, which condolence would have loaded. It was not until he rose to go, and she glanced out of the window, where the waning moon was tardily clearing the eastern horizon, and the stillness of the village indicated the approach of midnight, that Madame Lefrette became aware of the lapse of time.

"I ought to apologize for staying so long," said he; "but it is the nature of all apologies to be too late."

"An acknowledgment of the pleasure you have given us is in time, however," said Marie.

"And we shall always be glad to see you, Mr. Beman," said the widow, "without requiring apologies for pleasant visits."

The lawyer received the invitation as cordially as it was given; and then a pause ensued, during which he seemed debating within himself whether to go or sit down.

"Before I leave you," he said at last, as if his mind has settled upon his course, "I ought, perhaps, to say a few words on business. I would not trouble you with it at such a moment, but it is necessary you should hear the truth."

Madame Lefrette turned deadly pale. "I am sure," she said, "that you would——"

"Say nothing unpleasant," he interrupted, finishing the sentence, "except for imperative reasons; you are right. In a day or two I shall set off for St. Louis, to be absent some weeks; and before my return you could not fail to hear what I am going to say—perhaps in a distorted form. Don't be alarmed," he continued, with a smile to reassure her, "at my awkward way of preparing you for information, which, after all, requires no preparation."

"I suppose I know what you refer to," said the widow, faintly.

"I judged so, from some expressions you used a while ago. The —— Land and Emigration Company," in which your husband held a large amount of stock, is as I see you suspect, insolvent. But I am the assignee, and you may rest secure that your rights—and the rights of my young friend here—shall be protected."

"I would not have troubled you with this communication," he continued after a pause, "except to give you this assurance, and a little piece of advice: 'Let some acute and reliable friend immediately take out letters of administration upon your husband's estate; and let him, without delay, proceed to examine the accounts of the late partnership.'"

"Mr. Le Vert has undertaken to do so," said Madame Lefrette.

"I am aware of that," said the lawyer; "but it will be, as I told him this evening, taxing his good-will too far, to place him in circumstances of such temptation."

"Temptation!" exclaimed the widow, in surprise.

"Temptation," repeated the lawyer, decidedly. "I do not know that he would use the pen otherwise than for its legitimate purpose of rendering fair accounts; but the only means of making honesty certain, is to remove all temptation from its path."

After some further conversation, and a promise by Madame Lefrette to think seriously of his advice, Mr. Beman left them.

As the sound of his footsteps died away on the street, and his figure grew dim in the moonlight, Marie turned from the door, to which she attended him, and approached the chair where her mother still sat, dejected and sorrowing.

"Mother, my dear," said she, placing her arms about the widow's neck, and smiling in her face, "you must not be cast down by these tidings; for I have a firm faith that this will turn out to be a blessing rather than a misfortune."

"It is not on account of the insolvency of this company, my daughter," said her mother, drawing her down upon a seat, "that I am cast down; for I have expected that result for a long time. It is only for your sake that I have ever wished to realize your father's visions; and it is now solely on your account that I regret their failure."

"If it have no worse effect than it has had tonight," said Marie, gayly, "I shall not quarrel with Fortune about it, mother. We have both spent a far more pleasant evening than we would have done otherwise; and for the future, Mr. Beman whispered two words to me at the door, which I shall adopt as a motto."

"What were they?" asked her mother.

"Courage and Patience."

The cloud floated away from her mother's brow, and she folded her daughter in her arms, with one of those caresses which express relief as well as affection.

"What communication do you suppose it was," asked Marie, after a pause, "that Mr. Beman made to M. Le Vert?"

"The same as that to us, I presume," her mother answered.

"And do you think that had anything to do with Napoleon's failure to meet his father's engagement?" said she, smilingly.

"I should hope not, indeed, Marie!"

"So should I," said the daughter, "for his sake, however."

"We must not do him injustice," urged the widow.

"Of course not." And Marie walked to the window, and stood gazing, her face radiant with smiles, upon the quiet, moonlit street.

The sudden announcement of De Cheville's death, at the fete, had given her a glimpse into the depths of her own heart. But duty and the exhortations of her mother had produced an effort which she had supposed effectual. And yet, when he, for whose sake she had thus struggled, and conquered, as she thought, remained absent even after announcing his coming, and contemptuously neglected to send reason or apology, she was far more rejoiced at her exemption from the visit, than offended at the slight.

Her conquest, it would seem, was not complete.

IV. A NEW HOME.

Two days after Mr. Beman's visit to the Lefrettes, it was generally known in Kaskaskia, that the "—— Land and Emigration Company" had made an assignment; and, in the absence of definite information, the most absurd rumors were in circulation. The names of various people were confidently mentioned as involved in the failure, who never owned a dollar of the stock, nor bought an acre of the land. It was stated that Le Vert was the assignee; that he had been made so, and had, also, sued out letters of administration, in order to save a portion of his deceased partner's estate; but that, on examination, he had discovered this to be impossible, since

Lefrette's property would not pay five cents on the dollar of his liabilities.

Everybody agreed in crediting these latter accounts; the more especially, as Le Vert was careful not to contradict, even if he did not encourage them. A little hesitation on the part of Madame Lefrette, growing out of an unwillingness to accept the suspicion for which she saw no reason but Beman's advice, had enabled him to secure the possession of his partner's property; and when he filed his inventory, which he did without delay, its statements consisted but too well with the current rumors. It appeared, from a careful examination of the partnership-books, that Lefrette, in his land speculations, had largely overdrawn his stock; and, so far from having any assets there, was, in fact, considerably in debt to the concern. Even the homestead, which sheltered his widow and daughter, had been mortgaged for more than its value; and, to make the ruin complete, Madame Lefrette had joined in the conveyance. Poverty, unmitigated by the saving of even a plank from the wreck, stared them inexorably in the face.

When the administrator, Le Vert, made his report of the state of affairs, he did so in the cold, business-like manner, which had always distinguished him; but Madame Lefrette imagined he was even more pompous than usual, as if expecting, and prepared to repel an imputation of having produced rather than discovered the insolvency. She made no observation, however, and the important official was fain to depart, without even guessing what effect his announcement had upon the widow. He must have been considerably over-awed, too—if the word be applicable to so dignified a gentleman—by her perfect freedom from agitation; for a declaration, which he had fully determined in his own mind to make in her actual presence, died upon his lips. On his way home, he wondered what could have possessed him. It could not have been shame for the intended meanness; for whatever his pride or will resolved, his judgment approved, as both prudent and proper. Could it be the spiritual rebuke, which the presence of the injured always gives the wrong-doer? And was it for a

wrong, not meditated, but accomplished, that his conscience now exacted tribute from his rigid manhood?

Madame Lefrette was a strong-minded woman, and was not cast down by the intelligence of her sudden reduction to poverty. She was not a masculine woman, however—one of those double-gendered animals, who having over-ridden and disregarded all the proprieties of their station, and being, notwithstanding their hybrid nature, dimly conscious of the falsehood of their position—like the fox, who sought to have everybody else's tail cut off because he had lost his own—now seek to make deformity a law, and hide their own disgrace, by degrading the whole sex; but a woman of true womanly instincts, whom affliction braced to fortitude, who recognized the Christian duty of endurance, and despised all weak repining. She calmly surveyed her position, estimated its inconveniences, accepted its necessities, and formed her resolution.

"We must leave this house immediately, Marie," said she, "and surrender it to the creditors."

"Had we not better wait," suggested Marie, "until Mr. Beman's return?"

"And be thrust out by process of law? Oh! no! And beside, I am sure it will discharge a larger debt if given up quietly, than if yielded only to vexatious litigation. We are very poor, it seems; but this must not make us dishonest."

Marie thought her mother was taking rather higher ground than the circumstances required. She was a woman; and, like all her sex, regarded dishonesty more as meanness than immorality; so that, in endeavoring to avoid it, she approached generosity more nearly than justice. Her daughter made no remark, however; and, on the following day, their preparations were begun for leaving the roof which had sheltered them for so many years. Before the end of the week the house was closed, and the mother and daughter were occupying a single small room in the modest residence of Madame Dupley—a widowed sister of the late M. Lefrette. The plump little figure of this lady was but the type of a

heart well preserved; and, though like her sister-in-law, she had been left in poverty by the death of her husband, kindness and content remained. She bustled round so cheerfully to make her guests comfortable, and welcomed them so cordially to the room which she had hastily got ready for them, that it seemed that she was the obliged party, and not they to whom she was giving shelter.

"We shall live like three princesses," she said, cheerily, at breakfast on the morning after the removal; "and," she added, glancing smilingly at Marie, "one of these bright mornings, some knight in rich armor will ride up to our castle-gate, and demand one of us in marriage. Which of us do you think it will be, Marie?"

"I hope he will have taste enough to ask for you, aunt," Marie answered with a laugh.

"No doubt he will," said the little woman, "if he don't see you first. But I hope he will not come soon."

"He's not very likely to, I think," said Marie, quietly; and a sudden look from her mother denoted that their thoughts were tending in the same direction.

Monsieur Lefrette had now been dead about seven weeks; and during the whole of that time Napoleon Le Vert had not once called. His father, as the reader knows, had once announced his coming. But on his way homeward, the same evening, that gentleman had met Mr. Beman, who informed him of Lefrette's insolvency, and Napoleon did not make his appearance. His absence could not be accounted for now, as it had been for a few days, by the necessity for keeping out of the way; for De Cheville was nearly recovered, and had declared his intention to give no further notice to the assault. The elder Le Vert came frequently to consult with the widow about the business of his administration; but at no time had he ever mentioned his son's name, or hinted at the engagement between him and Marie. Once, when Madame Lefrette alluded to it, he coldly changed the subject; and when he went away, the impression was left upon the widow's mind, that he had determined wholly to ignore the contract. She did

not speak of this to her daughter, however; and the glance which passed between them at the breakfast-table, as we have related, was their first communication on the subject.

The insult thus evidently mediated was the more offensive because the affray between Le Vert and De Cheville had made the marriage-contract public talk; and while the meanness of the slight was thus made more conspicuous, the affront became more decided. As yet no observation had been made upon it; and judging from Marie's increasing cheerfulness, as week after week passed away without her seeing her future husband, it seemed that the person most interested was in truth the most indifferent. After the first shock of grief for her father, her spirits rose, as it appeared, in an inverse ratio to her reverses of fortune; and on the morning of which we are writing, when she left the table and went, singing, into the garden, it was with a joyousness which suggested, if it did not fully justify, the reflection of her mother. "She rejoices in our poverty, because it seems to have freed her from an irksome bond." She might lament the want of pride which thus quietly accepted the affront; but the mother's heart could not but feel happy in the happiness of her daughter.

Time passed more rapidly with the afflicted in their humble abode, and brought more speedily its healing influences than they had ever hoped. Their reduction to poverty had been so complete and irretrievable, that not even the usual effort to save a portion of the wreck harassed them with its sordid and recurring struggles. All was given up, without a murmur or a day's delay; and having thus severed their bonds with what was past, they were free, with energy and composure, to address themselves to that which was still before them.

The means of procuring at least the necessities of life were soon furnished; for offers of service, which, however, they declined, except in the shape of such work as they were able to do, poured in from many, whose friendship thus took the course in which only it could benefit them. A few of their

former friends had forgotten them; but of this they took no thought; and every succeeding day produced new proof that those who worthily deport themselves in prosperity will not be deserted in adversity.

Among the first who called upon them in their new home, and afterwards the most frequent visitor, was our friend Monsieur Maillefert. It was he who first gave employment to their needles. But it subsequently transpired, through the garrulous and simple-minded Madame Dupley, who seemed to take great pleasure in descanting upon the Monsieur's kindness, that he had taken this step only after an ineffectual attempt to convey assistance to them, by placing money in her hands under an injunction of strict secrecy. Madame Lefrette blushed with offended pride when this came to her knowledge; but her attention was forcibly attracted by the warm praises bestowed upon the Frenchman by her enthusiastic sister-in-law; and it was remarked by both Marie and herself that these had more general reference to the little master's character than to the generosity of this particular act. They observed, also, that although he never failed toward them in that delicate politeness which was his by the three-fold propriety of national, individual, and professional character, toward her his manner was far more impressive and devoted; and the fact that they had several times seen him leave the house when his entrance had not been notified to them, led them silently to suspect that the brisk little widow's commendations were as much the expression of a personal interest in him as of gratitude for friendly offices to them. This suspicion they never intruded upon their kind-hearted relative, however; and thus the quiet household went on for nearly two months.

Mr. Beman was still absent in St. Louis, or, at all events, not in Kaskaskia; although his proceedings, in the matter of trust, were yet in progress, in both places. He had once written to De Cheville, who was now entirely recovered, in regard to some business requesting at the same time that the young man would call upon the Lefrettes, before answering,

and give him reliable information of their circumstances. But the latter had heard of Marie's engagement to young Le Vert; and being thus able to account for the assault upon him, believed that his visit could not be viewed otherwise than as an intrusion. He therefore contented himself with making minute inquiries of Monsieur Maillefert, on whose shady premises he spent much of his time, and communicating the result to his correspondent.

Notwithstanding this well-considered delicacy, however, De Cheville could not help haunting the neighborhood of her whom he loved; and this attraction might not only account for his remaining in Kaskaskia, but also for the singular intimacy which had grown up between him and the little maitre; for that polite gentleman's house was almost directly opposite to that of Madame Dupley. During the slow weeks of his convalescence the shaded garden-walks and airy corridors had given him a pleasant retreat; and now that he no longer needed such, habit and the nameless attraction stronger than habit, led him as constantly as ever to seek the tempered air and quiet precinct.

The subject of his conversations with M. Maillefert was far more frequently the widow and her daughter than comported with the prudence which had forbidden his calling, as Beman had requested. His friend needed little prompting on the theme; and had De Cheville been in daily intercourse with the household he could not have been better informed of every circumstance surrounding them.

Among all these, nothing disquieted him so much, and yet gave him so much unconscious pleasure, as the fact that, since her father's death, Marie had not once seen her promised husband! As day after day and week after week passed by, and the indignant Monsieur still repeated that the absence was not yet broken, the impulse to seek her and offer a more faithful heart, which he had formed on first hearing of the young man's neglect, gained strength, and had now almost become a settled purpose. He still hesitated, however; and

his resolution was but half-formed more than a month after his health was fully restored.

One afternoon toward the end of August, the friends were sitting on the eastern corridor, sheltered by vines and flowers from the glare of the summer day, and enjoying that most unalloyed of luxuries, a genuine Habana cigar, in a cool and balmy atmosphere. They had been speaking of Marie Lefrette, and the Monsieur was wondering, in his peculiar mosaic of English and French, how she could tamely and even cheerfully endure a neglect which had grown marked and offensive. He had, indeed, just come to a conclusion which made him start from his chair, and walk hastily from one end of the corridor to the other, as if the revelation of his own logic had been a startling communication.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, folding his arms and nodding his head, as if to some invisible interlocutor, "Oui! certainement! Of co'rse! Pourquoi, what for I not see, eh? d'avance?"

"See what, Monsieur? What is it you have not seen before?" asked his companion, smiling at his excitement.

"Dat she not love; she, Marie love Napoleon; non!"

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed De Cheville, almost rising to his feet, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him also.

"Re'ly assurance! Ah! what you call?—certainly!" he answered with great vehemence, striding rapidly toward the end of the corridor, and still nodding his head in growing conviction, as one circumstance after another arose to his memory. De Cheville sank back into his seat, and covered his face with his hands, while visions of happiness, which he had schooled himself to reject and discourage came thronging through his excited imagination.

He was recalled by the sound of a strange voice; and on looking up, perceived a middle-aged gentleman, wearing the unmistakable air and dress of a clergyman, who stepped upon the corridor and inquired for Monsieur Maillefert.

"Je suis l'homme, Monsieur," said that gentleman, halting before him with a courtly bow.

"My name is McAllen, sir," the stranger said, returning his salutation. "I have some business with a Madame Lefrette, who lives near here, and have been referred to you as a person probably willing to accompany me to her. I knew her father," he added, apologetically, "in my boyhood, but am not personally acquainted with her."

"I go with mosh plaisir, Sare," said M. Maillefert. "You stay mon ami?" he added, to De Cheville. "I return—what you call?—forthwith! Allons, Monsieur!"

The two walked away toward Madame Dupley's, leaving De Cheville pacing, with an unquiet step and perplexed face, up and down the half-covered corridor. He paused from time to time at the end next the street, and once stepped down upon the walk, as if to follow Monsieur Maillefert and the stranger; but the next moment a shade of irresolution crossed his brow, and he reluctantly and slowly retraced his steps. He felt as if drawn by an almost irresistible attraction toward the house just entered by his friend; yet the timidity of strong affection, and the delicacy of his character, restrained the impulse.

The stranger bowed low as he entered the presence of Madame Lefrette; and as M. Maillefert introduced him, the name awakened recollections, vague, however, and indefinite. She received him with quiet politeness; but was somewhat disturbed when the little Monsieur declined the seat offered him, and left them evidently under the impression that there was something in the visit which required privacy.

"I believe, Madam," said the clergyman, "that you are the daughter of the late Lee Farrington, formerly of B—— county, in Kentucky.

"I am, sir, she said, inclining her head.

"I was sorry to learn," he resumed, "on my arrival here, that he was no longer living; for I had hoped to do an act of justice which was but too long delayed. Do you recollect ever to have seen Miller McAllen?"

"I have heard the name frequently," she said, "but was too young when I was in Kentucky to remember him, if I had seen him, which I did not."

"He was my father," resumed the stranger. "He died a few months ago, in New Orleans, where he had been residing since my boyhood. With almost his last breath," he continued, drawing a paper from his pocket, "he directed me to place this dying declaration in your father's hands, and to ask his forgiveness for a grievous wrong done many years ago. It now belongs to you."

She took the paper, and without opening it waited for explanation. It was evidently an unpleasant duty to the stranger; and this rendered his narrative somewhat rambling and involved. We had better, therefore, simply state the contents of the paper.

It set out that the declarant, Miller McAllen, had been many years before a trusted agent of Mr. Farrington, a young man of fortune, from Virginia, who had emigrated to Kentucky, and become the owner of a large amount of property there, consisting chiefly of a very extensive grant of land. Farrington was careless and roving, easily disgusted with the details of business, and trusting his affairs implicitly to agents. About the year 179—, he had gone on a visit to the western frontier settlements, leaving his affairs in great confusion. Before going, he had executed a lease for the term of five years, conveying about two-thirds of his land to one Robert Crabell, and placing him in possession. This lease had been executed in duplicate, one copy being given to Crabell, and the other retained as Farrington's agent, by the declarant, who was the only witness. With this, was also left in McAllen's possession the original grant, upon which Farrington's title rested.

The proprietor himself remained so long in the west that a rumor gained credence that he had been killed by the Indians, and the rapid influx of emigration enhanced the value of the land so much as to present a strong temptation to those in whose power it thus seemed, to possess themselves

of the legal title. The accidental destruction of the public records of the district strengthened the purpose, and rendered it safe. The two papers in McAllen's keeping were the only existing muniments of title.

Crabell and his two brothers-in-law, who were in possession, were aware of this state of things, and immediately opened a negotiation with McAllen to secure the papers. He declined to part with them on any terms; but, after several weeks of hesitation, finally agreed, for a bribe of ten thousand dollars, to destroy them. Crabell and his confreres had not so much money; and it thus became necessary to take into their counsel other persons, willing to furnish the cash. It was these other persons with whom Farrington afterward carried on his ineffectual and ruinous legal controversies.

The iniquitous bargain was concluded; but in the very moment of its execution, one of those sudden and unaccountable "accesses of conscience" which sometimes come to the greatest villains, arrested McAllen's hand. Instead of burning the papers, as he assured his conspirators he had done, he placed them securely in his own strong box.

Subsequently, disturbed by their possession, and pressed by conscience, he disposed of them in a way which quieted him with the fallacious hope that they might one day fall into the proper hands, but which, it seemed, had resulted in a loss as total as if they had been burnt. He had them built into the chimney of a house, then being erected for an office, and thus effectually concealed.

"This house," the declaration went on to say, "is the one now occupied by Mr. Beman as an office, in P——, Kentucky; and the papers will be found in the chimney, on the south side, five courses of brick from the floor."

"But," said the clergyman, at this point, "I have been to ——, according to my father's direction, and found that the old building has been torn away for more than six months, and a new house is now in process of erection on the same site."

"If I am not mistaken," said Madame Lefrette, "I hear the voice of this same Mr. Beman." And a moment afterward that gentleman was ushered into the room.

CONCLUSION.

Monsieur Maillefert, as we have said, declined the seat offered him, and went in search of the brisk little widow Dupley. He found her without difficulty; and, in view of his age and well-accredited character for steadiness, I grieve to relate that his first movement was to throw his arm, with a graceful flourish, around her plump figure, and sans ceremony, snatch two or three kisses from her full red lips. The robbery was, however, not very fiercely resisted; and an observer might even have suspected that it was not the first depredation. A merry laugh and a volley of French raillery, discharged as only a Frenchwoman can manage such a fusillade, were his only punishment. She did not remove the hand which grasped her waist until, after half an hour spent in walking, like two younger lovers, up and down the floor, they were interrupted by the knock of Mr. Beman. A little vexed, even then, at the interruption, she ran to the door, and having shown the lawyer to Madame Lefrette's room, came hastily back to her youthful swain.

The brief interlude, however, had given him time to recollect himself; and he was about to take his leave, excusing himself upon the ground that he had left De Cheville waiting for him, when she suggested that he call the latter over, declaring that she had not seen him for an age, and always did love him infinitely!

It needed but this to overcome De Cheville's wavering resolution; and when the pair came to the gate and beckoned him across, the alacrity with which he obeyed the summons but faintly evinced his pleasure. He might not see Marie; but even to stand at the threshold of her residence was a happiness not to be foregone.

His foot had hardly passed the gateway when the little widow almost overwhelmed him with voluble questions and congratulations upon his recovery.

"Blood-letting must agree with me," he said, with a smile, "if your compliments are as true as they would be addressed to yourself."

Monsieur Maillefert grasped his hand cordially.

"Mon ami," he cried, "you speak true—vary—eh? Madame is my wife, sare—dat is—vary soon!"

"Why! listen to the crazy little man!" exclaimed the merry widow, with a twinkle in her bright black eye, which contradicted her denial. "I assure you I have just rejected him tout de bon!"

"Call me as a witness against her!" suddenly cried Marie Lefrette, springing, with a laugh, from the shelter of some shrubbery, toward which De Cheville's back had been turned. She had mistaken him for someone else, through the leafy screen; and was now advancing with a quick step and smiling face, when he suddenly turned toward her. An exclamation of surprise, and a blush to the very temples, accompanied the recognition. She hastily paused, and seemed about to fly, when De Cheville advanced, and, with an eager, though respectful gesture, took her hand.

"You seem surprised to see me," said he, in a low tone, "and perhaps I ought to apologize for the intrusion; but——"

"Oh! no, indeed!" she interrupted, eagerly.

"Oh! no, indeed!" repeated her aunt, laughing; "she is only a little vexed because you did not come sooner!"

"Aunt Dupley," said Marie, recovering her self-possession, and shaking her finger playfully at the merry little bride-expectant, "would you like to have me tell what I saw in the parlor half an hour ago?"

"We will not stay to hear it," she answered, with an affectation of disdain, which, however, did not conceal the blush that covered her rosy cheek. "Come, Monsieur, she continued, taking his arm, "I have never shown you my new flower-beds; will you go to see them now?"

The Monsieur bowed a courtly acquiescence, and the pair set off toward the garden.

"Will you not let us admire them, too, aunt?" said Marie, hastily, as if afraid of being left alone.

"Oh! yes," she answered; "you may come along, if Monsieur De Cheville will pledge himself for your good behavior."

"I'll give you a bond if you wish it," said De Cheville, offering Marie his arm. This, however, she declined, and walked on by his side, talking rapidly, and with some excitement in her manner, as if fearful of the introduction of some unpleasant subject. De Cheville observed this, but, with a sigh, endeavored to reply to her in her own strain. They followed her aunt and the Monsieur, pausing from time to time, as the former directed their attention to various improvements in her tasteful plats and beds, until they had nearly reached the lower end of the garden. Here two or three native trees of the forest had been surrounded by a circle of exotic shrubs and plants; these had reared their luxuriant heads to the lower branches, and formed within a cool pavilion of green foliage. A narrow entrance had been left on the southern side, and within were erected several rustic benches. At this point Madame Dupley and her cavalier suddenly disappeared; and Marie and De Cheville, supposing they had entered, passed in and found themselves secluded and alone!

"Why! where can they have gone?" she exclaimed, calling loudly, but tremulously, her aunt's name.

No answer was returned, save the echoes of her own voice, coming back from the surrounding solitude.

"They are somewhere near," she said, trembling in every limb; let us search for them." And she approached the entrance.

"Marie," said De Cheville, all his resolutions melting away before the temptation of opportunity, "will you not remain here with me for a few moments?"

He took her hand as he spoke, and gently drew her, yielding reluctantly, to a seat. Then, without premeditation, he dropped upon one knee before her, and poured forth that

eloquence which gushes from a full and loving heart. She covered her face with her hands as he proceeded, and tears of mingled happiness and sorrow evinced the conflict of her emotions.

In the meantime Mr. Beman had been introduced to McAllen, and had listened attentively to his story, and carefully read the declaration.

"You say," said he, "that you have carefully examined the place of deposit indicated here, which, singularly enough, seems to have been my office?"

"Yes, sir," McAllen answered; "and the workmen said they had seen nothing of any papers in taking down the chimney. I even had the floors lifted, and a strict search made; but was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the papers had been destroyed."

"If we had those documents," said Beman, musingly, "this declaration would be, though not strictly legal evidence, of great service. By establishing the fact of your father's death we might be permitted to prove his hand-writing. But, as it is, this seems only to ascertain that a great wrong has been done, without giving the means of righting it."

He was interrupted by the entrance of the elder Le Vert, who accompanied his announcement with a stately bow first to Madame Lefrette, and then to the two gentlemen, and, declining the seat offered him, at once addressed the former.

"I have but a few moments to spare," he said, in that tone which seemed to declare his time more valuable and his business more important than those of anyone else; "will you allow me to speak with you in private, Madame?"

Madame Lefrette rose, and without replying, led the way into another room. Here he again declined a seat, and without preface, with the rashness which always indicates the trepidation of fear or of conscious meanness, declared his business.

"My son, Napoleon," he commenced, "informed me today that he has not seen your daughter for several weeks."

"He informed you truly, sir," said Madame Lefrette, calmly; "he has not seen her since her father's death disclosed her poverty."

Le Vert had the grace almost to blush, but went on:

"I had for some time suspected something of the sort——"

Madame Lefrette smiled quietly in his face; she knew he had been fully aware of it.

"——and," he continued, more rapidly, "what Napoleon told me, only confirmed my apprehension, that his engagement with Marie had become somewhat irksome to both parties; and that, in short——"

"In short," she interposed, calmly, "it were better broken off. Is not that what you mean?"

"Well—that is——" he began.

"I quite agree with you," she interrupted. "And now let it be considered ended, expressly, as it has been tacitly, for some time."

"Nay," said the old gentleman, "its end must date from this moment—as a mutual agreement—neither party being liable to the charge of bad faith."

"Let it be so, then," she said with a scornful smile; for she divined his thoughts. "Legal proceedings, in such matters, are not to my taste."

"It is settled, then," he returned, unbending his dignity a little, "and I hope without unkind feeling?"

"With heartfelt rejoicing, rather," she replied, accepting his hand for a moment, and returning his profound salutation, as he bade her a stately adieu.

Madame Dupley and M. Maillefert entered the room as he left it.

"Can you tell me where Marie is?" asked Madame Lefrette.

"We have just left her in the garden," the little widow replied, with a glance of merry intelligence toward Monsieur Maillefert, which that gentleman returned with a twinkle of his laughing eye. Madame Lefrette did not observe this

telegraphing, but went immediately in search of her daughter. Passing along the main walk, a few moments brought her near the natural summer-house, where we left De Cheville and Marie. Here the tones of his voice, not loud, but impassioned and trembling, came, softened by the leafy screen, but still distinctly audible. The mother paused to listen; and, as she recognized the voice, a flush of surprise and pleasure crossed her handsome face.

"But I must speak now," De Cheville said, apparently in reply to her imploring for delay. "I have been silent until the words will no longer be restrained; my heart is too full, and I must speak now. You know how I have loved you—how long, and how well. I will not believe—nay, I cannot believe—that you have been indifferent to that love. Let me, at least, hear you say that I have not built my hopes altogether upon sand; that, whatever your feelings may be today, in times past you have known, and felt, and appreciated, the devotion I have given you!"

"But, De Cheville," she sobbed, "you know I am not free; you know I am——"

"Engaged to another. I know it; I do know it!" he exclaimed impetuously. "But I know, also, that you have not seen him during all the afflictions through which you have passed. I know that he shuns you like a stranger, leaving you to bear your burdens alone! This engagement no longer binds you! You can not—I am sure, you can not give up the devotion I offer you, for a hand which, if ever given at all, will be as cold as ice!"

Marie's convulsive sobbing could no longer be restrained; it became audible even where her mother stood, and seemed the very bursting of her heart. A tear of maternal sympathy filled the eye of the latter; a tear of sympathy, yet, also, of happiness. "This is too great a trial for her," she thought; and, advancing toward the arbor, called her daughter's name. Marie sprang to her feet, and was hastily drying her tears when her mother appeared at the door.

"You need not wipe them away, Marie," said she, smiling with an expression which made De Cheville's heart spring to his throat. "I have overheard enough to satisfy me that you had better let them flow; for I am sure they are as much tears of joy as of sorrow."

Marie threw herself in her mother's arms, and gave way to her weeping. Madame Lefrette placed her hand tenderly upon her head, and looked at De Cheville.

"You love her, then?" she said.

"I do," he replied, fervently, "better than life!"

"And wish to make her yours?" she continued.

"I do," he again replied. "She has told me——"

"I heard what she said," interrupted the mother. "And now I must have some conversation with her. Will you continue in the same mind till tomorrow, think you?"

De Cheville smiled faintly. "I fear I shall," said he.

"Very well, then," Madame Lefrette continued; "come to us at three tomorrow, and Marie shall give you your answer. Can you curb your impatience so long?"

"I will try," he said, and with a bow, left the mother and daughter alone together.

In justices' courts, it is always two o'clock till the third hour is complete; but among the suitors in the courts of Cupid, the "practice" is reversed; and no lover ever had an appointment which he did not meet before the time. De Cheville was no exception to the remark.

At least half an hour before three o'clock on the following day, his patience was exhausted, and his nervous eagerness beyond resistance. He walked resolutely to the house where the great question of his life was to be solved, and was archly shown into the parlor by Madame Dupley. Marie's mother sat near the window, alone. It was with a sinking heart that he took the seat to which she directed him. His voice was hardly sufficient to reply to her grave observation upon the fineness of the weather.

Other common-places followed, solemn as a funeral. A quarter of an hour passed, and De Cheville believed himself older by, at least, a twelve-month. He was about to rise and retire—deeming this only a delicate way of conveying a negative—when the voice of Marie was heard upon the corridor, and Madame Lefrette suddenly turned toward him.

Your mind has not changed, Monsieur?" she asked, hastily.

De Cheville began awkwardly to protest his undying fidelity when Marie's entrance interrupted him.

"Enough, I understand," said Madame Lefrette; and, rising, she approached her daughter, who had paused suddenly, in surprise at seeing him already present. Her mother took her hand, and placed it in his.

This is her answer," she said, and glided from the room, leaving the pair, with joined hands, gazing bewildered into each other's eyes. De Cheville was the first to recover himself; with a sudden and passionate gesture, he caught her to his bosom. Madame Lefrette closed the door.

To her infinite surprise, almost at the threshold, she met Monsieur Le Vert and Mr. Beman! To the latter she gave her hand; to the former, a salutation as stately, though not so eager, as his own.

"Walk into this room, gentlemen," said she, leading them away from the parlor, which she deemed already sufficiently tenanted.

"I have called today," M. Le Vert commenced, as soon as they were seated, "to correct a mistake into which I unfortunately fell yesterday; and I do so at the request of Napoleon, who is very much distressed——"

"Indeed!" said Madame Lefrette, in surprise.

"He is, indeed, Madame; Mr. Beman will confirm it."

"I believe what he says is quite true," said that gentleman, with, however, an equivocal smile.

"I asked him to accompany me," continued Le Vert, "in order to avouch the distress of my son——"

“And to be a witness of your conversation,” interpolated Beman.

“And—yes—to hear me acknowledge how much mistaken I have been,” the anxious father continued, “and to propose, for the happiness of my son, and, I trust, of your daughter, that the engagement between them may be reinstated on its former footing. Napoleon would have come in person; but he insisted that I should first undo the evil I alone had done.”

“Is there anything behind all this, Mr. Beman?” asked the widow, appealing to him as if at a loss what to say.

“Only half-a-million dollars,” dryly answered the lawyer.

“Villian!” exclaimed Le Vert, springing to his feet as if to strike him.

“Keep cool, Monsieur,” calmly remonstrated Beman, “until I explain. You are aware, Madame,” he continued, turning quietly to the widow, “that the recovery of your father’s estates would have been easy, but for the loss of two papers and the disappearance of one witness. Those two papers I have for some time had in my possession. I did not mention the fact to you, because the witness was still to be found, and I did not wish to raise hopes that might be disappointed. The grant, or warrant, alone, was not sufficient; for the ‘Statute of Limitations’—which enacts that if you can continue a wrong for a certain number of years, the law will perpetuate it by pronouncing it a right—would have cut us off; and the rules applying to the lease—a part of whose meaning is, that no wrong can be righted until you have first proven that no wrong has been committed*—would have enabled the other party to put us upon the proof of the signatures. But for the opportune appearance of Mr. McAllen, this would have been impossible. Now, we shall be able to account for the witness, and for the custody of the papers; and shall, also, be able to introduce other testimony, which would otherwise have been excluded.

* *Id est*, before you can avoid the operation of the “Statute” named in the text (in matters of ejectment), you must prove that there has been no “adverse,” or wrongful, “possession.”

"All this, you will say," continued the lawyer, "does not explain the sudden revolution disclosed in the sentiments of Napoleon Le Vert and his father. But listen a few moments. About two thousand dollars will be necessary in order to prosecute the affair to a successful issue. I knew you could not raise this; but I had heard that the young man and Marie were to be married; and I therefore, this morning, told him the whole story. I must do him and his father the justice to say, that they promptly offered to furnish the money—informing me, at the same time, of the mistake of yesterday, and exacting a promise that I would accompany Monsieur Le Vert hither, and throw my weight into the scale."

"Your weight will hardly be sufficient, sir," said Madame Lefrette, waving her hand to silence Le Vert, who was about to speak.

"I am aware of that," said Beman, calmly, "and rejoice that it is so. Since this morning, I have had a conversation with Monsieur Maillefert, who made no scruple to tell me of Marie's preference for De Cheville. He, also, at once furnished the requisite money, for which I gave him a receipt, as your attorney; but not until he had established his right to do this kindness, by informing me that he is about to become your brother-in-law!"

"Is this true, Madame?" exclaimed Le Vert, purple with passion, and hardly able to wait for Beman to conclude. "Is my son jilted for this upstart?"

"I can not permit this language here, sir," said she, with eyes flashing the ire of insulted pride.

"Let me represent you," said Beman, quietly. "Monsieur, I think your negotiation has failed, and you had better let me escort you to the door. And," he added in a low tone, as the discomfited old gentleman allowed himself to be gently ejected, "you may consider yourself well off, if I do not closely scan your accounts as administrator!"

A look of consternation was his only reply; at least, if he intended any other, Beman did not wait for it, but closed the door and returned to the window.

About the middle of October—when the “Indian summer” had veiled the prairies, and the distant woods wore a hazy blue, and the sky charged with rain that never fell—one pleasant evening, when the winds were low, and the moon rose dusky red, and the stars shone faintly through the gauzy screen—after sunset, when the darkness had come in, yet the daylight lingered still, when the gay Kaskaskians were all upon the street, and care was driven out by laughter—a stream of guests, of every age and sex, began to pour into the house of Monsieur Maillefert. The master and mistress, who had been married a month, at the close of the carnival-honeymoon, were celebrating a sort of “Pancake Tuesday”; but the brightness of their faces, and their unaffected joyousness of manner, gave no token of the matrimonial Lent, which the world supposes invariably to follow that festival. Ash Wednesday never came in the nuptial calendar of that simple pair.

The Monsieur’s closing fete, but for the sad affray between De Cheville and Le Vert, had been a grand affair; but this occasion quite eclipsed its grandeur. Female hands had now been busied with the preparations; female taste had twined the wreaths, and arranged the flowers, and decorated the rooms; and not a guest, of all that company, came in without admiring the proofs of female presence.

Before eight o’clock the house was full; and yet, although the buzz of animated conversation and the ring of merry laughter filled the air, the stated pleasures of the evening had not yet commenced. Monsieur Maillefert and his joyous little wife had quietly slipped away for half an hour or more, but no body was surprised at their absence. They had crossed the street to witness the marriage ceremony between Marie Lefrette and De Cheville, and all knew that they would soon return, bringing with them the happy pair, in whose honor the company was assembled.

Their absence seemed protracted to the waiting throng; but at length the word was passed that they were coming, and a little procession of about a dozen persons, all decked

with wreaths and flowers, and in bridal and holiday attire, came marching, in a shadowy though shining train, across the moonlit street. Gay groups of friends assembled at the gate, and welcomed the bride and bridegroom who led the little cortege. Then came the mother, cheerful and calm, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Beman. The active aunt, with her springing step, kept even pace with her laughing husband. Kisses and congratulations were showered on them all, and jest and laugh went round the groups, as if each were striving to be merrier than all others.

The host's clear voice was now heard calling them within, and—a summons quite as moving—notes of preparation from the fiddles came mellowed through the windows. The company in the large saloon retired to the walls; the Monsieur led De Cheville and his bride, with a grace unrivalled, to the head of the room; the dancers took their places. At a signal from the master, the fiddlers drew their bows with a vigor known only to those primitive days. De Cheville took Marie's hand, and all admired the lithe and bending figures, as they floated down the room. Close after them came Monsieur Maillefert and his active bride, with rapid feet and cloudless faces; and then such crossing in and out, such swinging right and left, such airy harmony of movement, such natural grace and deep enjoyment have not been seen in Kaskaskia since the Monsieur's school was closed.

With a delicate, though healthy, bloom upon her cheeks, with eyes sparkling happiness and love, the young bride seemed wafted through the figure; and when, with one bright glance in his eyes she placed her arm within De Cheville's, and retired from the floor, a murmur of unenvying admiration passed along the ranks of pleased spectators.

As they approached the window, and stood leaning there, a passing figure, muffled in a cloak, paused for a moment, and looked in. Could they have seen the fierce hatred of that look, so happy as they were, they could have pitied him from whose heart such bitterness could rise. They saw him not, however; and, with that devilish glance, he gathered up his

cloak, and passed on. It was Napoleon Le Vert, who thus gazed on what his mercenary soul had lost him.

After midnight the fete broke up; but the memory of that evening did not pass away with the night; for many an old Kaskaskian can recall this brilliant commencement of the happy married life of De Cheville and his peerless bride.

And so to conclude.

Soon after his marriage, De Cheville discovered that he had acquired, unawares, one of the greatest fortunes then in the west; but, as the prospect had not influenced, the possession did not injure, him. Both he and his yet lovely wife have borne themselves meekly in their prosperity; and if an austere economist might carp at the style of their living, he could, at least, never reproach them with vulgar ostentation, of reckless profusion in unworthy pursuits or for unworthy objects, nor instance any refusal of assistance to the needy and deserving. De Cheville occupies a high federal station; and his wife, in the very bloom of her matronly beauty, is still one of the fairest ornaments of her brilliant circle.

A year after Marie's nuptials, the attachment which had quietly grown up between her mother and Mr. Beman, but which had never been expressed, was spoken and acknowledged; and when she had given a few more months to her weeds, in the beginning of the Christmas feasts, she exchanged them for new bridal ornaments.

The light-hearted and amiable Monsieur Maillefert and his kind and active spouse have both gone to their rest; but a son and a daughter faithfully bring down their memories, and honor them by blameless lives.

But two of our *dramatis personae* remain to be accounted for; the elder and younger Le Vert.

The former settled up the business of his administration, without interference from any quarter, and, it is to be hoped, to his own satisfaction. His trade was rapidly increased, and streams of affluence poured in upon him for several years, precisely as if his capital had been honestly acquired. But

the evil propensities of his son, developed by enlarged means of dissipation, were a fountain of bitterness in his later years; and the consequences of a brawl, in which the latter had committed a homicide, during one of his annual visits to New Orleans, gave a blow to both the health and fortune of the former, from which he never recovered. Napoleon escaped the penalty of his crime; but it was at the cost of nearly all his father's hard-earned and ill-gotten gains; and as, after this, the elder sank rapidly into poverty and imbecility, the younger speedily reached the depths to which gambling and drunkenness drag their votaries. He finally died in a disgraceful *rencontre* in the streets of the same city where he had so narrowly escaped a death but little different.

The quaint old town of Kaskaskia still holds a place upon the map; and light hearts and simple lives are as numerous there as ever. She has long been overshadowed by her neighbors; but if, in her quiet streets, she miss the active bustle of the marts of commerce, and lose something of the exhilaration of enterprise, she gains far more in amiable cheerfulness, whose calm is not broken by the heated passions, and sordid schemes of more engrossing pursuits.

**ISLAND GROVE METHODIST CHURCH, SANGAMON
COUNTY, CELEBRATES ITS HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY, AUGUST 12, 1923.**

The Island Grove Methodist Episcopal Church, closely connected with the famous Peter Cartwright, once its presiding elder, served as pastor by J. L. Crane, father of Dr. Frank Crane, and later by Dr. Crane himself, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary Sunday, August 12th, 1923.

The church at Island Grove, situated in the center of grounds comprising nearly fifteen acres and shaded by magnificent trees, stands on the old state road to Jacksonville and is one of the best known and most historic spots in Sangamon County.

It was organized in either 1822 or 1823 either by James Sims, a local preacher, or a traveling preacher named Rice. At that time it was a part of the Sangamon circuit. In 1849 it was made a station and Samuel Ellhite was appointed pastor with Peter Cartwright presiding elder.

The anniversary services began at 10:00 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. A basket dinner was served on the lawn at noon. Features of the services were the celebration of communion at the close of the morning service, reminiscences by former pastors, an address, "The Past, the Present, the Future," by Dr. Joseph R. Harker of Jacksonville, and the reading of the history of the first century of the church's life, which was then sealed up, to be opened and re-read by future generations.

The program for the day was as follows:

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:00 a. m.—Worship. Sermon by Rev. Dr. E. L. Pletcher, Jacksonville.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the close of the morning hour of worship.

12:00 m. Benediction.



ISLAND GROVE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
HISTORIC SPOT (Sangamon County, Illinois.)

Basket dinner on parsonage lawn.

2:15 p. m.—Music: Miss Olive Burnett of Waverly and Misses Louisa and Mary Grisham of Waggoner.

2:30 p.m.—Fourth Quarterly Conference, Dr. E. L. Pletcher presiding.

2:45 p. m.—Reminiscences, former pastors.

3:00 p. m.—Address, "The Past, the Present, the Future," Dr. Joseph R. Harker, Ph. D., Jacksonville.

3:30 p. m.—Reading of some interesting history of the Island Grove Church, and the ceremony of sealing up the one hundred years of history for future generations to open and read.

4:00 p. m.—Benediction, Rev. Dr. John A. Betcher, Ashland.

A summary of the church's history since 1849 follows:

1849-50, Samuel Ellite; 1851, W. D. Barton; 1852-53, J. C. Findley; 1854-55, W. J. Newman; at this time the parsonage was built; 1856-57, W. F. Short; 1858, William H. Davis; 1859-60, C. D. James, father of Edmund J. James, former president of Northwestern University and the University of Illinois; 1861, W. Webster. At this time the present church building was erected to take the place of the old log meeting house that stood a half mile southeast of the present site.

In 1862 the charge was divided over the new building site to the extent that the stewards requested conference not to appoint a pastor. A local preacher, R. Robinson, took care of the work.

1863-64, James H. Dickens; 1865-67, William McKendree McElfresh; 1868-70, W. B. Barton; 1871, J. H. Dickens; 1872-74, Ira B. Henry; 1875, N. R. Whitehead; 1876-77, J. L. Crane; 1878-80, W. J. Rutledge; 1881, J. B. Seymour; 1882-84, G. W. Dungan; 1885-86, F. Crane; 1887, L. P. Janes; 1888-89, M. M. Davidson; 1890-91, J. Everly; 1892-93, C. F. McKowan; 1894, W. E. Blair; 1895, O. L. Keplinger; 1896-7, S. W. Beggs; 1898-1900, E. L. Darley; 1901-04, A. H. Flagge; 1906-07, O. B. Hess; 1908, W. L. Selby; 1909-15, N. R. Johnson; 1916, J. O. Lehman; 1917-18, J. A. Betcher; 1919-20, John R. Chevront; 1921, Samuel Graves; 1922-23, James D. Reed.

EDITORIAL

JOURNAL OF
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.

JESSIE PALMER WEBER, EDITOR.

Associate Editors:

George W. Smith

Andrew Russel

H. W. Clendenin

Edward C. Page

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Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually. Life Membership, \$25.00

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No. 3

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

The Illinois State Historical Library publishes a series of historical volumes which it calls Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library. There have been thirty volumes published. This series was planned by Dr. Edmund J. James, who was the editor and compiler of the first three volumes of the series. President James was, at the time he began this work, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Library. He was a professor at the University of Chicago. The Library also publishes a more ambitious series which is called Illinois Historical Collections.

The little book, volume one of the Publications, is a thin little volume of ninety-four pages, published in 1899. It is a bibliography of newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. In this work President James was assisted by Professor Milo J. Loveless. Mr. E. A. Snively, one of the best known newspaper men in the State, who was an early and active member of the Illinois State Press Association and of the State His-

torical Society, also assisted greatly in the preparation of the history.

Hundreds of letters were written to publishers of newspapers, veteran newspaper men, libraries and other institutions seeking information in regard to early newspapers and newspaper-men of the State. The little book is very incomplete, but it contains much valuable information and it was the nucleus, paved the way, for a more comprehensive history of Illinois newspapers which was some years later compiled and edited by Professor Franklin William Scott of the University of Illinois. This second history of Illinois newspapers is number six of the Illinois Historical Collections, another important series of publications of the Historical Library, and is number one of the bibliographical series of the Collections. It was published in 1910 under the title of Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879, and it has an historical introduction of 104 pages and 610 pages of the text. It is a mine of information and is quite a contrast to the first history which was published eleven years earlier. Many people who had failed to answer letters written by the compilers of the first history were anxious to co-operate in the preparation of the second edition.

Volume two of the Historical Publications was also edited by President James. It is a little book of fifteen pages, published in 1899. It is entitled, Information Relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois, passed from 1809 to 1812.

Volume three of the Publications is The Territorial Records of Illinois, 1809-1818, also edited by President James. It is a thicker volume than the two preceding ones, having 170 pages. It was published in 1901. This is an important work as it prints from the original manuscript records in the office of the Secretary of State (and had never before been printed) the records of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1818. It contains the Executive Register for the Illinois Territory commencing the 25th day of April, 1809, with the official appointment by James Madison, President of the United States, of Nathaniel Pope as Secretary in and for the Illinois Terri-

tory. On April 24, 1809, President Madison appointed Ninian Edwards "Governor in and over the Illinois Territory." Nathaniel Pope, the Secretary for the territory exercised the powers of acting governor of the Territory until the arrival of Governor Edwards at Kaskaskia, the seat of government. The first official act of Acting Governor Pope was a proclamation dividing the territory of Illinois into two counties, St. Clair County and Randolph County and prescribing the limits of each. This proclamation was dated at Kaskaskia, April 28, 1809. On the 28th of April the acting governor issued commissions appointing William Arundel and Philip Fouke justices of the peace for Randolph County, and a commission appointing James Gilbreath sheriff of Randolph County; the appointments to hold during the pleasure of the governor.

Nathaniel Pope exercised the duties of the office of Governor from April 28 until June 11, 1809. The last official act of the acting Governor is dated June 7, 1809. Governor Edwards' first official act is entered as June 13, 1809, and was a resolution signed by the Governor and two of the judges of the Illinois Territory, respecting the laws of the Indiana Territory. The record contains entries of appointments, civil and military, records of resignations of officials, proclamations, etc., of Governor Edwards up to and including September 9, 1818.

The Territory of Illinois became the State of Illinois in 1818. Various steps necessary to this were taken which included the passage of the enabling act by the Congress of the United States, April 13, 1818, authorizing the Territory of Illinois to frame a constitution for the new State and organize a State government. An election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held July 6-8, 1818. The Constitutional Convention met at Kaskaskia August 3, 1818. It consisted of thirty-three members. They completed their labors and framed a constitution which was promulgated August 26, 1818. The election of State officers occurred on September 17, 1818, and Governor Shadrach Bond, first Governor of the State of Illinois was elected. He was inaugurated October

6, 1818. The first General Assembly of the State convened the previous day, October 5, 1818. In this little book is also printed the journal of the first General Assembly of the Territory of Illinois which convened November 25, and adjourned December 26, 1812. The authority under which this legislative body was called was an act of Congress May 21, 1812, by which the Territory of Illinois was raised to the second grade of territorial existence and thus empowered to elect a territorial legislature with power to frame its own domestic laws. The General Assembly consisted as it does now of two houses, the upper house which we now call the Senate was called the Legislative Council. It had five members. The lower house was as at present the House of Representatives. This first House of Representatives had seven members. This little volume as printed is well indexed. The index contains a list of the proclamations of the Governor, lists of the officers appointed, circuit and county judges, justices of the peace, etc. The laws passed by the General Assembly are also listed and there is in addition a general index to the volume.

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ORGANIZED AND THE
PUBLICATION OF ITS TRANSACTIONS BEGUN.

On May 19, 1899, a meeting was held at the University of Illinois at which time and place an Illinois State Historical Society was organized and temporary officers were elected. Judge H. W. Beckwith of Danville, then President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library was elected temporary president and Professor E. B. Greene was made temporary secretary. At the first annual meeting of the new Society, held in Peoria the following January (1900), these gentlemen were regularly elected as permanent officers. The Library Board immediately began the publication of the transactions of the Historical Society. The transactions of the first annual meeting, held at Peoria in January, 1900, were edited by the Secretary, Professor E. B. Greene, and published that year, 1900. It is volume four of the publications of the Library.

Volume five of the publications of the Library is a catalogue of the Library though this fact does not show on the title page of the volume. It was compiled by the Librarian, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber. This catalogue issued twenty-four years ago, gives one very little idea of the resources of the Library as it is today.

Volumes six to thirty of the publications are the Transactions of the Historical Society for each year from 1901 to 1923, inclusive, except Publications numbers eighteen and twenty-five, which are excellent lists of the genealogical material to be found in the Library. These two last named volumes were compiled by the assistant Librarian, Miss Georgia L. Osborne, who has done a great deal of special work in the Genealogical Department of the Library and is an efficient genealogist. The transactions of the Historical Society are edited by the Secretary of the Society.

THE ILLINOIS HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

The Historical Library publishes an important series of historical volumes which it calls Illinois Historical Collections. It was begun in 1903 by the publication of important historical material relating to the French explorations in the Illinois country—and to the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes by Virginia troops under the command of Col. George Rogers Clark. Judge H. W. Beckwith, President of the Library Board was its editor. A special appropriation of \$2,500 was made by the General Assembly of the State for this publication. At about this time the Library was so fortunate as to secure as the special editor of this series Professor Clarence Walworth Alvord, who gave to the work a number of years of pains-taking, scientific and scholarly work. He had general editorial supervision of the series entitled Illinois Historical Collections and under his brilliant editorship and ripe scholarship these volumes attained a place in historical literature not held by the official historical publications of any other State. Illinois is justly proud of this series. Professor Alvord was general editor of the volumes from Volume Two,

the Cahokia Records, 1778-1790, which is Virginia Series Volume one, up to and including Volume 15, *The Life of Edward Coles*, by E. B. Washburne. This latter is a reprint of the life of Governor Coles which was issued by the Chicago Historical Society in 1882 and long out of print. It was the volume chosen by the Illinois State Historical Society as its special publication in honor of the Centennial of the State. Professor Alvord wrote a valuable introduction to the volume and added many historical notes. He was also the editor and compiler of Volume five, *The Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790*, Virginia Series Volume two; and with Professor Clarence Edwin Carter of Volume ten, *The Critical Period, 1763-1765*, British Series Volume one, and Volume eleven; also with Professor Carter, *The New Regime, 1765-1767*, British Series Volume two. He was succeeded as editor of the Collections by Prof. Theodore C. Pease, July 1, 1920.

The third volume of the Illinois Historical Collections has been the most popular volume of the series. It is an authoritative edition of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858, ably and carefully edited by the late Professor Edwin Erle Sparks, who was at the time of the publication of the volume in 1908, the semi-Centennial of the Debates, a professor in the University of Chicago. Professor Sparks became that same year, 1908, the President of the State College of Pennsylvania, of which he was after 1920 President Emeritus until his death, June 15, 1924. The Library Board printed an edition of five thousand copies, and preserved the plates. This edition was quickly exhausted and the secretary of state by legislative sanction and a special appropriation published fifteen thousand additional copies. The volume is now out of print and hard to obtain. Fortunately nearly all the public libraries of the State have copies of this interesting and important historical document.

The Library has published as numbers four and seven of the Historical Collections a series called Executive Series. These are the Letter Books of the earlier Governors of Illinois. The first of the Executive Series is edited by Pro-

fessors Evarts B. Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. It contains with an historical introduction and notes the official letters of Governors Bond, Coles, Edwards, Reynolds, 1818-1834.

The second volume of the Executive Series is edited with an historical introduction and notes by Professors Evarts B. Greene and Charles M. Thompson. These are the letter books of the Governors of Illinois 1840-1853 and include the official letters of Governors Carlin, Ford, French and Matteson. One of the most interesting volumes of the Collections is Volume eight, Virginia Series, Volume three, edited with an exhaustive historical introduction by Professor J. A. James of the Northwestern University. It is entitled *The George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781*. A second volume of the Clark Papers, also edited by Professor James, is now in press and it will be number nineteen of the Historical Collections. The second edition of the history of newspapers of Illinois, which is volume six of the Collections, Bibliographical Series, Volume one, and edited by Professor William Franklin Scott, has already been mentioned.

One of the most useful books of the Collections, especially to students of western history, librarians and bookmen in general, is Volume nine. *Travel and Description, 1765-1865*, Bibliographical Series, Volume two. It is the painstaking work of Professor Solon J. Buck, now of the Minnesota Historical Society. It contains a list and description of all books of travel and description known to the compiler, which in any way refer to the territory which is now the State of Illinois, published during the period mentioned. It gives author, title, publisher and imprint and also gives dates and descriptions of each of the various editions of each book and in what library or institution copies of these volumes may be found. The work is of inestimable value to the student of Illinois history.

Volume twelve of the Collections is entitled *The County Archives of the State of Illinois*, edited with an historical introduction and notes by Professor Theodore C. Pease of the University of Illinois. This volume is a survey of the

condition of the records of the counties of the State, giving an account of the methods of preservation of records employed by various counties and giving a general description of the nature of these records.

Volumes thirteen and fourteen of the Collections are Constitutional Series, numbers one and two. The first volume of the series is "Illinois Constitutions," edited by Emil Joseph Verlie, secretary of the Legislative Reference Bureau of Illinois and published in 1919. The second number of the Constitutional Series is a reprint with notes of the Illinois Constitutional Debates of 1847 with a brilliant historical introduction and notes by Professor Arthur C. Cole, now of the Ohio State University.

Volume sixteen of the Collections is volume three of the British Series. It is edited by Professors Alvord and Carter. It is entitled Trade and Politics, 1767-1769. It has an historical introduction of great interest. It bears the imprint 1921.

Volume seventeen, The Laws of the Northwest Territory is still in press.

Volume eighteen of the Collections is entitled Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. This volume is edited by Professor Theodore C. Pease. It is called Statistical Series, Volume one. The material is compiled from the original records in the office of the Secretary of State and these are made up almost entirely from election returns sent by the county clerks of the various counties to the Secretary of State. The volume has a fine introduction and index. It is just from the press, but the date of publication on the title page is 1923.

It will thus be seen from this very unsystematic sketch that there are nineteen volumes of the Collections, bearing dates from 1903 to 1923 inclusive, but that volumes seventeen and nineteen are still in press.

A list of the publications of the Historical Library and Society is printed in the back fly-leaf of each number of the publications series and in the same location in each number of the Quarterly Journal of the Historical Society.

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, THE
JOURNAL OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The year 1908 was the fiftieth anniversary of the world-famous debates of Abraham Lincoln and United States Senator Stephen A. Douglas, which occurred in seven Illinois towns.

The Historical Society had a strong committee whose duty it was to urge the towns which had been the scenes of the debates half a century before, to observe the historic anniversary and if there was not already in each town a permanent and fitting memorial that one be placed on this anniversary year. Colonel Clark E. Carr was chairman of the committee and he personally visited each of the seven towns. Those who remember Colonel Carr need not be told of his persuasive eloquence.

An imposing anniversary celebration of the debate was held in each of the seven towns. The Historical Society aided local committees and its officers attended the celebrations. The lamented General Alfred Orendorff was president of the Society at that time and he was present at each of the seven celebrations. The secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, attended six celebrations, but was unable to go to Charleston.

That year the Historical Society, then nine years old, began the publication of a periodical—which was called the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society. Its first number appeared in April, 1908. The first editorial is signed by Alfred Orendorff, Jessie Palmer Weber, Andrew Russel and J. H. Burnham, special committee on the publication of a periodical. This editorial gives the reasons for beginning such a periodical. One being that other societies publish such magazines. It states that, "This number will meet at least two of the present needs of the Society. It furnishes the names of the officers and committees, it also contains an article written for the purpose of aiding local committees in the celebration of the semi-centennial of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. It is expected that this publication will be

continued as occasion arises and as opportunities present themselves. It is hoped that current events in the historical work of this and other states may be reported and reviews of historical publications be published. It will perhaps develop that reports of the meetings and items of interest in regard to local historical societies may be published and that each number will contain at least one paper or address of real historic value and interest and that a considerable amount of bibliographical work may be done through its columns. The committee hopes that the Journal may be a regular quarterly publication, but that will have to be decided by the necessities and opportunities of the future." * * * "The committee desires to call attention to the suggestions contained in the report of our secretary and lastly, to the address to the local committees on the semi-centennial of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The publication of this circular or address on the latter subject is one of the principal reasons for the publication of this journal. All the members of the Society are urged to assist in these celebrations and to aid the committees in every possible way."

This first number of the journal contained nineteen pages. Its contents were: The editorial, just described, lists of officers and committees of the Historical Society, May 1908-1909; suggestions to the local committees on the celebration of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858; a memorial sketch of George N. Black, one of the founders and a director of the Society, who died at his home in Springfield, April 22, 1908; and the annual report of the secretary, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, January 1907-January 1908. This little pamphlet is now very rare. But few were printed and it was so small and so modest in appearance, that it is likely that but few of the members of the Society preserved it.

The Journal has progressed from its modest beginning and is now publishing its seventeenth volume. During these years of its existence its editors believe that it has realized its hope expressed in its modest salutatory "to publish at least one paper or address of real historical value and interest." In numbers three and four of volume sixteen the

Journal has published an interesting and exhaustive life of Stephen A. Douglas by Mr. Frank E. Stevens, of Sycamore, Illinois. The biography is profusely illustrated, containing copies of rare photographs and prints of persons and places connected with the life of the great Douglas and his period in the history of Illinois and the nation.

These thick numbers of the Journal on fine paper, in clear type are in striking contrast to the little pamphlet which appeared in April 1908, as volume one, number one of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society. Its editors say today however, as said the committee then, "that they will be glad to hear from the members of the Society in regard to the periodical and to receive suggestions as to its scope and future."

The Historical Library has also published a pamphlet not included in its regular series of publications, a circular which was compiled by the Librarian and Assistant Librarian, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber and Miss Georgia L. Osborne:

"An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History." This is intended to assist classes or clubs in making programs for a study of the history of the State. It was published in 1905. The Library has also published two bulletins or brief monographs by Professor C. W. Alvord. The first of these, published in 1905, is entitled, "Illinois in the Eighteenth Century." The second published in 1906 is called "Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811." Both are out of print and copies are hard to obtain.

HISTORY OF ILLINOIS' PART IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR.

The Illinois State Historical Library has published a history of the Thirty-third Division, American Expeditionary forces, in the great World War. The greater part of the men of the Thirty-third Division were Illinois troops. The history was written by Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic L. Huidekoper, who was, during a part of the period of the Division's service, its Adjutant.

Colonel Huidekoper is a military historian of high standing. He wrote the history from his own notes and the official

records of the Division. He came in person to Springfield, bringing the manuscript history which he presented to the people of Illinois as represented by the Governor Frank O. Lowden. A special appropriation was made by the General Assembly for the publication of the history and it was published by the Historical Library in two editions. The story of the Division from its organization at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, its departure from Houston and its embarkation and sailing for foreign service, its service over-seas and its return to the United States is told by Colonel Huidekoper in a most pleasing way.

The story of the Division, the narrative of its services is published as volume one of the history. Twenty thousand copies of this volume were printed and a copy was sent to each man of the Division as far as their addresses could be learned. This one volume edition is bound in a stiff paper cover. Another edition called the Library Edition was printed. This consists of four volumes bound in buckram. The first volume is the narrative precisely as it was printed in the men's edition. Volumes two and three are copies of official military papers of various kinds, orders, reports, etc., and volume four consists of military maps. Only two thousand copies of the Library edition were printed and these have been placed in public libraries, libraries of colleges, schools and other institutions.

HISTORY OF ILLINOIS' AUXILIARY WAR ACTIVITIES.

Throughout the period of the World War the Historical Society kept in mind the fact that the world was making important and thrilling history in which Illinois was doing its full share and committees were appointed to collect material relating to Illinois' part in the war. The Illinois State Historical Library by legislative sanction and appropriation organized a department of war history. Mr. Wayne E. Stevens, a painstaking worker who had been in the historical service of the United States during the war was placed at the head of the department July, 1919, as secretary of the War Records Division of the Library with Miss Marguerite E.

Jenison as assistant secretary. These two trained workers with necessary assistants collected throughout the entire State of Illinois a valuable collection of war records of all sorts, records of the State Council of Defense, documents, proclamations, newspapers, posters, reports of the work of the Illinois Red Cross, Liberty Loans, food and fuel conservation, war savings, war gardens, letters and diaries of soldiers in service and of the various ways in which the people of Illinois helped to win the war. In November, 1920, Mr. Wayne E. Stevens, the secretary of the Division resigned and the assistant secretary, Miss Jenison, was appointed secretary. Miss Jenison most ably and diligently carried on the work and under her editorship two volumes of these war records have been published by the Library. They are numbered volumes five and six continuing the numbering following the four volumes of the History of the Thirty-third Division by Colonel Huidekoper. Volume five is entitled, *The War-Time Organizations of Illinois*. Volume six is named *War Documents and Addresses*. Both volumes are edited by Miss Marguerite E. Jenison, secretary of the War Records Section of the Illinois State Historical Library.

THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF ILLINOIS.

Although the Centennial History of Illinois was not published by the Board of Trustees of the Historical Library, still the officials of the Historical Library and Society were so closely associated with the centennial celebration and the work of the Centennial Commission that it is almost impossible to consider the work of the Centennial Commission without reference to the Historical Library and Society.

Dr. O. L. Schmidt, president of the Library Board and president of the Historical Society, was the chairman of the Centennial Commission and his wise direction of the work and his generous and unstinted labors in its behalf, more than that of any other person contributed to the success of the Centennial observance. Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, secretary of the Historical Society, was also secretary of the Centennial Commission. Professor E. B. Greene, of the University of

Illinois, a director of the Library and Society, was chairman of the Centennial Commission's committee on publication and Professor C. W. Alvord, editor of the Library's Historical Collections, was general editor of the Centennial history.

The first number of the Centennial History, a preliminary volume by Professor Solon J. Buck, now of the Minnesota Historical Society, presents a picture of Illinois and its people at the time the State was admitted to the Union. Its title is Illinois in 1818. The Centennial History of Illinois is in five volumes under the general editorship of Professor Clarence W. Alvord. These volumes are: Vol. 1, Illinois, Province and Territory, 1673-1818, by Professor C. W. Alvord; Volume II, The Frontier State, 1818-1848, by Professor Theodore C. Pease; Volume III, The Era of the Civil War, 1848-1870, by Professor Arthur C. Cole; Volume IV, The Industrial State, by Professor Ernest L. Bogart and Professor Charles M. Thompson; Volume V, The Modern Commonwealth by Professor Ernest L. Bogart and Professor John M. Mathews.

The work of compiling and writing the history was done by a corps of trained scientific historians. The history is on a scale not before attempted by any State of the Union. Six years of patient labor and research were given to its compilation. The history is a splendid memorial of Illinois' Century of Statehood.

REPORT OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

The secretary of the Centennial Commission, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, edited and compiled a report of the centennial celebration and the work of the Centennial Commission in all branches of its endeavors from the organization of the Commission on July 23, 1913, to the close of the work of the commission, including reports of celebrations, addresses, pageants, masques, the story of the centennial banner and of the centennial poster. This report is full and accurate and forms a record that will tell the story of Illinois' Centennial observance that will stand for the years to come, that succeeding generations may read in it how Illinois celebrated the anniversary of her first century of statehood though in the midst of a mighty war.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARDINALS

COMPILED LARGELY FROM REPORTS PUBLISHED IN THE
CHICAGO TRIBUNE AND OTHER NEWSPAPERS.

Two American prelates were elevated to the Cardinalate of the Roman Catholic Church at a consistory held March 24, 1924, at Rome. They were Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes of New York, and Archbishop George W. Mundelein of Chicago.

Archbishop Mundelein left Chicago Thursday, March 6th, and sailed on the *Berengaria*, Saturday March 8th, 1924. Accompanying him on his trip to New York was the Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. In New York Archbishop Mundelein was joined by Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes.

Eight years ago Archbishop Mundelein was made Archbishop of the Chicago Archdiocese. He came to Chicago from Brooklyn, and was the youngest of the American Archbishops. His record of achievement has been exceptional. When the American Archbishops arrived in Rome and had complied with the preliminary conventions, the ceremonies of their elevation to the Cardinalates occurred and on March 24th Catholic Rome in all its pomp and splendor, bowed its head and bent its knee; and the cardinals of Chicago and New York who were made princes of the church at a secret consistory in the morning, stood waiting hour after hour in the consistory rooms of their respective colleges.

The golden braid of the papal ambassadors was succeeded by the Lenten purple of the cardinals to be succeeded in turn by the silver lace and swords of gentlemen in waiting, whose attire came from the Spain of the middle ages.

With obvious humbleness in the face of this adulation, Cardinals Mundelein and Hayes were visibly affected. "It is for no personal merit of mine that this honor has come to me," Cardinal Mundelein said. "The sovereign pontiff desires to reward the good children of Chicago."

"I journeyed through life in humble position, and I would have preferred to have remained as I was; but the

Pope has called me," were the words in which Cardinal Hayes expressed his emotion in receiving this supreme honor.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when the day's memorable ceremonies began at the vatican within the crimson draped walls, and under the frescoed ceilings of the gold room. Before huge historic paintings moved a brilliant company of diplomats, clerics, and officials attached to the oldest court in the world. Blacked robed women, relatives of the attending cardinals, were in the assemblage. Shortly after 10 o'clock all present save the members of the sacred college were excluded by the chamberlains who entered the room with a cry of "extra Amones."

The cardinals seated themselves in a semi-circle in front of the throne, from which Pope Pius XI., began reading the address which had been awaited in Rome with intense interest. Seated on the right of the pope was the 90 year old Cardinal Vannutelli who has taken part in the elevation of 250 cardinals during four papal regimes.

America and its unstinted efforts for the relief of the stricken and suffering peoples of the world, came in for the Pontiff's highest praise, and then the address passed to other countries. The pope praised the uplift of church affairs in France, expressed regret and sympathy over the imprisonment and persecution of priests in Russia, and deplored anti-Catholic violence in Italy.

At the conclusion of his reading he proposed the names of two American cardinals, and the twenty cardinals present rose to their feet, lifting their red skull caps in sign of acquiescence. Messengers were summoned by the sounding of a small golden bell, and the Pope handed over to them the "bigliettos" to be delivered immediately to Archbishops Hayes and Mundelein.

The papal coach of shining black drawn by jet black horses in harness with silver trappings, drew up in front of the College of Propagation of the Faith where Archbishop Mundelein was waiting in the consistory room on the second floor. Every inch of available space in the room was filled

with prelates, priests, students, and laity, on all four sides of the long inlaid wooden table in the center of the room. Archbishop Mundelein stood at one end of the room under a red canopy, which covered the entrance to the papal throne room adjoining. The chamberlain announced the arrival of messengers from the vatican and Archbishop Mundelein's cavalier in Spanish costume with a silver sword, left his place at the Chicago prelate's side and walked across the room to escort the new arrivals. He returned with the secretary to Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of State, two priests and the papal messenger in Court dress. The latter bowed before Archbishop Mundelein, addressed him as "Your Grace," and announced that he carried a message from the Pope, whereupon he handed a large sealed envelope which Archbishop Mundelein handed to the master of ceremonies standing at his right.

The master of ceremonies, clad in purple robes, opened the envelope and read: "His Holiness in secret consistory this morning has benignantly decided to elevate to the dignity of Cardinal, Archbishop George Mundelein of the diocese of Chicago in thanks and in consideration of the great work he has done." Cardinal Gasparri's secretary then addressed Archbishop Mundelein as "Your eminence" and expressed congratulations, asking permission to be the first to salute the new cardinal. He advanced to Cardinal Mundelein, dropped on one knee, took the cardinal's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

Speaking first in Italian and then in English, Cardinal Mundelein replied: "Today the entire American nation rejoices at the great honor that has come to two of its sons. For in the consistory of this morning the holy father has called the heads of the two greatest American sees to become scarlet clad princes of the holy church and to form a part of its highest senate. No one recognizes better than I that it is for no personal merit of mine that this honor has come to me. It has come by the great fatherly kindness of the great sovereign pontiff who desires in my person to reward his good

children in Chicago and likewise in this particular manner to recognize the sterling catholicity of that vast territory lying west of the Allegheny mountains."

But for that reason this new dignity will, with the grace of God, be an additional incentive for me to labor more zealously for the spread of God's kingdom in Chicago and the west, to train and equip a large body of splendid ministers of the gospel, that our priests and people may always be an ornament to the church and a credit to America, and a source of strength and consolation to the holy see. I am grateful for the precious message which you have brought me, and I beg you to offer to the holy father my heartfelt thanks and assure his holiness that on Wednesday afternoon, in response to his invitation, I will be present at the vatican to receive from his reverend hands the cardinalial baretti.

CARDINAL MUNDELEIN'S FIRST ACT IN CHICAGO IS TO BLESS YOUNG PEOPLE.

Cardinal Mundelein, prince of a church centuries old, stood, the prophet of the future rather than the prelate of the past, as he stepped in front of the main altar of the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago Sunday May 11th, 1924 and dedicated his first hour in Chicago to the young men of the Roman Catholic Church. "The hope of the future" he called them in the words of Pope Pius XI. Quietly, intimately and rapidly Chicago's first Cardinal gave his blessing to the little boys, youths, and young men who jammed the transepts, filled the nave, and spilled over into the spaces in front of the altar. The altar dripping with lighted tapers; the sextet of tiny pages in black satin suits, the new papal cross, the vaulted areas draped with the papal gold and white; the glitter of gold robes; the brilliancy of the red; and the depth of the black. All was intensified, but subdued when Cardinal Mundelein said to the youths before him: "On returning from a long, long journey, it is but fitting that the first to welcome the first cardinal of the west should be the little ones. One could have

no more enthusiastic nor radiant welcome than the one given to your archbishop when he returns home from your Holy Father: Your cardinal needs you; he needs the young men. With your help and enthusiasm, the church can go still further forward, the blessing I give you is with my whole heart."

For more than an hour the boys had been trooping in. Boys from St. Patrick's Academy, St. Mel's De La Salle of Chicago and Joliet; St. Ignatius, Loyola Academy, Angel Guardian Orphanages and St. Cyril's School. They slipped into pews, now near a Franciscan father in his brown cassock; now near a Dominican sister in her habit of white. Their school banners braced themselves against the pillars and reached up to meet the banners that dropped down. The coat of arms of the United States, the papal coat of arms and Cardinal Mundelein's arms swung from arches and cornices. A few more moments and an acolyte in his red cassock came in and lighted the candles that ranged themselves tier upon tier, upon the altar. The lights from the sacred tapers crossed, every now and then, with the more daring sunlight that shot through the stained glass windows, to be dimmed by the archways of banners. But most of all the tones of red, upon the main altar, caught the glint of the tapers. There was the throne chair of cardinal red, made more brilliant by the dull gold trimmings. Up three stairs, of red, then the throne, with a single canopy. Far back in the choir loft, the sun and the candles caught the glint of a bugle as a vested choir boy blew a signal of welcome to the procession that started up the main aisle of the church. The tall acolyte with the very black hair and the very white surplice falling over a black cassock led the way. The new papal cross of sturdy burnished gold with fragile traceries of design, was borne by a crucifer in red escorted by two assistants, each carrying a thin taper. Then a double file of acolytes, with red cassocks falling to their feet and sheer linen surplices edged with Valenciennes lace. Their faces were very earnest as they marched along, the palms of their hands pressed together. The double line knelt at the prieu

dieu, then broke. Half of the boys formed a straight line, backs to the nave, at right angles to the throne, which was at the extreme right. The other half formed a similar line to the left. Then, with no more advance guard than the last pair of tiny acolytes trudging along with childish dignity, came the straight forward figure in red. He swayed his robes rather than was enveloped in their heavy silken folds. Straight and desirous, and earnest, he was. But not too solemn. Long successions of cardinals had merged to make Cardinal Mundelein's robes heroic and ecclesiastical. And each additional bit of trimming seemed only to add to the warmth and simplicity of those yards and yards of red, with never a wrinkle and hundreds of unexpected creases. Over the robe he wore a surplice of finest lace, with thin lines of thread spun out to reveal the depth of the red beneath. Then the cappa magna, with its circular collar of ermine. Here and there a gold tassel swung out from the folds of red, and then swung back again. A girdle of the dullest gold gathered the cloth of red in a bit more tightly over the Cardinal's waist. On the prelate's breast shone the cardinal's crucifix in the glistening gold. The heavy chain was fashioned similarly. On the third finger of his right hand, he wore the cardinal's ring set with the stone of sardonix. It was not venerable, with the lines of age, the face that everybody was looking at. But it was complacent in an alert sort of a way. The red biretta, pushed back from his forehead, lengthened the contour of the face and accentuated the narrow curve in the chin. As this priest and prince of the church walked down the aisle, he ever waved his right hand, making the sign of the cross in silent blessing to the kneeling congregation. Edward Hines and D. F. Kelly, Chicago's Knights of St. Gregory, walked on either side, a pace to the rear, and carried part of his robes. The six pages, small and reverently, stretched out the length of the cardinal's train and bore it along, a part of the pageant. At the prieu-dieu Cardinal Mundelein knelt, a vigorous, urgent, dynamic figure, that bowed deep and forgot, for a moment, the

throngs that jammed the cathedral. Then he rose and briskly walked to the left, mounted the steps and, as quickly as possible, sat down in the throne chair. Mr. Hines and Mr. Kelly took their places on either side. The page boys retired against the wall. Then Monsignor Edward A. Kelly, Monsignor F. Bobal and Monsignor Francis C. Kelly, all white and gold shining in special festival copes made their way up to the throne. White satin stoles incrustated with embroidery in gold thread, crossed their breasts. Black birettas tipped with the dullest magenta tints, were a foil to the radiance of the robes. Monsignor Edward Kelly took the small brocade chair to the cardinal's right. To the prelate's left, on a similar chair, came Monsignor Bobal; then Monsignor Francis C. Kelly. The second and lesser climax in the symbolic parade was Bishop Edward F. Hoban, rich in the splendid robes of gold cloth, with the benediction cope. A tall miter, rich in gold traceries, swayed firmly above his head. As celebrant of the sacrament of benediction which was shortly to follow Bishop Hoban was escorted by a deacon and subdeacon, also in the benediction copes. The trio knelt at the *prieu-dieu* than passed near the altar, where Bishop Hoban took his seat in his special chair, placed at an angle to the altar and partially facing the congregation. Across from him, tall and straight, the Rev. Francis M. O'Brien stood with the archepiscopal cross, still more tall and more straight. Another trio of figures, Monsignor Francis A. Rempe, Monsignor M. J. Fitzsimmons, and the newly created Bishop J. A. Griffin of Springfield, went to the left and sat facing the throne. By this time the lines of frock coated gentlemen, some of Chicago's most prominent Roman Catholic laity who had escorted their cardinal from New York, had filed in and were kneeling in the pews off the main aisle. The more packed the church grew the more silent it became. Presently there was room for no more, and it was very quiet. With no preliminaries His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein rose from his chair, stepped down from the throne, moved quickly and uttered his first official and ecclesiastical

message to his boys. As kind and earnest as his face, as impressive as his robes, as commanding as the words of the church service these words came forth. First the blessing to the young men and boys who had planned the "children's welcome" for their archbishop. The father gave it zestfully and with sincerity. Then with restraint that deepened the lines of the picture, Chicago's first cardinal told of the time he saw his first cardinal. "It was forty years ago," he told, "that I went to see the first cardinal of the American Church. But his lips were still and his great red hat lay at his feet. For he was dead." A pause freighted with meaning, Then: "But the first cardinal of the western portion of this country comes to you in the flower of his youth, with strength and energy." "And he needs you, the young men. With your help and enthusiasm he can go forward and the church can go still further forward. To the youth of this city, now in the schools, you are the priests of tomorrow." And he glanced with warm pride toward the young men, students of the Quigley Preparatory seminary, who were assisting at the service. "Or if it be not as priests or teachers, then to the youth in industry, in business, in the professions, we look for the enthusiasm to go forward. And so it is fitting that the first blessing, upon his return from the sacred consistory at Rome, that your cardinal gives from your Holy Father Pope Pius XI in Rome, should be for the youth of the city. "May this blessing guide them in these difficult times. May you pray for your holy father that he may be the real shepherd of your souls by word and example, and that, at the end of this life, he may bring you with him to the throne of eternity." And, the distinguished prelate raised his hand and made the sign of the cross over the bowed heads of kneeling hundreds. Then, alert and serene, the Cardinal took his seat on the throne chair.

Dr. D. J. Dunne, D. D., of Peoria, master of ceremonies, slipped into the foreground, looking like the head master of a boy's academy in his black cassock and simple surplice. Under his direction Bishop Hoban and his escort came to

the altar and knelt as the gold censer was lifted high and swung gently. The Cardinal, bareheaded now, moved across to the prieu-dieu and sank to his knees. The inner door of the altar was opened, the Blessed Sacrament in the monstrance, and overlaid with cloth of gold, was placed in Bishop Hoban's hands. Music, in short bursts and long tones, interpolated the phrases of the benediction the bishop was saying and the responses of the priests grouped about the altar. As the last word of the service tapered off Cardinal Mundelein rose, put on the red zucchetto (Skull cap) and started back to the throne. A mighty "Alleluiah" swelled out over the choir loft and echoed down the passages. Dr. Dunne, in front of the congregation, announced that his eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, could now give "to all here properly disposed" the papal blessing and a plenary indulgence from his holiness, Pope Pius XI. The acolytes, each with a taper, walked beside Dr. Dunne as he bore a large, flat book of red leather up to the dais. The cardinal turned to an assisting priest and took the spectacles the man handed him. With a matter of fact alertness the prince of the church adjusted his glasses and peered down at the book. Then, in a rich voice, he chanted the Latin words which brought the relaxed lines of peace to the faces before him in the pews. As the reverend but excited "Amen" reverberated through the cathedral the man in red replaced the zucchetto, which he had taken off. Then, with all the dignity of a prelate of the ages, he took off his spectacles, wrinkled his nose, and smiled. Dr. Dunne, like an impersonal transmitter of the cardinal's words, explained that the bestowing of the papal benediction had a special significance in as much as the following day is the patronal feast of the pope. Then, repeating Cardinal Mundelein's Latin in brisk and comforting English, he added: "The plenary indulgence in the usual form of the church has been given to all those here who have confessed their sins and have received holy communion. Therefore, pray for his holiness, Pope Pius, XI, for his eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, and for his holy mother, the church." The service

was over. The kindly man in the traditional robes passed down the aisle! The others fell in behind, a happy blur of red and gold and white and black. The congregation had come in by files, in groups. They went out in confused throngs, but orderly, looking always at the cardinal.

ANNIVERSARY OF SIGNING OF PEACE PROTOCOL
AND OCCUPATION OF MANILA CELEBRATED
BY MEMBERS OF CAMP LUZON VETERANS.

The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Occupation of Manila by the United States was celebrated Wednesday, August 13, by an annual banquet given by members of Camp Luzon Veterans of the Spanish-Philippine War, at the Army and Navy Club, 1050 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Colonel P. J. H. Farrell acted as toast-master.

MAYOR DEVER NAMES COMMITTEE FOR
NATIONAL DEFENSE TEST.

On August 14, 1924, Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago appointed a committee of forty-one persons chosen from patriotic and other societies of the city, to have charge of Chicago's part in the Defense Test and to arrange a city celebration on September 12, 1924. The committee was appointed by the Mayor at the request of H. W. Evans, Vice-Chairman of the Defense Test Committee.

REVIEW OF TROOPS AT CAMP GRANT.

A review of troops at Camp Grant was held on August 15, 1924 with Major General George Bell, Jr., and General Georges A. L. Dumont, Military attache at the French Embassy at Washington in the reviewing stand.

GENERAL PERSHING AT CAMP GRANT; HOLDS
LAST REVIEW.

For the last time in his long and illustrious career as an active soldier General John J. Pershing, General of the

Armies of the United States, Monday, August 18, 1924, reviewed one whole Division of National Guard Troops, the Thirty-third Division of Illinois. Although General Pershing did not retire until September 13, and was on a tour of the national guard and the citizens' military camps, he did not see a whole division of guardsmen again in formation before he automatically was placed on the retired list. Monday, Aug. 18th, marked General Pershing's last visit to Camp Grant as general of the armies. General Pershing and his aide, Major John G. Quekemeyer, arrived from Evanston Monday morning at exactly 10:37 o'clock. At that instant, the French 75's in front of division headquarters crashed out the first of the seventeen gun salute. Major General Foreman, commanding the Thirty-third division, met General Pershing as he stepped from the car, saluted and shook hands with him. Two sets of bugles broke into the general's flourish, and then the band played to the colors while General Pershing and General Foreman inspected the troop of cavalry that composed the guard of honor. Five minutes later General Pershing was in Major General Foreman's office reading mail that had been forwarded to him. Then the party mounted and started for the review ground. General Pershing with Adjutant of the state of Illinois, General Carlos E. Black at his left took a position facing the center of the command. The clear notes of a bugle sounded across the field. The long lines snapped to attention. Again the bugle notes, this time the lines came to present arms. Thus the Thirty-third Division was presented to General Pershing. Accompanied by Major General Foreman, General Pershing and the staff of officers then inspected the troops. Again the bugle calls, the troops executed squads right and the review was on, the men stepping to the music of six bands. After leading his men by, Major General Foreman wheeled and took a position at the right of General Pershing to take the review with him. The One Hundred Sixth cavalry horses with coats glistening, troopers at carry sabres, must have impressed General Pershing, himself an old cavalryman, for

as the horses and riders swung past, he addressed a remark to Major General Foreman. He in turn spoke to Colonel Grieves and thus the order traveled to the cavalry commander to swing the rear at a trot and ride by again at a gallop. And "Splendid," was General Pershing's verdict.

ILLINOIS ESTATE OF 820 ACRES SOLD FOR \$155,000.

The Yeazel estate of 820 acres in Logan County was sold by Master in Chancery in Lincoln on July 17, 1924, and is said to be the largest land sale in the history of Logan County. Total price received was \$154,999.26. The sales price averaged \$188.93 an acre. Mrs. Ida Murray of Springfield, Ohio, one of the heirs, was principal buyer. Land bought by Mrs. Murray totalled \$91,224.80. Ralph Calvert, Portsmouth, Ohio, another heir bought a part paying \$25,468.75. J. E. Miller, Logan County attorney, purchased 200 acres for \$38,305.

ILLINOIS DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The ninety-first Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Illinois was organized in Waukegan, Friday August 1, 1924 with a charter membership of twenty-six. Mrs. Hewey Coulson was elected regent. Mrs. Charles E. Herrick, State Regent installed the Chapter.

SHINGLE BOBBED AT 96, SHE WINS A PICNIC PRIZE FOR IT.

Mrs. Fannie Martin of Murrayville, Illinois, won first award at a picnic held in Murrayville, July 31, 1924, for being the oldest woman on the picnic grounds having her hair "shingled bobbed." She is 96 years old.

PEORIA'S SCHOOL CHILDREN FLOURISH ON MILK DIET.

Peoria school children consume an enormous quantity of milk. The annual report of the Child Welfare League shows that during the last year 235,246 quarts were consumed in the public schools, while in the same period 28,797 hot lunches were served to the pupils. Children who were under-nourished and under-weight improved under the milk diet and became normal. It was voted to continue the distribution in equal amounts during the coming year.

REV. FRANK C. BRUNER, CHAPLAIN OF JOLIET PENITENTIARY, DIES.

The Rev. Frank C. Bruner, Chaplain of Joliet Penitentiary since December 15, 1921, died after a short illness at his home, 6619 Prairie avenue, Sunday, July 6, 1924. Mr. Bruner was a member of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was for many years a pastor of various churches in and around Chicago. He served as a boy in the Civil War and was at one time Grand Chaplain of the G. A. R. As superintendent of special schools he made an enviable record. He was the author of a widely read religious volume "Pulpit Blossoms" and traveled extensively as a lecturer.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL CHESTER PARKER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO DIES.

Samuel Chester Parker, 44 years old, professor of education of the University of Chicago, died on July 21, 1924 in the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago. He failed to rally from an operation for appendicitis. Professor Parker, who resided at 5717 Kenwood avenue, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was a graduate of the University of Cincinnati and afterwards of the Columbia University. He had been professor of the Chicago institution since 1909. He was author of numerous books, among which were the "Methods of Teach-

ing in High School" and "Types of Elementary Teaching and Learning." Funeral services were held in Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 23.

J. H. TRUMAN, BREEDER OF BLOODED CATTLE, DIES.

J. H. Truman, president of Truman's Pioneer Stud farm of Bushnell, Illinois, died at his residence, Springfield, Whitehouse, England, July 22, 1924, in his eighty-second year. He was the first English resident buyer of export cattle at the Union Stock Yards, shipping his first consignment there to England in 1877. He moved to Bushnell, Illinois, in 1883.

LUCY PAGE GASTON.

Miss Lucy Page Gaston of anti-cigarette fame died Wednesday, August 20, 1924, in the Hinsdale sanitarium. Cancer of the throat was given as the direct cause of death and an injury sustained in a street car accident last January was said to be a contributing cause. For twenty-five years Miss Gaston has conducted a campaign against the smoking of cigarettes as well as being an ardent advocate of prohibition and woman suffrage. On her deathbed she is said to have requested that the work be carried on and that the fight against cigarettes be unrelenting until they are prohibited by a national law.

Miss Gaston was born in Delaware, Ohio, in 1860 and was educated at the Normal school and made her home during most of the last forty years in Chicago and Harvey, Illinois. For a time she lived in Kansas, directing the activities of the cigarette foes there. As the organizer and superintendent of the National Anti-Cigarette league Miss Gaston and her endeavors have been known throughout the country for many years. She carried on the crusade through publications of which she was editor, in lobbying before state legislatures, city councils, and even in the national congress. Her chief aim was in seeking to prevent smoking by boys,

but she did not neglect any opportunity to put her propaganda to grown men and women. She wrote to the late President Warren G. Harding that he was setting a bad example by his smoking of cigarets and requesting that he stop. She received a letter in reply commending her zeal, but evading the pledge to quit. It was mainly through her efforts that a law was passed in Illinois prohibiting minors from smoking. She set out to enforce this law and was deputized by Chief of Police McWeeney, whereupon she arrested several boys of 16 when she saw them with a "coffin nail," as she termed the cigaret. When the war came on and the sending of cigarets to the soldiers became the thing to do, Miss Gaston was almost alone in her opposition. but she nevertheless remained in opposition. Then, in recent years, when it became permissible for women to smoke cigarets in public, she receded not a bit from her opposition, but only redoubled her protests.

EDGAR A. BANCROFT APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN.

On August 26, 1924 President Coolidge announced the appointment of Edgar A. Bancroft of Chicago to be Ambassador to Japan, and James R. Sheffield, of New York City, to be Ambassador to Mexico.

Edgar Addison Bancroft was born at Galesburg, Illinois, November 20, 1857. He was educated at Knox College, and at the Columbia Law School. He has practiced law in Chicago since 1892. He was General Solicitor for the International Harvester Company, 1897-1920.

Mr. Bancroft is the author of several books on social and economic subjects, among them, "The Chicago Strikes of 1894," "The Moral Sentiment of the people, the foundation of National Greatness," and, "Destruction or Regulation of Trusts."

Mr. Bancroft delivered an able address before the Illinois State Historical Society on April, 18, 1918, as a part of the State Centennial Celebration.

He is the brother of Frederic Bancroft, the historian.

**GIFTS OF
BOOKS, LETTERS, PICTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS
TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY AND LIBRARY.**

Blatchford, Paul.

Letters, Journals and Memories of E. Huntington Blatchford. Edited by his sister, Frances May Blatchford. Privately printed, Chicago, 1920. 176 pp., 8".
Gift of Paul Blatchford, Chicago.

Custer, Milo.

Some Pioneer Buildings of Central Illinois.
Central Illinois Death Notices.
A Few Family Records, No. 8.
Gift of Milo Custer, Bloomington, Illinois.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

Reverend James Caldwell Chapter, Jacksonville, Illinois,
Year Book, 1924-25.
Gift of Miss Effie L. Epler, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Elmhurst Academy, Elmhurst, Illinois.

Souvenir Album of Elmhurst Academy, Elmhurst College
Year Book, 1923-1924.
Gift of President H. J. Schiek, Elmhurst, Illinois.

Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Illinois.

Year Book, 1924-1925.
Gift of Elmhurst College.

Dodds Family Reunion in Springfield, Illinois, 1924.

Gift of W. C. Dodds, Springfield, Illinois.

Genealogy. Strassburger Family.

Gift of Ralph Beaver Strassburger. Gwynedd Valley,
Pa., 1922.

Hauberg, John H.

Big Hike for Summer Vacation Period, by John H. Hauberg.

Gift of John H. Hauberg, Rock Island, Illinois.

Heckman, Wallace.

"Black Hawk." The Unveiling Ceremonies, by Wallace Heckman.

Gift of Wallace Heckman.

Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, Illinois.

A History of Hyde Park Baptist Church, 1874-1924. By Thomas W. Goodspeed. 120 pp., 12°. Published by the Church, Chicago, May, 1924.

Illinois State Agricultural Society.

Transactions of Illinois State Agricultural Society, 1856-1859, Volumes 2-3.

Gift of W. Helme.

Illinois State D. A. R.

27th Annual Conference, D. A. R., 1923.

Gift of the Secretary, Mrs. Frank J. Bowman.

Illinois. Chicago, Illinois.

West Chicago Park Commission, 53rd Annual Report.

Illinois State. Cicero, Illinois.

The Town of Cicero, by Walter Bishop Spelman. Auto-graphed copy.

Gift of H. V. Church.

Illinois. Laws of Illinois.

45th General Assembly, 1907.

46th General Assembly, 1909.

49th General Assembly, 1915.

Gift of Milo Custer, Bloomington, Illinois.

Illinois State.

Stark County and Its Pioneers. By (Mrs.) E. H. Shallenberger.

Gift of Cora B. Harris, Macomb, Illinois.

Illinois State.

Magnolia, Illinois Centennial Anniversary Exercises.

Gift of Mrs. Ella Park Lawrence, Galesburg, Illinois.

Illinois State.

Edgar County Historical Pageant. Centennial Program.

Gift of Mrs. F. Foley.

Larson, Laurence M.

Did John Scholvus visit Labrador and Newfoundland in 1476? By Laurence M. Larson.

Gift of Prof. Laurence M. Larson, Urbana, Illinois.

Lincoln, Abraham.

Dahlinger, Charles. Abraham Lincoln in Pittsburgh and the Birth of the Republican Party.

Gift of Mr. Charles W. Dahlinger, 518 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Lincoln, Abraham.

Address on Abraham Lincoln by Emanuel Hertz.

Gift of Emanuel Hertz, 149 Broadway, New York City, New York.

Lincoln, Abraham.

Lincoln, Thomas, and Lincoln, Sarah Bush. The service of dedication of the monument erected above the graves of Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln, father and step-mother of Abraham Lincoln. Illinois Lions Clubs. Old Gordon Cemetery, Shiloh Church near Janesville, Illinois, Friday, May 16, 1924.

Gift of Mr. Wayne C. Townley, Bloomington, Illinois.

Lincoln, Abraham.

The Numismatist. Lincoln Number. F. Y. Duffield,
Editor.
Gift of Peter Wislander.

Lincoln, Abraham.

An Address by Commander Ford Smith. Frank P. Blair
Post, No. 1, Department of Missouri, G. A. R., 114th
Lincoln Birthday Anniversary, 1923.
Gift of Frank P. Blair Post, No. 1, G. A. R.

Lincoln, Abraham.

Starr, John W., Jr. Some facts concerning Lincoln, the
Versatile. Remarks before the Lincoln Day Luncheon
of Millersburg, Pa., Chapter, No. 326, Order of the
Eastern Star, February 12, 1924. By John W. Starr, Jr.
Gift of John W. Starr, Jr.

Louisiana Purchase (The).

The Louisiana Purchase and Preceding Spanish Intrigues
for Dismemberment of the Union. By Nathaniel Pitt
Langford. Reprint from Minnesota Historical Collec-
tions, Vol. IX, 1900.
Gift of George H. Hazzard, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Lusk, D. W.

Contest for U. S. Senator, 1885. By D. W. Lusk.
Gift of W. H. Conkling, Springfield, Illinois.

Map.

Amerique Septentrionale dressee sur les Relations les
plus Modernes des Voyageurs et Navigateurs, ou se
remarquent Les Etats Unis. Publice en 1750 et Cor-
rigee en 1783. Par le S. Robert de Vaugoudy Geog-
raphe.
Gift of Mr. Robert Matheny, Springfield, Illinois.

Michigan State.

Sons of the Revolution, 1919-1923.

Gift of the Secretary, Raymond E. Van Syckle, Detroit, Michigan.

Orendorff, Alfred.

Transfer of Land Titles, by Alfred Orendorff.

Gift of Mrs. Edna Orendorff Macpherson, Springfield, Illinois.

Pictures.

Lincoln, Abraham. The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation. Engraving by Ritchie.

Gift of Mr. Newel Graves, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Springfield, Illinois.

Episcopal Diocese of Springfield. 46th Annual Synod Report, 1923.

Virginia State Library.

Journals of the House of Burgesses, 1619-1776. 13 Vols.

Legislative Journals of the Council of Colonial Virginia. 3 Vols.

Minutes of the Council and General Court of Colonial Virginia. 1 Vol.

Gift of the Virginia State Library.

War of the Rebellion.

Official Records of Union and Confederate Navies in War of the Rebellion. 3 Vols. Washington, D. C.

Gift of Hon. Richard Yates, Washington, D. C.

Wisconsin.

Domesday Book. Town Studies. Vol. I.

Gift of the Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

Woman's Relief Corps.

Journal 45, National Convention Woman's Relief Corps. 1923.

Gift of Marie L. Basham.

NECROLOGY

HON. C. J. MORRIS.

Charles J. Morris, prominent attorney of Sioux Falls, S. D., passed away at a Minneapolis hospital Saturday morning, March 22, 1924, following a minor operation. Mr. Morris left his home two weeks before on a business trip and for an operation, but death came very suddenly and as a surprise to his many friends in Sioux Falls. Mrs. Morris was called to Minneapolis but he died before she reached the hospital.

Mr. Morris was 53 years of age and had practiced law in Sioux Falls since 1899, coming here from Galena, Ill., where he was born and raised. As a public spirited citizen he has also taken a prominent part in the political life of Sioux Falls and South Dakota and for four years served the county as a member of the legislature, part of the time as speaker of the house of representatives. From 1918 to 1922 he was county chairman of the republican party, secretary of the state central committee, and also served as president of the Minnehaha County Bar association.

Mr. Morris was appointed assistant United States district attorney for the district of South Dakota, and served in this position from April 13, 1911, to January, 1913, when he was made district attorney in place of E. E. Wagner, who resigned. Always active in politics, he made many political enemies, yet was always admired for his courageous stand on every question he thought was right. He was a strong, virile character and will be missed in the city, county and state.

An active Mason, Mr. Morris was a member of the higher Masonic bodies and served as worshipful master of Unity No. 130 of Sioux Falls in 1909. He also served as patron of Jasper Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, and was a member of the Elks lodge and the Illinois State Historical Society. Mr. Morris was married in the city of Washington on July 10, 1907, to Virginia Hazen, who is prominent in musical circles and women's activities.

Surviving Mr. Morris, besides his wife, are eight brothers and sisters, Henry Morris, who lives on a farm east of Sioux Falls; W. F. Morris, George S. Morris and John Morris, of Chicago; Mrs. Lydia Eustice, and Mrs. Joseph McCormick, Galena, Ill., Ed. Morris of San Diego, Calif., and Mrs. A. B. Funston, Abilene, Kan.

Short Masonic services were held at the Masonic Temple Wednesday afternoon, March 26, after which the body was taken to Galena, Ill., for interment.

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE WILLIAMS, 1853-1924.

By ALICE E. ORENDORFF.

On Friday May 2, 1924, George Williams died at his home 715 South Douglas Avenue, Springfield, Illinois. He was 71 years of age, a man with many friends among old and young, with much ability as a writer of early history. In him survived the almost lost art of letter writing.

Many writers, on Lincoln and early times in Springfield consulted him as he was accurate and clear in his statements. He was a frequent contributor to the local newspapers on events in early Illinois and Springfield.

George Williams was born March 5th 1853, in Springfield, Illinois, in the house formerly located on the north side of Jefferson street, between fifth and sixth, then the best residence street in the city.

Col. John Williams, his father, was born in Bath county Kentucky, near Owingsville, being the son of James and Hannah Mappin Williams. his father of Welsh descent came from Greenbrier county West Virginia and his mother of Scotch-Irish parentage, was born in Pittsburg, Penn. In 1823, James Williams entered government land in Illinois. They packed all their household goods in covered wagons, and with a party of friends left Kentucky and in the autumn of 1823 located at Indian Point; three miles north of Athens, Illinois. Here they built a log cabin where they went to housekeeping and spent the remainder of their days. On

this same farm George Williams lived the greater part of his life.

John the eldest son of James Williams, remained in Kentucky a year longer to fulfill his apprenticeship to J. T. Bryan as a store boy, he was but fourteen at this time, and never afterwards made his home with his father, all his success was due solely to his own labor and ability to make his way unaided. In the fall of 1824 he came to Springfield on horseback and entered the employ of Major Elijah Iles as clerk in his store, at the salary of \$10 a month. This store, the oldest house in Springfield, was built on the corner of Second and Jefferson streets. At the end of six years Major Iles, wishing to dispose of the store, sold out to John Williams, who continued as proprietor of the business for over fifty years. In 1840 he married Lydia Porter, a half sister of Mrs. Elijah Iles, she was born in Lima, Livingston county, New York, and was one of the youngest of twelve children. The wedding was at the home of Maj. Iles. John Williams and his wife had six children, two daughters, Louisa Iles (Mrs. George N. Black), Julia Jayne (Mrs. Alfred Orendorff), and four sons, Albert, John Edward, George, and Henry Carter. The latter is the only one of the family now living.

In the beginning of the Civil war Gov. Yates appointed John Williams Commissary General of Illinois, which position he filled for six months until the United States was prepared to take care of the troops. He was afterward appointed by President Lincoln head of the sanitary commission, the Red Cross of that day. In this capacity he served two years without compensation. President Lincoln also appointed him dispensing agent of the government during the building of the postoffice and court house at Springfield. Colonel Williams commenced private banking in connection with his store, and when the national banking law was enacted he with others organized the First National bank in Springfield in 1863, of which bank he served as president for many years. He was one of the organizers of the

Springfield street railroad company and the treasurer for eleven years.

He was indetified with and influential in building of all railroads to Springfield. The town of Williamsville was named for him as was also the township. He was a friend and a neighbor of President Lincoln, and on one social occasion when no one would lead the way out to refreshments, Mr. Lincoln took his arm and said, "John, as you are the shortest man and I am the longest person present, we will lead the way to the dining room."

In a letter of George Williams, son of Col. John Williams, he says, "Tad Lincoln was born April 4th, 1853, and I was born March 5th, 1853. We both had a peculiarity and that was we were regular tag-a-bouts to our fathers. So when a story telling was in action, Tad would be pulling his father in one way while George would be hauling or attempting to haul his father in another direction." They played together as boys often in the Lincoln homestead, and George Williams remembered Mr. Lincoln well and his great kindness to children.

After the death of President Lincoln, Colonel Williams was one of the guard of honor who went to Washington to return with the great funeral cortege and upon arriving in Springfield acted as one of the pallbearers.

When the Lincoln Monument was erected in 1869, John T. Stuart, Jacob Bunn and John Williams were an executive committee to take charge of the work. Col. Williams watched Springfield grow from a small village to one of the most important cities of the central west. At his death in May, 1890, Springfield lost one of its most loved and valued citizens.

George Williams' early life was spent in this city, where he grew to manhood, after attending the local public schools, he went to the old college situated in the north eastern part of the city, now known as Concordia College. His brother Henry attended with him and the two used to ride on horseback to and from the school to the home now occupied by John W. Black at 918 Williams Boulevard, then a center

of a forty acre tract, the farm also comprising in addition all of Orendorff Place and the land north of the same between Lawrence Avenue on the north and Washington Park on the West. Later he went east to Hopkins Grammar school to prepare for Yale entering that university in the class of 1875, remaining for two years. He returned home to help his father who was at this time president of the First National bank, then located where the Illinois National bank now stands. After working here two years, he accepted a position with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at Cincinnati to prepare himself to take a position in the office of the Springfield and Northwestern, now a part of the C., P. & St. L. His title was general freight agent and master of trains. This road was built by his father from Springfield to Havana and opened up this rich farming section and incidentally gave him better access to his large holdings at Indian Point.

I quote from a letter of George Williams: "Part of the land came to me at my father's death. I lived there for over thirty years. During this time I became quite an agriculturist, was Secretary of the Illinois Horse Breeders' Association for a number of years, and also a Director on the Board of the Illinois Livestock Association, President of the Menard County Fair, and a stockholder in the Sangamon County Fair until the State Fair took it over. My military title of 'The Citizen' I still hold. Ask the Adjutant General's office for confirmation." When Gen. Alfred Orendorff was Adjutant General, Mr. Williams spent much time at Camp Lincoln and gave valuable assistance during the strikes of 1893-94. He was given the title of "The Citizen." This became so well known that at one time a letter came addressed "The Citizen," Springfield, Illinois. And was at once put in his mail box. Among his papers is a calling card with this title and his address Sunny-Side, Petersburg, Illinois, his country home.

On May 12, 1897, he married Miss Jennie German, her father C. S. German was born in Kingston, Canada, he was a well known photographer, one of the best photographs of President Lincoln in the Illinois State Historical Library,

was made by him. Mr. and Mrs. George Williams had three children, Hugh the eldest died in infancy, Gerald, who is engaged in the express business and one daughter Janet Lydia.

Mr. Williams was a member of the First Presbyterian church and attended Dr. Hanna's Bible class. He was a member of the Illinois State Historical Society, and took a keen interest in the history of the state, county, and city. He is the author of a history of the Williams family, which is greatly prized by the living descendants. The first family reunion of the Col. John Williams family was held at the home of Mr. George Williams' nieces, Miss Alice E. Orendorff and Mrs. John Francis Macpherson, where he read a synopsis of this history.

He did not live entirely in the past but kept up an active interest in the events of the day and was particularly interested in the High School athletic association and in the athletic association of the First Presbyterian church, in which his daughter took an active part. In 1922 Prof. Willing, Principal of the High School, presented him with a pass to all High School activities. This was done in appreciation of the interest and good advice he had given the boys of the athletic teams. They called him their coach Emeritus.

Mr. Williams died after a long illness from septic poison. The funeral was held at the First Presbyterian church, Dr. John T. Thomas, pastor of the church, officiating. Interment was made in Oak Ridge cemetery.

On Sunday, June 1st, 1924, the Governor's Guard Veteran Corps held their memorial exercises at his grave in Oak Ridge. Mayor S. M. Bullard was master of ceremonies and Rev. Edward Haughton made the address.

Living his life prior to and during the stirring times of the Civil War, in which he was too young to enlist, he always took an interest in military affairs and was carried on the roster of the Governor's Guard as an honorary member. Mr. Williams was also an enthusiastic member of the Ike Walton League.

He was a genial companion, his conversation was always interesting and instructive. His college education was interrupted but his longing for knowledge never ceased until life itself was done.

Mr. Williams leaves a rich heritage of loving memories to his family and friends.

HENRY MEANS PINDELL, 1860-1924.

H. M. Pindell, the editor and owner of the Peoria Journal-Transcript, died at 7:00 o'clock Friday night, August 8, 1924, at his summer home in Northport, Michigan, following an illness of but a few hours. Mr. Pindell had attended the Democratic National Convention in New York City and was active in its deliberations and conferences up to July 2, when he left New York and joined Mrs. Pindell at Northport. Mr. Pindell was sixty-four years of age, had led an unusually active career, had not been used to spare himself in any of the relations of his busy life. All that he had of enthusiasm, courage, brain and nerve power, he poured out in the service not only of his own enterprises but also of those of others. Henry Means Pindell was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, December 23, 1860, the son of James Morrison and Elizabeth Means Pindell. The founder of the American branch of the family was Thomas Pindell who came to America from England late in the 17th Century. The Pindells were adventurous men whose deeds figure prominently in the annals of history in the State of Maryland and Kentucky. A descendant, Dr. Richard Pindell, was on Washington's staff and was one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. Henry M. Pindell, with all this fine heritage of courage and brains, entered DePauw University where he graduated with honors in 1884. His natural inclinations being all in the direction of journalism, he served an apprenticeship on the Wabash, Indiana, Times, worked for a time for the Chicago Tribune and the Illinois State Register at Springfield, then went to Peoria where he began publishing a newspaper for himself. For a period of thirty years he dom-

inated the newspaper life of Peoria, and in social life was equally prominent. He was a Charter member of the Creve Coeur and Country Clubs, was affiliated with the University Club and the Automobile Club of Peoria and was likewise a member of the Chicago University Club. He is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Eliza A. Smith, daughter of D. W. Smith, of Springfield, and two daughters, Mrs. Carl Slane and Mrs. Elizabeth Talbott, of Pottsville, Pa., and two grandchildren, Henry Pindell Slane and Betty Talbott. Also surviving him are two sisters, Mrs. H. C. Barnard, of St. Louis, and Mrs. H. M. Hundley, of Omaha, and two brothers, William M. Pindell, of Chicago, and Thomas Pindell, of St. Louis. Funeral services for Mr. Pindell were conducted at the home on Randolph Avenue, in Peoria, August 11. Rev. Howard Talbott, Pottsville, Pa., conducted the services, which were simple. Frederick A. Stowe, editor of Mr. Pindell's publications, delivered an eloquent appropriate tribute to the memory of his friend and employer, expressive of the affection in which Mr. Pindell was held by the men associated with him. The active pallbearers were employees of the Pindell publications and the honorary pallbearers were business and professional friends of Mr. Pindell. They were Judge John A. Niehaus, William E. Stone, Judge George T. Page, Frederick Blossom, John Brinkerhoff, Frederick A. Stowe, H. E. Chubbuck, Samuel D. Wead, Theodore Kuhl, Gerald B. Franks, Jacob Wachenheimer, F. E. Marshall, Ferdinand Luthy, John V. Baer, Judge Robert H. Lovett, Washington, D. C., and Robert Virtue, Chicago.

A number of Springfield friends of Mr. Pindell's attended the funeral services. They included Hon. DeWitt Smith, Mr. Pindell's father-in-law; John Brinkerhoff, Miss Brown, Mrs. Charles V. B. Carroll, a sister of Mrs. Pindell; Sidney Smith, Thomas Rees, Vincent Y. Dallman, George Clendenin, Walter Townsend, Will H. McConnell and J. E. Vaughn. The body was laid at rest in the mausoleum, placed at the disposal of the family by George Jobst until arrangements can be made for a permanent resting place in Springdale Cemetery.

JAMES R. CAMPBELL, 1853-1924.

General James R. Campbell, than whom no citizen of Hamilton County, Illinois, was more widely known or more universally esteemed, passed out of this life at about 7:35 o'clock Tuesday evening, August 12th, while surrounded by members of his family, at his home in McLeansboro. The end came suddenly and without warning. General Campbell had remained home from the bank in the afternoon, not feeling in condition to visit the bank, but no thought of the impending end was harbored by himself or loved ones. About 7:30 he telephoned to his family physician that he was not feeling well and requested the physician to call. Shortly after he lay down on the bed, and in answer to a question asked by one of the members of his household, replied that he was not suffering the least bit of pain, quietly turned over on his side and passed into peaceful slumber.

James R. Campbell was born in Hamilton County, Illinois, May 4, 1853 and died at his home in McLeansboro, Tuesday, August 12, 1924. His ancestors were among the first settlers in that section of the State. James R. Campbell was educated at Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana, read law and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court in Illinois in 1877; in 1878 he purchased "The McLeansboro Times," which he conducted until December 1889. He was elected to the lower house of the General Assembly of Illinois in 1884, and again in '86, advanced to the Senate in 1888, and re-elected in '92. During his twelve years' experience in the Legislature he participated, as a Democrat, in the celebrated Logan-Morrison contest for the United States Senate, in 1885, and assisted in the election of Gen. John M. Palmer to the Senate in 1891, as one of the famous 101. At the close of his last term in the State Senate (1896) he was elected to Congress from the Twentieth District, receiving a plurality of 2,851 over Orlando Burrell, Republican, who had been elected in 1894. On the call for troops issued by the President during the Spanish-American War, Mr. Campbell organized a regiment which was mustered in as the Ninth Regiment

Illinois Volunteers, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and assigned to the corps of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee at Jacksonville, Florida.

Colonel Campbell served with his regiment and participated in the pacification of the terror ridden island of Cuba. That task completed as the inhabitants were in insurrection in our newly acquired possessions in the Pacific he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 30th U. S. Volunteer Infantry and sent to the Philippine Islands, and linked hands with such illustrious heroes as General Henry Lawton, Generals Crowder, March, Funston and others who have caused the pages of history to blaze with the heroic deeds of the American soldier. It was while in the Philippines that Colonel Campbell was commissioned by President McKinley to be a Brigadier General of Infantry, the only volunteer officer in that campaign to advance beyond the rank of Colonel.

After three years of army life in the field, General Campbell returned to private life and has since devoted his time and energies to his home community and to his private affairs, demonstrating that trait of character which makes for the success of the American republic—the ability and willingness to serve as a soldier of peace as well as war, fighting only when necessary to preserve our national integrity. This trait he carried with him in both public and private life.

General Campbell's business interests were extensive, foremost of which were the Campbell Milling Co., of Carmi, the First National Bank of McLeansboro, of which latter institution he was the president since its organization. In his business dealings, he was ready and willing to give and take with the shrewdest, happiest when driving a hard bargain or engineering a difficult deal, preferring at all times to match wits with one worthy of his steel. In his dealings with those of his fellowmen who went to him for financial assistance, he was considerate and accommodating, holding at all times to the principle that there is a vast difference between business and charity. Many were his acts of charity, but they were carried on unostentatiously and with the idea in

view that business was not charity and charity not business. There was no confusing the two when dealing with General Campbell, a trait of character that is rare and worthy of emulation.

General Campbell leaves in his immediate family, a devoted wife and one son, Val B. Campbell, cashier of the First National Bank, many relatives and a legion of friends who will mourn his demise and miss his ministrations.

Funeral services were held at the family residence Thursday, August 14, 1924, conducted by Rev. Robert Morris, of Granite City, formerly pastor of the M. E. church, McLeansboro. Interment was at the I. O. O. F. cemetery, participated in by Hamilton Lodge, I. O. O. F., United Spanish War Veterans and the American Legion. All business houses were closed during the funeral and the citizens of city and county joined in a last tribute to one whom all will miss and mourn.

General Campbell was an early member of the Illinois State Historical Society and when he visited Springfield he made it a point to call at the rooms of the Society. He was an entertaining talker and possessed a great fund of anecdote and reminiscence. The Historical Society will greatly feel his loss.

List of Publications of the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.

No. 1. *A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. *Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. *The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. *Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles, and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

Nos. 6 to 30. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1921. (Nos. 6 to 22 out of print.)

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erie Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L. and 681 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. CIV and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. CXVIII and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXLI and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole, XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, No. 1, Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVI, British Series, Vol. III. Trade and Politics, 1767-1769. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XVIII and 760 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1921.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVII. Laws of the Northwest Territory. In press.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVIII. Statistical Series, Vol. I. Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. LXVIII and 598 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1923.

*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. XVII, No. 3. October, 1924.

Journals out of print, Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X.

*Publications starred, out of print.

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AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

OBJECTS OF COLLECTION DESIRED BY THE ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

(Members please read this Circular Letter.)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to the West; works on Indian tribes, and American Archæology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, cooperative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to the Great Rebellion, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings; photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities; encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire

EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the late rebellion; biographies of the pioneers, prominent citizens and public men of every county either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlement of every township, village, and neighborhood in the state, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

X

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies; sermons and addresses delivered in the state; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses; railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents, and school committees; educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and state legislatures; earlier governors' messages and reports of state officers; reports of state charitable and other state institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, especially complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the state, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery; paintings; portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins; medals; paintings; portraits; engravings; statuary; war relics, autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics religion, etc.; sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors, together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities, and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

XI

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the state house as the property of the state, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Your attention is called to the important duty of collecting and preserving everything relating to the part taken by the state of Illinois in the great World War.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

(MRS.) JESSIE PALMER WEBER.

THE CHANGING WEST.

By LAURENCE M. LARSON

We have gathered this evening to observe the anniversary of a great occasion, to commemorate the admission of a new commonwealth into the union of American states. The recognition of this particular territory as worthy of statehood may be regarded as one of the major events in American history; for the fates had decreed that this youthful group of frontier settlements was to have a brilliant future, that in wealth and power and influence Illinois was to outstrip all her sisters among the newer states.

At the same time we recognize the fact that the history of Illinois did not begin with the act of December 3, 1818. Before there was a state there was a territory, and still earlier there was a large undefined area called the Illinois country. Long before the American pioneer had begun to organize communities on the river banks of Illinois, soldiers and traders, farmers and missionaries, had come into the land to occupy it and to hold it for the greater glory of the king of France. More than two hundred and fifty years have passed since the first white man (presumably some unknown French trader) trod the soil of our great commonwealth; and during that long lapse of time much has happened in Illinois, much that has been important not only for the state itself but for the nation and for all the western world.

It is not my purpose in this address, however, to deal specifically with the subject of Illinois. I prefer to deal with a few general facts relating to the greater area which includes Illinois and which we usually call the West. But the term West is not necessarily limited to geographical facts, nor does it need to mean a definite area. For America has a human as well as a physical map, and it is the West as it appears on the human map to which I invite your attention.

If we go back to an earlier generation we shall find that the most reliable and the most widely read historians had no profound interest in the great human movements that have made the West what it now is. These movements were not ignored, but they were not studied with the care that was given to older themes. Bancroft and Parkman, Bryant and Hildreth, Palfrey, Higginson, and Justin Winsor, Frothingham, Schouler, Henry Adams, and Emma Willard, these were all of New England ancestry and born in the good state of Massachusetts. With two or possibly three exceptions, they all had academic degrees from Harvard College. They were, therefore, thoroughly grounded in the New England tradition, a virile and quite persistent tradition. They were consequently not disposed to underrate the achievements of the Puritan colonies. Writing from the viewpoint of their own commonwealth, it was only natural that they should give much attention to the development of Puritan ideals and to the abiding influence of New England leadership. It would be idle to deny that this viewpoint is to a large extent entirely correct; at the same time it is also true that modern America is the product of many influences and has drawn strength and wisdom from many sources.

The difficulty with the theories of the older school was that they did not adequately interpret the forces that were shaping and reshaping American society in the nineteenth century. For it is a far cry from the ideals of the seaboard in the seventeenth century to those that dominate life in the West in the twentieth. Our social and institutional systems have changed, radically and profoundly, but why have they changed?

In the earlier years of the nineties a young historian at the University of Wisconsin was maturing a new interpretation of American development. At its meeting in Chicago in 1893 the American Historical Association heard a paper presented by Professor Frederick Jackson Turner on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History." In this

paper the author argued that "the true point of view in the history of this nation is not the Atlantic coast, it is the great West." The fundamental institutions of the Republic had, indeed, been developed within a limited area on the Atlantic seaboard; but as the nation expanded into the vast unoccupied spaces of the West, these institutions had to be reestablished again and again and usually had to be adapted to the conditions of a new environment. "This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character."

Rarely has a new doctrine in the field of history found such ready acceptance. Mr. Roosevelt, who was working at the time on his *Winning of the West*, was one of the first to feel the force of Professor Turner's contention. Justin Winsor shows clearly the influence of the new interpretation in his *Westward Movement* which was published in 1897. In the course of a decade there had arisen a new school of historical thinkers, all actively studying American history from the western point of view. If the historical profession in America has its prophets Professor Turner belongs to the major group.

But where was this West? And what was the American frontier? At first the West was just back of the seaboard, just beyond the settlements. The earliest villages in the Connecticut Valley were "out West." The area covered by the tide of settlement steadily advancing across the apparently boundless stretches was the West. But looked at from another angle it may be defined as a peculiar condition of social life, the sort of life that frequently develops when men and women who are more or less controlled by the instincts of civilization seek to establish homes in the wilderness. And the frontier, to quote Professor Turner once more, is "the outer edge of the wave [of settlement], the meeting point between savagery and civilization."

The West that has most profoundly affected American

life is the great plain lying just beyond the Appalachian highlands toward the setting sun. It is the wonderful valley of the Mississippi with all that belongs to it as far west as the hundredth meridian. This vast expanse of forest and prairie, one thousand miles from east to west and more than a thousand from north to south, is the most wonderful area of large dimensions in all the earth. Regions may be found in other countries where the soil is richer, where the mineral wealth is greater, or where certain other resources are more abundant; but on no other continent has Providence arranged such a remarkable combination of soil fertility, of coal and iron, of favorable location, climate, and rainfall as the pioneers found in the American West. And there it all lay one hundred and fifty years ago seemingly boundless and almost untouched, a field for human energy that had no rival.

When the Revolution closed, some of the possibilities of the western country had become known to the frontiersmen, but scarcely more than known. Such settlements as had actually been formed beyond the mountains served merely to emphasize the primeval conditions. But great forces were already mustering to invade and to conquer this enticing land. All along the frontier the pioneers were gathering, all eager for the great adventure. Soon they were pouring through the mountain gaps, crossing the portages, or drifting down the water courses, and finally finding their places in a long, thin line of toiling humanity, facing the overpowering forces of the wilderness, but facing them without fear.

The host that conquered the West was a highly composite body, but it was overwhelmingly American. Among the pioneers were men and women from New England and from other parts of the seaboard, nearly all of whom were of English and Welsh ancestry. There was also a sprinkling of French Huguenots and a few Dutch from the towns on the Hudson. From the broad valleys of Pennsylvania and Virginia came Germans, often called the Pennsylvania Dutch, who were as yet scarcely Americanized, though nearly all were

of American birth. But the most aggressive and the most prominent leaders appear to have been found among the Scotch-Irish who were mustering in the valleys farther to the west.

Among the many elements that have combined to mold American life three are outstanding: the Puritan of New England, the Cavalier of the South, and the Scotch-Irish of the frontier. Each of these had its own peculiar outlook and its own peculiar mission. There was courteous, refined life in the mansions of the Southern estates. Realizing the value of intellectual leadership, New England fostered education and emphasized the things that belong to the spirit. But of these things there was little in the wretched cabins of the Allegheny valleys. The Scotch-Irishman was poor, he was a stranger to display and ceremony, he had little enthusiasm for books. And yet, there are those who believe that the typical American of those days was not the Puritan of the East, but the later Puritan of the frontier, the grim trader, farmer, and fighter, whose ancestors came from Ulster.

The Scotch-Irishmen were not Irish as to race: they were the descendants of Scotch and English colonists who had been settled in northern Ireland early in the seventeenth century. Many of these had come from the Scottish border where raids and feuds and petty warfare had been the rule for generations. When they settled in Ireland they neither found peace nor brought peace, and a new border was formed. After a hundred years these new Ulstermen began to emigrate in large numbers and found homes in America on the very edge of the settled area where the red man was tracing the boundary in American blood. The Scotch-Irishman made a very effective frontiersman; and the long-limbed pioneer with the long knife, the long gun, and the long memory soon put the fear of the Lord into the skulking tribesmen.

But whatever his ancestry, German or British, the western pioneer was a remarkable man. Living under conditions that usually allowed the healthy alone to survive infancy, his

was a strong and virile race. Though coarse, ill-bred, and often unlettered, he knew the wonderfully varied life of the mountain and the forest, and that, too, was knowledge. In a simple way he was quite resourceful, for he knew how to deal with the recurring crises of his environment, and he was nearly always able to provide for the needs of his family from the scanty store-house of the wilderness. He was often of a restless mood and easily dissatisfied with his new home. But by nature the pioneer was hopeful and strong of heart, though he usually sought to realize his hopes in new and supposedly better localities. He wandered widely and often aimlessly, but the nation grew as he wandered.

It is not so easy to generalize about the westward movement, for after all, it produced a great variety of types and social units. Wisconsin did not develop like the Gulf coast, nor was early Arkansas very much like the Western Reserve. There were, however, three facts that characterized the entire movement: it was American; it was democratic; it was Protestant.

The movement was American not only because the pioneers were commonly of native birth, but also because they usually had no interests beyond their own country. Such connections with Europe as some of them had tried to maintain in the older homes could be maintained only with great difficulty in the newer settlements. Such interest as they may have had in European affairs were soon engulfed in the duties and the troubles of a new environment. As the line of settlement advanced, the influence of the Old World was constantly diminishing. The thoughts that stirred in the mind of the frontiersman were largely the product of the Western soil.

It was a democratic movement. The pioneer host was unique in this that it recognized equality not only as a theory but as a fact. In the strenuous battle with untamed nature, a battle that raged on a front of more than a thousand miles, privilege could not flourish and there could be no leisure class. The frontier did, indeed, always respect the authority of leadership; but it was a leadership based on recognized strength

and achievement. In the new social order ancestry was not highly regarded and genealogies were not known.

It was a Protestant movement. Far to the front on the skirmish line rode the Methodist preacher and the Presbyterian elder industriously gathering their adherents into societies and churches. The Baptist minister and the Congregational missionary were not far behind, the one finding an unusually fertile field in the South, the other achieving a greater success in the North. The Lutheran, the Anglican, the Quaker, the Mennonite, and the Catholic, with many other types of believers, were all represented in the new settlements. Soon came Alexander Campbell heading a new religious movement, the Church of Christ, a typical product of Western democracy. Thus there was a great variety of religions in the Old West, but the vast majority of the pioneers were Protestants, and many of their leaders were men who had drunk deeply from the springs of Calvinism. And the Calvinist believes in simplicity and emphasizes the essential equality of human souls.

The making of a western community has been described in masterly fashion by Herbert Quick in his novel, *Vandemark's Folly*. As a work of literary art Quick's novel may perhaps be rather ordinary; but as a human document it has the virtue of truthful realism. It is the story of the covered wagon bearing westward across the prairies of Iowa its precious burden of commonplace humanity, men and women who were generally admirable, though not always good and wise and strong, and other men and women whose souls had been darkened with evil, though never wholly without strength and goodness. Of such was the West formed.

It has been my privilege—for I esteem it a real privilege—to see a Western community in the process of formation. I have seen the prairies of Iowa stretching out toward the hazy horizon with only the gently rolling hills to break the monotony of the view. Here and there we could see at times a covered wagon, or two, or three, or a dozen, headed courageously toward the promised land. Soon there were human beings living in dugouts, in sod shanties or in the more

palatial log houses. I have seen the slow ox teams pulling the plow through the tough sod. I have heard the untutored preachers of pioneer days shouting condemnation on a little world which seemed to them to be wholly lost in the sins of pride and arrogance and vanity! And I have shared the emotions of toilers as they watched the coming of the railway which was to put an end to pioneer conditions. This was pioneer life in its last stage. It was a relatively brief stage but it was real while it lasted.

There was, however, a great difference between the community that my family helped to build and the settlements of the older West. The New England Puritan was discreetly absent and there was no Scotch-Irishman in sight. The Methodist clergyman was hovering around the edges but made only the slightest impression. The English language was rarely heard; where it was used away from the public school grounds it was used chiefly for the purposes of trade and baseball. For ours was a community of immigrants from the isles and the valleys of northern Europe. They had come from hard conditions in their own country; they had found even more severe hardships in the New World. But the promise of the West was great and every heart was hopeful. They were hardy men and strong women with honest purposes and willing hands. Their minds were heavy but intelligent and they sought honestly for the boundaries between right and wrong. They had a deep reverence for religious truth, but they worshipped the Lord in a foreign tongue. Such intellectual food as they seemed to need they found in sermons, in books, and in newspapers in their own language. They knew nothing about the American constitution but they rarely failed to vote. They were the salt of the earth, but they were not Americans.

The West was changing—the entire nation was changing. The changes were due in great part to the efforts of an energetic people in a rich territory; in part to the introduction of new elements into our population. Great cities had been built, among them the wonderful city of Chicago, rising in magnificent power from the swamps on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Railways radiating in all directions were gathering the wealth of an empire into the warehouses of Chicago or distributing the surplus to other parts of the land. Chicago may serve as a convenient symbol of the transformation that has come to the inland plain. For it illustrates all the changes that have occurred since the simple days of Boone and Cartwright and Davy Crockett.

But when we study the progress of American settlement the most significant fact that we note is the appearance of certain great alien groups, especially after the year 1850. There has probably not been a time when there was no migration to the American colonies or the American Republic; but earlier movements of this sort can hardly compare with those that began about the middle of the nineteenth century. Since that time there has been a steady and powerful stream of immigrants coming from every country in Europe and coming continuously till the current was checked by the Great War and by recent legislation. Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians were among the earliest to arrive in large numbers; but soon came Slavs and Latins, Jews and Greeks. For some time the immigrants continued the traditions of the older pioneers and went out into the unoccupied areas to build homes on the free land; later, as the country became industrialized, they found employment in mines and factories. Thus the foreigner has promoted American development to an extent that is simply enormous, at least on the material side.

Today the alien element in the United States comprises nearly a third of the entire population. In the West and in the Northwest the percentage is even greater than for the country at large; for the immigrant population is massed north of Mason and Dixon's Line. This means that in the country as a whole there are thirty to thirty-five million men and women who were born abroad or who have at least one parent of alien birth. A little more than one-half of the white population is counted as native American, but this does not always imply colonial ancestry, for millions of those who are rated as natives have grandparents of foreign birth.

The census of 1920 found approximately 2,300,000 persons who were born in Germany or German Austria. Of native Italians, 1,600,000 were found and almost as many were credited to Russia, most of whom were no doubt of Hebrew blood. The Poles, the Scandinavians, the Irish and the natives of Great Britain were approximately of the same number, each counting something more than a million. Many other nationalities appear in the census but in smaller numbers, Hungary leading among these lesser groups with 400,000. The states with the largest percentage of inhabitants who are still classified as aliens are Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota, the figures running from sixty to sixty-eight. In South Dakota, Montana, Illinois, and Michigan the percentage ranges from fifty to fifty-five.

If these figures have any meaning it must be that great ethnic changes are in progress throughout the entire nation. It is quite clear that the future race in America will be not English or even British, but European. And it may be that various regions will develop separate and various types. As one studies the human map of America one seems to find three great areas, each with a different situation and a different problem. The South is still American in the older sense, its white population being almost entirely descended from colonial ancestry. In the group of states that center about New York there is racial chaos. Irishmen, Italians, Jews, Englishmen and Germans have settled in that area in large numbers. Moreover, some of the larger groups have come in relatively recent times and the process of assimilation, a difficult process in the circumstances, has hardly begun.

The third area is that part of the West of which I am speaking tonight. If one should draw a line from Detroit to St. Louis and continue it westward to the hundredth meridian one would approximate the southern boundary of a great region, including the whole, or the greater part, of ten states, all of which are inhabited to a large extent by alien elements. This region still contains an important native American element, which in some states continues to be the dominating

element. It is dominating first of all because it holds in its possession the rare treasures of American culture and the great traditions of the American past. Again, it is able to dominate because the various alien groups are rarely able to present a united front in the contest for power. But the old colonial stock is obviously shrinking, and in some quarters it is being slowly absorbed in the newer population.

This situation, though somewhat alarming at first sight, is, however, no cause for despair. On the whole, the racial situation in this part of the country is more satisfactory than in any other large section in the entire North. For it happens that the larger elements in the population are closely related in race and in history. They have all come from central and northwestern Europe, from Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, and the British Isles. Excepting the Irish, these are all of Germanic stock and are simply varieties of the same racial type. And the Irish, through their long connection with Great Britain, have learned the English language and have accepted the principles of Germanic civilization. The future race in the West, like the English of today, will be fundamentally Germanic. There are indeed many other nationalistic groups that have found permanent homes in this section, but these are scarcely of sufficient strength to affect the outcome.

The alien is here by invitation, even by urgent invitation. He once heard a distressful cry: "Come over and help us!" and he came. In the course of time he has profited much from his new environment; but he has paid in full for everything that he has received. On the farm, in the mine, on the railway line, on the street, and in the skyscraper he has lifted the heavy burdens and has carried the heavy load.

It would be folly to deny, however, that immigration has produced a real problem. For the foreigner has developed a consciousness that is somewhat disconcerting. He is organizing his forces and is making nationalistic demands. One needs only recall the stir made by certain groups in 1915 and 1916

to realize the possible danger from alien enthusiasts organized for political ends.

But here again the leaders of the Republic have been at fault. Having sown the wind, they now complain of the harvest. Time and again our political chieftains have appealed to the various alien elements to vote as a unit. Perhaps no one is more responsible for racial solidarity among the foreigners than the late Mark Hanna. In the campaign of 1896 he organized these groups wherever possible. In the political processions of that campaign German-Americans, Hebrew-Americans, Swedish-Americans and other varieties of alien-Americans marched under their separate nationalistic banners. Mr. Hanna is, it is true, only one of the many who have sinned in this respect, but it seems clear that of all the political generals who have dealt with the alien vote, he was the most effective and the most successful.

The significant fact is that in this way the foreign voters became conscious of their strength. In some of the Northwestern states they are now competing successfully for power with the native classes. Four weeks ago Norwegian governors were elected in the states of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana. In the congress that convenes this week, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas are represented by five senators of Scandinavian birth or blood. It is clear that the Northwest at least is no longer American in the older sense.

Political power rarely comes to the immigrant family before the second generation. There is too much to learn and the alien is often slow to learn. Unless he comes from a home in the British Isles he is fatally handicapped by his inability to use the language of the land. Meanwhile, he is building churches, organizing parochial schools, and founding theological seminaries. Sometimes he even builds a theater or begins to publish a newspaper in a foreign tongue. In all this the purpose is to perpetuate on American soil the particular language, creed, and culture that he has brought with him from the mother country. And for this he must not be con-

denmed; for he, too, has an intellectual life which must be maintained, or the new citizen will be of little value to the land.

I have said that the West was Protestant; it is still Protestant in large part, but its Protestantism is of a different type. The strongest single Protestant communion in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas is the Lutheran church. In Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Nebraska, Lutheranism is second only to Methodism among the Protestant faiths. The strength of the Lutheran churches being relatively recent in the West, the influence of the Lutheran spirit, which is vitally different from that of Calvinism, has not yet begun to be felt so widely or so profoundly as the numbers would seem to promise. But it is an influence with which the future will be forced to reckon.

And in all these states and in many others the strongest church is not any one of the Protestant denominations but the great Catholic church, which is today the most potent single moral force in all the North.

These facts are not presented in the spirit of criticism: they are important parts of the evidence on which I base the argument that the West is changing—changing in racial type, in intellectual interest, in outlook, in religion, and in moral standards. The West that was is passing into history; the new West is still in the future.

The time will come when nearly all of the different elements that claim the American title will be fused into a single racial unit. The time will come when the bonds that bind so many of us to hearths and homes in other lands will lose their strength and the men with foreign ancestry will think of themselves as Americans only. When that time comes the process that we call Americanization will have been completed. In the case of millions it is far from completed. In fact it may be seriously doubted whether the process has gone forward at the normal rate of progress during the past decade; on the contrary it seems to me that in this year of our Lord,

1924, we have drifted farther away from the ancient ideal of a unified nation than at any other time since the Civil War.

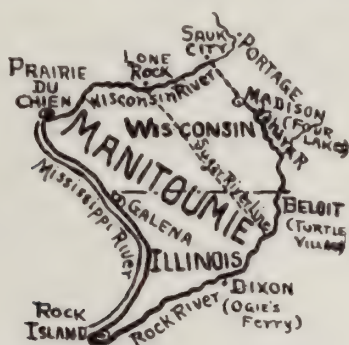
Americanization like all the processes of history is a slow process and cannot be hastened beyond a normal rate. Men have never become loyal Americans through compulsion. To be a real citizen one must not only acknowledge an outward allegiance to the symbols of the state; one must accept as his own personal possession the principles and the ideals that form the framework of our national culture. And this is a thing of the spirit.

It is easy to retard the process. In our own West today we see race rising against race, church arrayed against church. Where patience and toleration were once the rule there is anger and bitterness, rancor and fear. But upon such foundations the more perfect nationality to which we all look forward cannot be built.

I have wandered far from the point where I began, but my subject has been a changing subject, for this is a changing West.

EARLY TRAILS AND TIDES OF TRAVEL IN THE LEAD MINE AND BLACKHAWK COUNTRY.

By EDWARD L. BURCHARD, Chicago, Illinois.



MANITOUMIE LAND

Proposed for a New State in the Union by Caleb Atwater, Negotiator for Its Purchase from the Indians at Prairie du Chien, 1829.

UNIQUE INTEREST OF THE TRAILS OF "MANITOUMIE" LAND.

"Manitoumie," the land of Northwestern Illinois and Southwestern Wisconsin, where the Indian thought his Great Spirit, "Manitou," loved to dwell, is a region of unique interest to the trail-finding historian, geographer, and tourist.

It is the name once suggested for a separate state of the Union by Caleb Atwater, President Jackson's Special Representative at the Prairie du Chien Council, purchasing from the Indians this beautiful, romantic and fertile country, lying between the Mississippi, Rock and Wisconsin rivers.

Six or more tides of travel, in almost opposite directions, took place in this area within 250 years, a history itself nearly as old as that of Virginia and New England.

An unusual stage-setting for these trails was prepared when the glacier, that mightiest of all great travelers of the Ice Age, met its match in this little corner, athwart the "Driftless" area of a much earlier age. Here, as nowhere else, was left untouched a gigantic garden entirely surrounded by ice—between the Peccatonica, Mississippi and Wisconsin rivers.

Here was a great crossing place for the buffalo trampling his paths from the far Western Plains to the salt licks and blue grass of Kentucky and the Allegheny slopes.

Through several thousand years, the trails of warrior braves made this junction point an extraordinary melting pot of many tribes of Indians pushed back by the Iroquois from the Great Lakes against the savage Sioux at the Mississippi.

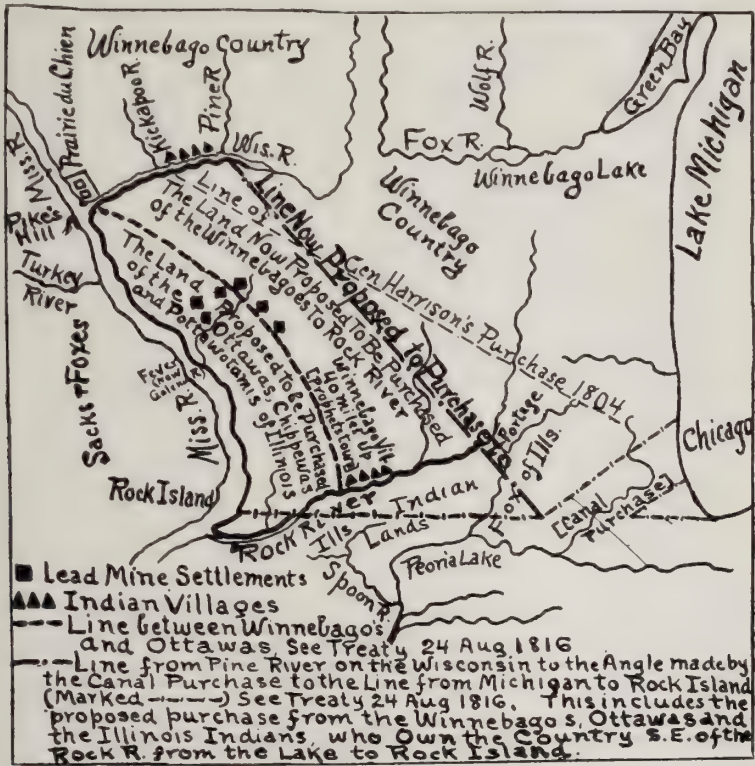
Trails and highways were broken through this El Dorado from many directions by Nations across the sea scrambling Westward for domain. In the person of governor, soldier, missionary, scout, carrier and trader, more flags met here on this part of the Mississippi than anywhere else in America in successive struggles for supremacy—French, British, Spanish, Colonial and Revolutionary American.

Southerner came here farther Northward than anywhere else to colonize side by side with the later advancing Yankee. Abraham Lincoln, Zachary Taylor and Jefferson Davis; Robt. Anderson, and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, rival of Grant, who himself hailed from Galena, and many others of Civil War fame fought a common enemy on this little stage.

All trails seemed to lead, for one hundred years or more, to Prairie du Chien, at the mouth of the Wisconsin, the central depot and outpost in the entire Mississippi Valley of the fur trade, the world's greatest trust of the 18th Century. Then, presto, in a decade they sweep to the lead mines, that iridescent dream of great wealth that a century before had almost caused the financial ruin of France in John Law's Mississippi Bubble. America now is seized with the lead

mine craze and prospectors crowd forward on every road. They make Galena the first American Klondike.

Finally came the most rapid migration and settlement known in history—the Great Trek from the East, quickened by two new agencies of propulsion—steam railroads and newspaper publicity, and the first railroad out of Chicago reaches out to the mines and the new granary.



TREATY MAP PREPARING FOR SETTLEMENT

Northwestern Illinois and Southwestern Wisconsin. From Which Title of Present Landowners is Derived. Wrestling 8,000,000 Acres from the Indians at the Conclave of 3,000. Prairie du Chien, 1829, at a cost of but \$60,000, and sold by the United States at \$2.50 an Acre.

(Traced from tracing in archives, Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison. Map probably by Caleb Atwater, Pres. Jackson's representative, from the original stated on the map to be "In the Indian Office Files," Washington, D. C.)

Every landowner from the Rock river to the Wisconsin must continue to look to Prairie du Chien and its Council of July, 1829, nearly a century ago, as the original source from which is derived title to eight million acres in the huge block of land purchased from many reluctant tribes of Indians at the paltry cost of \$60,000, sold to the inpouring settlers for a million or more, and now worth much over a billion. This was the real wealth that put power on these highways behind prairie schooner, emigrant train, railroad engine and automobile.

The early trails and streams of travel make one mosaic of all these colorful bits of history in "Manitoumie" land.

A PREHISTORIC CROSS ROADS AND BACKGROUND SHAPED THESE EARLY TRAILS.

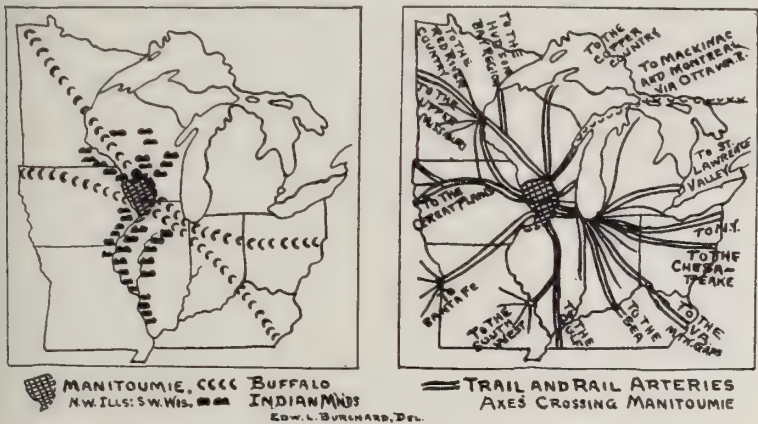
The auto tourist coming in such numbers today across the continent, out of the Allegheny gateways from the seaboard for the Yellowstone or Black Hills, is making Northwestern Illinois and Southwestern Wisconsin popular as a half-way station and junction point and widely known for its charm as the Switzerland of the Mississippi Valley.

Likewise peculiar geographic location and special natural attractions led the buffalo and the Indian, beating their paths from time immemorial, to make it a crossroads for their earliest long distance trails.

In other words, this country is placed at the center of the axes of travel around great lakes, up and down big rivers, and between mountains and seaboards. This first fixed the main directions of the early trails.

All travel westward must bend around the south end of Lake Michigan, for instance, to enter upon the Lincoln, Grant, or Chicago-Dubuque ribbons of concrete to "Manitoumie" Land, and thence to the "Golden West." Again, around the tip of Lake Superior the Southward traveler from the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and Minnesota naturally chooses the Southeasterly flowing valley of the Mis-

issippi. Before it angles west in Illinois, he leaves it at Prairie du Chien, Dubuque, Savanna or Rock Island for southern Illinois, Kentucky, the Ohio, the gaps of the Alleghenies and the Sea. Once more, it is between these two main axes that the way from Hudson Bay crosses at the narrows of the three lakes, the Soo, and follows along Green Bay down the Fox to the Four Lakes and Wisconsin River for the Prairie du Chien and Dubuque ferries or down the Rock River Valley to the Rock Island exit for the Great Southwest, and the Santa Fe trails to Mexico. Here then were three ancient Continental highway crossings that inevitably made our region a great rendezvous for the primitive trail beaters.



GRAND CROSSING AT MANITOUMIE

Axes of Travel—Buffalo, Indian and White Man.

Buffalo, from Great Plains to Prairie and Blue Grass, on the Watershed Between the Great Lakes Barriers and the Broad, Strong Currents of Mighty Rivers.
Indian, as Shown by his Mounds. Up the Rivers and Athwart the Buffalo Trails
White Man's Trails Following Both of These Predecessors.

TRAIL-BREAKING INDIAN AND BUFFALO.

The Indian, for thousands of years before the White Man came, if we can judge by his mounds, his village sites and his historic trails, went after his food supply, furs, or enemies for long distances on these three axes intersecting between the Rock and the Wisconsin rivers. Thus it was

they wore the famous Winnebago Trail from Green Bay to Madison, then via the "Military Ridge" to Prairie du Chien and thence along the present North Iowa pike to the Missouri at Sioux City. This is a trail that one finds well marked on the earliest maps.

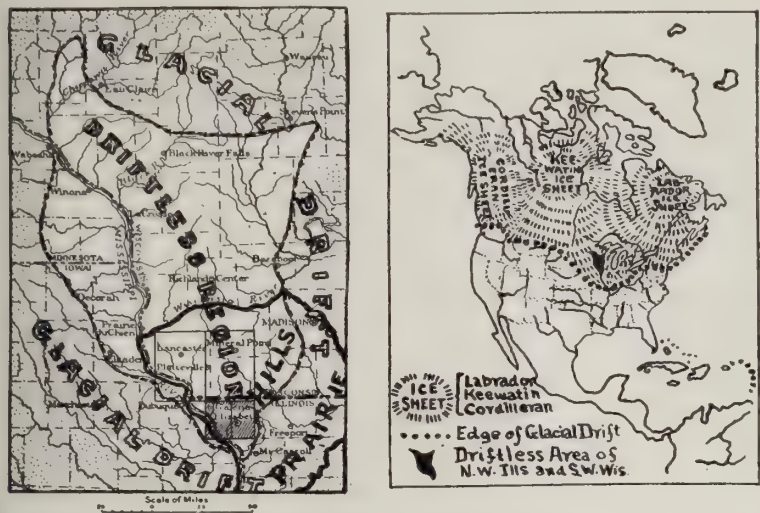
The same is true of the Great Sauk Trail from the tip of Lake Erie to Rock Island and the Iowa country. The abundance of their symbolic mounds as shown on ethnologic maps, all the way up and down the Upper Mississippi and up the Rock River Valley to the Fox Valley prove this third axis to be much-traveled routes of the first Aborigines.

The Indian in turn but followed that first of all great trail makers—the buffalo—if we accept such an authority on the subject as Hulbert, the author of the monumental work of "Historic Highways of America." One great American herd ranged, according to Livingston Farrand, from the Western Plains to the Allegheny passes. The bison must have followed down the Mississippi Valley and around the South bend of Lake Michigan. The buffalo would have crossed en route the Great River at such points as the Rock and Wisconsin entrances to the richest pastures in the prairies and river bottoms, on the way to the more succulent "blue grass country" below the Ohio.

UNIQUE GEOGRAPHY MAKES A QUEER TRAIL COUNTRY.

So much for the prehistoric forces giving direction to the early through trails of this area. But both man and beast who marked these paths were controlled by "the lay of the land" within this area. Advantageous ridge and valley routes of singular variety were found in a land the Eastern half of which was planed off ages ago by the ice sheet from Northern Canada without filling the valleys of the Western half nearer the Mississippi. Some of the old valleys and ridges remained, but on the other hand some of the rivers, blocked by glacial deposits, now turned at right angles and made new courses.

This and the watersheds between the deep valley of the Rock and Wisconsin have made a singular combination of East and West ridges and North and South River valleys in this block of land that the trails, and their successors, the railroads, have made use of. Four of them run on ridges between these two river valleys, four others run in North and South valleys or ridges. An accessible interior was the result.



WHY THE TRAFFIC CHANGES

Smooth Prairie Roads Meet Difficult Hills in the "Driftless Area" of Northwestern Illinois, Around the Lead Mines, Where Glaciers Did Not Scrape Off Hills and Fill the Valleys.

(Maps from Ills. Geological Survey and from Geological Texts, with interpretations by the Author).

The "Driftless area" or unglaciated oasis of Jo Daviess County and the Wisconsin counties North of it was the great stumbling block, however, to free and easy travel. No leveling process had been at work, as in glaciated Stephenson and the counties East and in the Iowa counties West of Jo Daviess, so that the latter's ancient landscape, 125,000 years older, has a sharper image. The rugged hills and valleys, the

laborious, winding, trails, may be good for furtive Indian warfare, but not for pioneer immigrant wagon and for freighting of lead ores and grain. Yet these give the scenic routes in deep ravines and valleys, or on the tops of intervening ridges with their visions of far distant and lovely landscapes that delight the visitor.

The basis of the highway structure of this part of Illinois and Wisconsin, then, is these convenient ridge and valley routes in many directions, connecting with the focal points prepared by nature and seized by the Indian for his villages at the junctions or bends of streams, as at Freeport, Savanna, Dixon.

Thus were founded the well-known Kellogg Trail, the road to Gratiot, the Lewistown trail, the Galena road, the Dubuque Highway and many lesser lines of interior communication.

Now let us turn to the highways down which came from the outside, under weighty urges, the human stream that had great influence in giving form and direction to the trails of "Manitoumie" land.

THE LAND AND WATER APPROACHES TO NORTH-WESTERN ILLINOIS TRAILS.

The trails and roads to the Lead Mine and Black Hawk Country were originally made, of course, by human beings in search of something—of enemies or game, of discovery, of converts, of gold, dominion, farms, trade and commerce, of enjoyment.

Into this triangle made by the Mississippi, Rock and Wisconsin, converged from far distant lands a whiligig of human currents, first seeking one bright and alluring goal and then another, as they canoed or rode hopefully down the various travel lanes that lead into "Manitoumie" land.

Whole Nations seemed to be organized back of these pursuits, and more than a usual number of them projected themselves in the 17th and 18th Centuries to this particular

frontier. The French were in Canada coming down the Great Lakes; the Spanish at St. Louis reaching up the Mississippi, the British on Hudson Bay approaching by the back entrance of Western Canada by the Red River Valley, the Colonial English, later American, on the Atlantic Seaboard climbing over mountain barriers. Eventually and in succession they all touched at this crossroads in the struggle for lands, or future sovereignty.

The early trails and roads of this region are not intelligible until we know with what great outer system of waterways and highways they connected, from which were emptied into this new land the human currents bent on so many different errands.

In the first place there was a nearly concentric series of surrounding riverways. One could canoe almost all around this triangular block of Northwest Illinois and Southwest Wisconsin. The French voyageur from the Mississippi could take his canoe loads of furs either up the Rock or the Wisconsin, and by portages meet at the present town of Portage on the Wisconsin. Or he could take an outer "circular tour" up the Illinois and Desplaines by way of Lake Michigan and Green Bay back to the same point, Portage, on the Wisconsin. Or he could go on up the Lake and across Lake Superior, down the St. Croix and into the Mississippi or to Hudson Bay and down the Red River and Mississippi to the starting point.

Those were the great days of inland waterways when canoe was king. Governor Cass and eight voyageurs in a Mackinaw boat in 1829 made the complete Illinois circuit above referred to in 11 days, or at the rate of 90 miles a day, to give warning of an Indian uprising.

LAND ROUTES FROM THE SEABOARD.

Then there was the later land highway network to the South, Southeast and finally East. The more direct Eastern route was not broken through until nearly forty years

after the Southerners began to pour through Cumberland Gap from the Valley of Virginia into the Ohio and Wabash valleys.

The Kellogg Trail at Dixon through Ottawa, Danville, Terre Haute and Louisville, on the one hand, and through Peoria and Decatur to Shawneetown and Springfield, Ky., or Vincennes, Louisville and Lexington, connected with and helped to drain off the human pool that had come by Cumberland Gap to the banks of the Wabash. This pool as shown by the U. S. Census of 1790 developed while the New Yorkers were still fighting the Iroquois in the Mohawk Valley.

It was the Southerner, then, who reached Illinois first. It was he whose militia, bred in Kentucky and Virginia, fought Blackhawk and gave the names of Kentucky soldiers or pioneers to the Illinois counties along the Wisconsin border—Jo Daviess, Stephenson, Ogle, Whiteside, Henry and Boone.

Soon the New Englander and New Yorker caught up by the roads around the South bend of Lake Michigan or by boats on the Great Lakes and broke the highways to the lead mine country through Dodgeville, Janesville and Gratiot, Chicago and Rockford.

So much for general considerations. Let us now take up in sequence the different types of trails as they evolved.

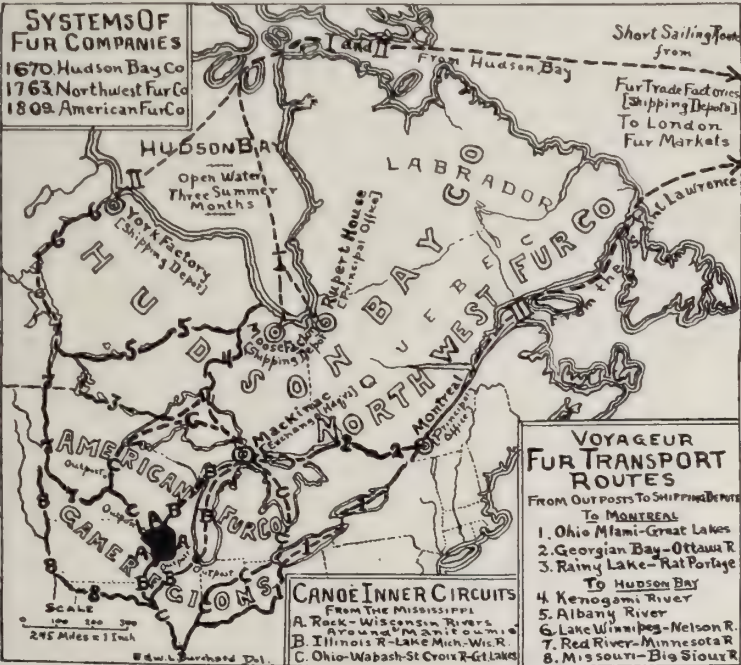
FUR TRADE TRAILS.

THE FUR TRADE CENTERING ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER
DRAWS NORTHWARD THE FIRST TRAVEL
ABOVE THE ROCK RIVER VALLEY.

The Indian Trails from the Rock River to the Wisconsin Line were first stabilized into a commercial system by the Fur Trade—the great world trust of the entire 18th Century. This was inaugurated by the Hudson Bay Company soon after the days of Marquette in 1673. It was continued by John Jacob Astor and his American Fur Trade Company after the wars with the British from Mackinac Island even

through the period of the Lead Mine craze around Galena of the early 19th Century.

Everything fell into the maw of this great organization projected from London, and the great bulk of the furs went by way of either Hudson Bay or the St. Lawrence River to London to bedeck royalty or aristocracy throughout all Europe.



ILLINOIS FUR TRADE OUTLETS TO HUDSON BAY AND LONDON

Waterway Concentric Circuits Around Manitoumie. (Area in black.)
The Great Fur Trusts, One and Two Centuries Ago, and Their Transportation System Northward from the Illinois Outposts.

From shifting tribes and small nations seeking food and fighting their neighbors that stood in the way, the Indians who had the monopoly on the game area now began to travel long distances to the trading stations to get the comforts or

baubles of civilization—food, cloth, ammunition, whisky, beads, mirrors, knives that formed such an irresistible inducement. Soon these became absolute necessities to them, and then the French inhabitants intermarrying with the Indian, were impressed into the service as carriers—engagé, *coureur de bois*, and *voyageurs* for the canoe transport service. Commerce was established.

ILLINOIS A GREAT FUR HUNTING GROUND.

The trading stations kept coming nearer to the Indian from the great fur depot or factory at the Mackinac outpost of Moose Factory on Hudson Bay, and of Montreal via the Ottawa River portage. Illinois was a great fur resource. The stations on the Illinois River alone sent northward to Mackinac in one year 300 bear, 10,000 deer, 10,000 raccoon, 3,500 muskrat, 400 otter, 100 mink, 500 cat and fox, and 300 pounds of beaver skins, valued at \$24,000, for which the Indians received in exchange goods valued at \$18,000.

From the Rock country northwards was a similar happy hunting ground from which the furs had to be collected and forwarded to the other side of the Atlantic by this great fur trade mechanism. Thus was the trail and waterway carrying trade of this corner of Illinois polarized around the trading stations on the Wisconsin River and canoed up to Portage: thence down the Fox to Green Bay and Mackinac.

FIRST FUR TRADE TRAILS HEAD FOR PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

Prairie du Chien, at the junction of the Wisconsin River with the up and down traffic of the Mississippi reaching to extensive game preserves in either direction, became now the great central trading outpost and depot of the far-flung fur trade organization. It tapped far richer game territory even than did the other smaller outpost—that on the site of an old French Fort at the mouth of the Chicago River (now the city of three million), collecting from the Illinois Valley for transshipment up the Lake.

The trails in the Northern counties of this part of Illinois began to point towards the lofty mounds that stood out like great landmarks in Southern Wisconsin, particularly Sinsinawa and Platte mounds, beaconing the earliest travelers towards this trading post objective. It was here the Indian got his new strange wants supplied. It was from here the fur trader went out with his goods or promises to pay to the Indian villages and hunters or gathered up the fur bundles to carry back to the post. It was to this trading center that the first trails from Southern Illinois or from the South end of Lake Michigan headed.

This was the foundation of the Galena-Dubuque highway, the Peoria-Dixon-Freeport Highway, the highway backbone of this region. This and easy gradients guided in the location of the two first railways to enter this territory—the Northwestern from Chicago, and the Illinois Central from Dixon to Freeport, which, out of its way, followed the old fur trade route to Warren rather than going to Galena direct like Kellogg's Trail. The older settlements between Warren and Prairie du Chien were a more established trade territory to carry to and draw from.

The entertaining little travel book of 1829 by Caleb Atwater, personal representative of President Jackson in the negotiations for the purchase of this entire region from the Indians, entitled "A Trip to Prairie du Chien and to Washington, D. C.," picture the lines of settlement and travel in these early days.

MAJOR LONG'S EXPEDITION OF 1824 BREAKS THROUGH FIRST TRAIL FROM CHICAGO TO NORTHWEST ILLINOIS.

One hundred years ago saw a band of 25 regular soldiers with a party of scientists in an expedition under the direction of the famous Major Long, U. S. Army Engineer, marching across country from Chicago, blazing the first trail of white men across the North-South Indian pathway of the Fox and Rock valleys between the settlement on Lake Michigan and

the settlements beyond the Pecatonica River. They, too, were headed for Prairie du Chien, but on a journey of discovery. This was to take them far beyond, even to the Red River of the North through the hostile Sioux region, Lake Winnipeg and back by the North shore of Lake Superior.

Previous expeditions made by Major Long, in a program of President Monroe's War Department to locate defensive forts on the extreme Indian frontiers of the new Louisiana Purchase, had carried him to the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, where Long's Peak was named after him: then to the Far Southwest in 1818 and subsequently in 1820 to the upper reaches of the Mississippi. After Lewis and Clarke he is the principal explorer just after the War of 1812. This expedition, besides locating fort sites, probably was to determine the locations in the region of the new N. W. boundary. It was much like the Roosevelt expedition to Africa, the scientists being provided by the American Philosophical Society, and the scientific results were published with numerous drawings made by the artist accompanying the party. The astronomer's observations en route enable one to fix their camping spots with accuracy.

BEGINNING OF CHICAGO-DUBUQUE HIGHWAY.

As a trail-maker the group is of special significance because these were the first white men to go overland all the way from Fort Dearborn to the next Fort, Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien—a distance of 228 miles, which they covered at the rate of 25 miles a day. This was the beginning of the Chicago-Rockford-Freeport-Warren, or present Galena-Dubuque highway, the principal through route across our territory.

"No person," writes Geologist Keating of the party, "had ever before gone through this route in a direct line

before we did, which is surprising when we consider the extent and antiquity of the trade (in furs), carried on in this part of the country, and the facilities the route affords."

In other words, all the region of the Illinois, Fox and Rock river valleys had been landlocked to the whites, a "No Man's Land." It was, in fact, an unexplored North and South Pathway of the Red Man between the Lake Michigan-Illinois Valley route fronting the American advance and the isolated settlements around the Wisconsin-Mississippi-Galena country.

The Indian guide from Chicago led them to Freeport and then "Spinning Top," their Freeport guide took them to Warren and Prairie du Chien along scenery that is very familiar to us as we read the descriptions. The route, it is evident, was well known to the red men.

Winnesheik Village at Freeport is very carefully described and the habits and customs of its Indians. These included a great mixture of Sauks, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, and even of Menominees, perhaps amalgamated by war and a common fear of the Sioux neighbors.

The guide points out, as they go Northwest up the Pecos Valley, an elevated hill, probably West Point Hill, where he said an action had taken place sixty or seventy years before between the Sauks and the Peorias. They see "to the left a peak at the mouth of the Apple River," probably Benton Mound, and then other of the high mounds loom up and make an impression on them—first the "Enneshotten Hills," or Platte mounds, and to the East "the Smoky Mountains," meaning the Blue Mounds near Madison, Wis. They note "Dubuque's" to the West, for his was then the forerunner of the great lead mine industry that grew up around this and Jesse Shull's claim near Galena. After fatiguing climbs through the driftless region they reach the bluffs of the Wisconsin and Fort Crawford nine days out from Chicago.

THE PECATONICA TRAIL.

THE TRAIL FROM BLUE MOUNDS TO DIXON AS TRAVELED BY
COL. KINZIE OF CHICAGO AND WIFE THE YEAR
BEFORE THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

Three points marked a North and South route along the West Bank of the Pecatonica River that was the precursor of the present principal concrete highway between Dixon and Madison, Wis. These points were the lofty Blue Mounds west of Madison, the Lead Mine Diggings and Fort of the son of Alexander Hamilton (George Washington's Secretary of the Treasury), at Wiota, Wis., and the Ferry of an Indian half-breed, Ogie, at Dixon, Ill., across the broad waters of the Rock River. Now that there are bridges to cross the Pecatonica and Sugar river (its branch) system, the road above Freeport runs a little to the East, through Orangeville, Monroe, Monticello and Belleville to Madison—the most traveled modern road northwards from Illinois, with the exception of the Rock River highway through Rockford, Beloit and Janesville.

A bride, who had come all the way from Boston by way of Green Bay to Fort Winnebago at Portage, Wis., to be with her husband, John Kinzie, Indian agent there, where Col. Jefferson Davis and Gen. Twiggs, of Confederacy fame, were then in charge, wanted to go in March, 1831, to see her father-in-law, the elder Kinzie. His house, as is well known, was the first in Chicago and stood on the banks of the river immediately under the present Wrigley Building and Chicago Tribune Tower.

Ordinarily John Kinzie and Juliette, his bride, would have gone direct by way of Lakes Koshkonong and Geneva to Chicago, but at that season the Indians were away on the wintering grounds and there was no one to ferry them over the icy streams. So Ogie's Ferry at Dixon on the Rock became their objective. As a result we have in "Wau-Bun," Mrs. Kinzie's lively journal of days before Freeport or Dixon were dreamed of 93 years ago, a record of what befell them and what they saw en route overland by horseback

from Four Lakes (Madison), Blue Mounds, down the Pecatonica, to Kellogg's hostelry, Buffalo Grove and Dixon's or Ogie's before they turned East to Chicago.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S SON THE GUIDE.

The gallant officers of the Fort see them off at Portage; they pass the smoking Indian tepees and wigwams at Four Lakes; turn East to Blue Mounds and to Mrs. Morrison's just beyond; lose their trail but after hardships find Col. Hamilton's diggings (where later Alex. Hamilton's widow, his mother visits him), in the midst of many rough miners. This was near present Wiota, Wis. He helps the travelers on their southerly course skirting the Pecatonica river. Let Mrs. Kinzie tell the story:

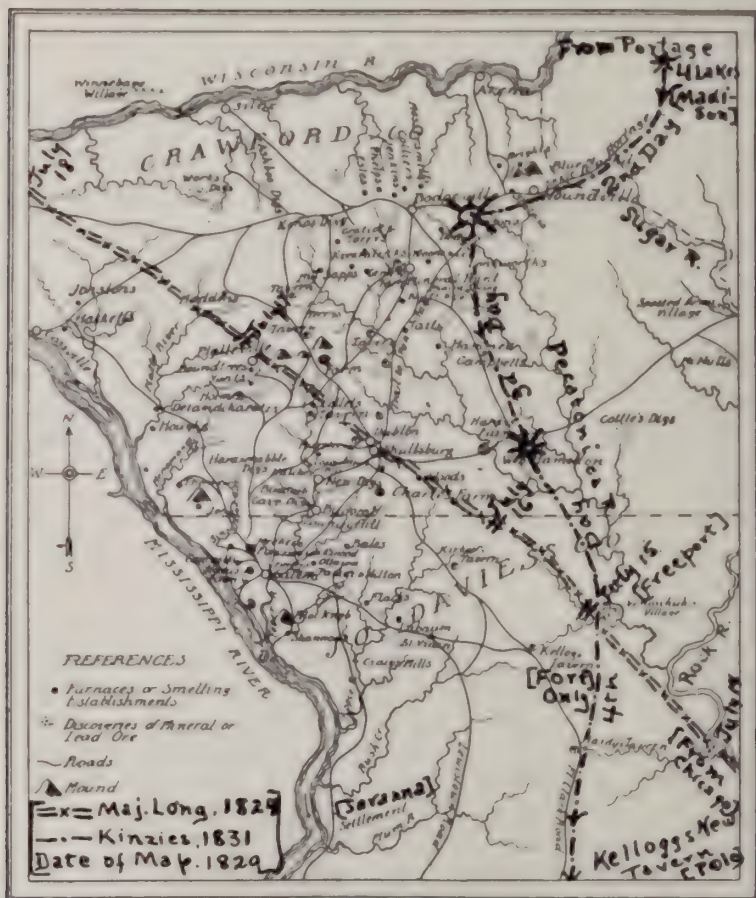
"Mr. Hamilton kindly offered to accompany us to his next neighbor's (Kellogg's Tavern, near present Polo, Ills.), the trifling distance of 25 miles. From Kellogg's to Ogie's Ferry on Rock River, the road being much traveled (Kellogg's Trail to Dixon and Peoria), we should be in no danger, Mr. Hamilton said, of again losing our way."

As she described the trail, it "is not a broad highway, but a narrow path, deeply indented by the hoofs of the horses, on which the Indians travel single file. So deeply is it sunk in the sod which covers the prairies, that it is difficult sometimes to distinguish it at the distance of a few rods."

And again further on she adds "Kellogg's was a comfortable mansion just within the verge of a pleasant grove of timber, as a small forest is called by Western travelers. We found Mrs. Kellogg a very respectable looking matron who soon informed us she was from the city of New York. She appeared proud and delighted to entertain Mr. Hamilton for whose family, she took occasion to tell us, she had, in former days, been in the habit of doing needle work."

Mr. Kellogg decides to go with them to Chicago and at Ogie's, 16 miles further, brings them to his brother-in-law's, Henry Dixon, who has just bought out the ferry rights of

Ogie and was to found the city of Dixon. They turn Eastward, encounter a cyclone, wade icy streams but finally after unwonted difficulties reach Wolff's Point, where the Chicago River divides, from which they glimpse the three trees a



THE LEAD MINE TRAILS

And the Recorded Routes of Early Travellers.

1824. Major Long, U. S. Army Engineers. (See "Expedition" report.) Route day by day marked by double dashes.

1831. Colonel Kinzie, of Chicago, and Wife. (See "Wau-Bun.") Route marked by single dash or broken line.

(This is Chandler's map of the lead mines, 1829, reproduced in the Wis. Hist. Soc. collections, vol. 11, and in the Ills. Geol. Survey, Bull. 26.)

mile or more towards the lake that arose in front of the ancestral Kinzie home opposite old Fort Dearborn.

A SYSTEM OF TRAILS DEVELOPS.

Our framework of trails, as we have seen, began as roads between old forts, (1) from Fort Winnebago (Portage, Wis.), via the great Landmark, Blue Mounds, along the Military ridge; (2) from Fort Clark (Peoria), and West Point Hill and Platte Mounds; (3) the newly-made route of Major Long from Fort Dearborn (Chicago), bending around the Pecatonica, later the Chicago-Dubuque highway to Warren. All of them centered on Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien.

Now must be added the paths up the Rock to Lake Koshkonong and Green Bay; up the Pecatonica to Blue Mounds followed by Mrs. Kinzie, or to Four Lakes via Spotted Arms Village (near Exeter, Wis.); and finally up the Fever (Galena) River to Platte Mounds, all serving the Fur Trade. A new magnet now pulls to the Mississippi "Minerals."

LEAD MINE TRAILS.

THE LEAD MINE CRAZE RUSHES THOUSANDS ON NEW ROUTES TO THE GALENA CENTER.

The spot marked "Mines de Plomb," or mines of lead in Northwestern Illinois on the map of Explorer Marquette in 1673, was the scene of a Klondike rush in the 1820's that shifted, as if by magic, the center of gravity for all the routes of this region from the old Prairie du Chien fur trade depot down to the lead region east of Dubuque. This swarming new Lead Country made Galena a veritable St. Paul of the West, and a much larger wholesale center than Chicago, until the Civil War—yes, the principal distributing point until the decline of lead mining in the 50's for the entire Upper Mississippi Valley. All roads now diverted to Galena and the two leading Illinois railroads, the first out of Chicago, and the first from downstate, struck northwest to reach this commerce.

NOTABLE HISTORICAL CHANGES.

In 1825, two years after Major Long's expedition, General LaFayette, aid of General Washington, on a triumphal tour of the United States, first saw at St. Louis the Mississippi empire of the West that he had helped to establish in the American Revolution. He might have seen the Mississippi steamboats, loading with cargoes and miners for Galena.

One hundred years before that another Frenchman, Renault, director of the mining properties of John Law's Great Mississippi Bubble into which the excited French had poured their money to get the gold of the Incas, had brought many hundred slaves from San Domingo and 200 artisans from Europe to work the mines, but finding no gold or silver below the pockets of lead, had returned. Over 100 slaves, however, were working the mines as late as 1823.

Another Frenchman, from Quebec, Julien Dubuque, leaving the Prairie du Chien fur station, drifted down to the point now named Dubuque and shipped thousands of pounds along with bundles of furs down to St. Louis before his death in 1810. Jesse Shull, marrying an Indian wife, is permitted by the Indians to settle on the Fever or Galena River and found Shullsburg. The Swiss Colony brought by the Hudson Bay Company to the Red River of the North is transplanted by Henry Gratiot, their leader, when made Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, to his colony at Gratiot's Grove, now the famous cheese country of the Swiss around Monroe and Apple River. The decline of mining in Cornwall and of agriculture in Ireland bring the Cornish men who settle in Jo Daviess County and the Irishmen who settle Erin township and Dublin in Stephenson County.

GALENA LEAPS INTO BEING.

Only the later gold mine rush to California, or to Leadville, or to Nome can give one an adequate idea of how the Galena mines had become the national topic of conversation and the end of the rainbow. Prospectors poured down the

Ohio River from the Atlantic seaboard and up the Mississippi until Judge Chetlain mentions seeing 10 to 15 full-sized river steamers tied up at one time at Galena wharves loading lead and its ores, and unloading bacon and supplies from St. Louis.

When Elihu B. Washburne, Grant's Secretary of State and Ambassador to France, landed here in the 20's from the Steamer "Pike," he says, "The mud in the streets was knee deep, the log and frame buildings were all huddled together, the river full of steamboats discharging freight, busy men running to and fro, and the draymen yelling. Those were the golden days of Galena." J. J. Hill, founder of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was at one of these wharves checking off freight at this time from the boats. The founders of the Washburne mills at Minneapolis were here making the money with which they revolutionized the milling industry of the country and put all of the small country grist mills out of commission. "There was a snap about the place that gave promise of great things in the future," says Martin in 1829. "The mining country around was supplied with men from Galena's large floating population. Speculators were as numerous as sand flies."

From 100 whites around Galena in 1825, the number increased to 10,000 by 1830 and the lead output in the same period from 175,000 to 13,000,000 pounds. In 1828 it had 42 stores and warehouses, according to Chetlain, was the largest wholesale center of the Northwest, and reckoned among its notables, lawyers, newspaper men, and other professional men, who later, like the Washburnes, the Grants, the Kohlsaats, the Hibbards and others, achieved national reputation. With the California lure of 1849 many leaders went to the further frontier or later turned up in the mines of Colorado.

MARKED CHANGE OF TRAILS FROM NORTH TO WESTWARD.

The pathways that had been carrying trade from Illinois to the Wisconsin River now began to throw off branches

towards the new haven of wealth—Galena. Even entirely new routes had to be established to convey the augmented flow that came overland from Southern Illinois or from Lake Michigan ports like Milwaukee and Racine, for thousands were bent on digging their fortune in lucky strikes.

The old Fort Clark road from Peoria, via Dixon's Ferry, to Prairie du Chien, for instance, branches abruptly at Warren southward to Galena and gives us the Old Galena Road from Freeport, now the Chicago-Dubuque highway. Our present Illinois Central to Galena makes exactly the same turn. Lower down at Crane's Grove, below Freeport, the same road branches off as the old Elizabeth road to Galena.

Further South at Buffalo Grove, near Polo, Kellogg makes his famous "Kellogg's Trail," by way of Kellogg's Fort (near Pearl City), the most direct route to Galena.

Half way over to the Mississippi a new trail is made from Peoria by way of Prophetstown, Mt. Carroll, Pleasant Valley, Elizabeth (St. Vrain's Apple River Fort, later called Lewistown, which last gave its name to the trail). At the Mississippi itself was the trail that hugged the river valley from Savanna northward by way of Hanover, now called the Blackhawk Trail.

The North Trail from Freeport to Madison sends a new route westward at Orangeville, bringing traffic across from the Upper Rock River country and from Racine by way of McConnell and West Point Hill to Benton Mound or Millville (at the head of Apple River canyon), and to the Frink Walker Stage route to Galena.

A parallel East to West route just North of this in Wisconsin takes the incoming travelers by way of Janesville, Monroe and Gratiot to Shullsburg and the new diggings above Galena; while the great East-West military road from Blue Mounds to Prairie du Chien now throws off laterals at Dodgeville for the new centers of mining interest—Mineral Point, Platteville and Dubuque.

KELLOGG'S TRAIL.

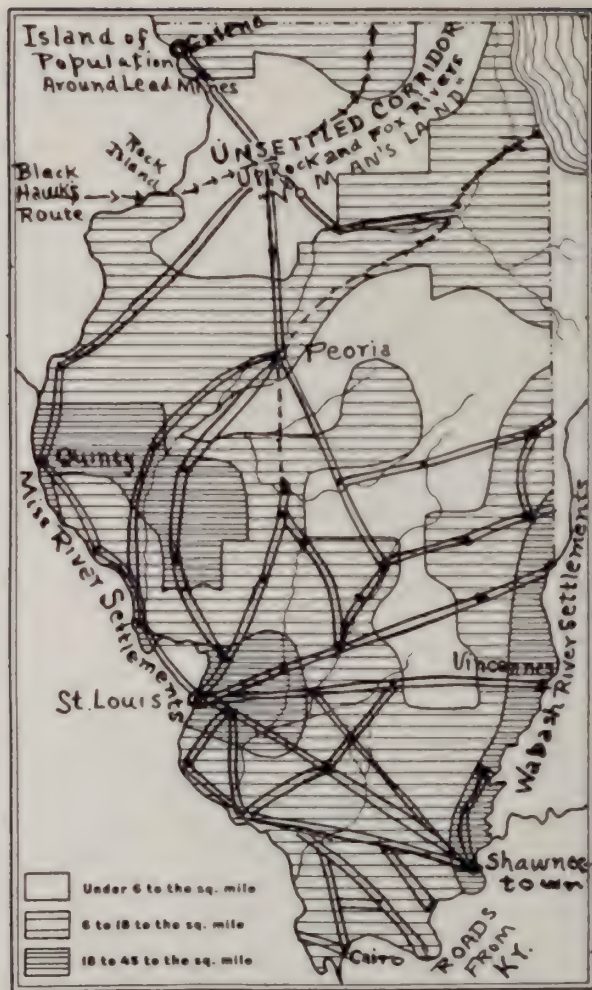
This, after the Fort Clark trail to Prairie du Chien is the most prominent old historic trail of the region, and according to Thwaites, was the oldest wagon road North of the Illinois river. He states it "had a daily mail coach and the road was often crowded with people going to and from the mines." It was first opened in 1825 by Kellogg, who built his cabin and settled his family at the spot called "Kellogg's Fort," where the battle monument now stands near Pearl City. Two years later, the Indians around his advanced location menaced Kellogg. As he had married Henry Dixon's sister, he moved his family back to Buffalo Grove, at Polo (nearer Dixon), which from that time became Kellogg's Tavern. These two locations are sometimes confused by writers.

"NO MAN'S LAND."

Strange to say even after Major Long had broken through the trail from Chicago direct to Freeport, it was not adopted as the outlet for transportation which continued to come overland from the Illinois Valley and the South, as well as up the Mississippi. The region in the Rock and Fox valleys continued apparently to be the North-South routes of travel for the Indian as from time immemorial and the whites did not care to dispute it. Says Martin in 1829 of this barrier country:

"Hostile tribes wandered over it at will, casting an evil eye upon any encroachments upon their extensive and beautiful domain . . . East of Blue Mounds was an unexplored wilderness."

In other words, Galena and the Lead Diggings was an island of white miners surrounded by two thousand savages and their tepees and wigwams, who were in a sullen and resentful mood, and were soon to show their teeth in the war Blackhawk eventually precipitated. Martin adds:



THE ISOLATED LEAD MINE SETTLEMENTS

This isolation was the cause of the Blackhawk War of 1832 (throwing northwestern Illinois open to settlement).

See "No Man's Land," between Chicago and Galena.

Original Settlement by way of Mississippi River and Southern Illinois Highways from Kentucky and Indiana is conspicuous.

(Map showing density of population in 1840, from Illinois State Records.)

"The miners were in mortal fear of the Indians and few of them thought of permanent settlement in the lead country, their object being to get what they could from the lead country as long as they could while peace lasted and be prepared to leave for the Illinois settlements again at short notice." They came up in the Spring and returned at the close of the season, like the Sucker fish, after whom the Illinoisans were therefore named.

The trails and roads of this region did double duty, therefore, and were crowded in an extraordinary way with those coming and going at different seasons of the year.

WARRIOR TRAILS.

BLACKHAWK WARPATHS FROM ROCK ISLAND UP THE PRE- HISTORIC PECATONICA AND ROCK RIVER VALLEY ROUTES IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

When Blackhawk and his tribe of Sauks in Iowa crossed the Mississippi to the old Indian village below Rock Island in the Spring of 1832 and swung up the unoccupied Rock River Valley, the settlements of the lead mining region, so far-flung beyond the frontier of civilization, feeling they were being encircled and cut off, built stockades around the taverns on every road. The settlers and their families hastily flocked down these trails from all the countryside for security to these forts—at Kellogg's Grove, Apple River, Galena, Buffalo Grove, at Dodge's, Hamilton's, Parkinson's, Gratiots, etc.

The protests of the Indian against the various treaties and especially the last one three years previously at Prairie du Chien compelling them to give up their beautiful domain were now translated into astounding defiance of the powers of the young National Government itself.

The audacity of 500 warriors and their chieftain, now 65 years of age, who for 25 years had been fighting with

the British against the advance of the Americans, made a crisis that brought this struggle into the National limelight. Highways from the South and East became filled with hasty military levies or regular soldiers with their trains led by men foremost in military and political ability, who afterwards became great in National annals. Among them were three American presidents—Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Besides Gen. Winfield Scott, there were many noted Civil War generals. Maj. Robert Anderson, commanding Fort Sumter, was here, inspector of forces; the chief of staff, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, was the opponent later at Shiloh of Grant, who hailed from the very Galena that was now being protected. Col. E. D. Baker of Ball's Bluff, Generals McClelland, Heintzelman, Twiggs, Atkinson were all here. No wonder Blackhawk met his match, and his band was annihilated within 12 short weeks of rapid marching, deploying and skirmishing.

THE CENTRAL LINE OF PURSUIT UP THE ROCK RIVER VALLEY.

Blackhawk and his band had been accustomed to start out from the chief village of the Sauk nation near Rock Island down the Great Sauk Trail that made almost a bee line for the Kankakee River and tip of Lake Erie at Fort Malden to receive gifts from his British ally.

Probably for centuries his tribes had been going back and forth on the Rock River route to Four Lakes—Lakes Koshkonong and Winnebago and to Green Bay—that unsettled, open hunting ground of the Indian. He knew the Pottawotamies, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Menominees with whom he might consolidate forces, equally disaffected, as he thought by the treaties.

He appears at Dixon's Tavern at the Old Ogie's Ferry, where Mrs. Dixon sets all her best viands and cooking before him and her family is spared. He compliments her on her hospitality and good cooking, and passes on up beyond the site near Oregon of the Blackhawk monument by Lorado Taft.

He arrives at the mouth of the Kishwaukee where there is another Indian village and awaits his enemies.

The hasty levies of militia coming up from Beardstown at the call of Governor Reynolds to the rendezvous at Rock Island, in the spirit of a holiday, rush pell-mell up stream, are routed at Stillman's Run and at the end of May are disbanded as useless and returned to their homes. Until the army of 4,000 regulars can be brought into play and the militia reorganized a month later the entire country is now at Blackhawk's mercy. His scalping bands go out in all directions and do fearful execution on the settlers and their families. Only the stockaded forts such as used to be built in the Mohawk Valley, save them from massacres.

A new plan of campaign forces the Indians on up into the wilderness. Gen. Atkinson's army soon is camped at Turtle Village, now Beloit, where the wheel tracks of his wagon trains and the old camp fire spots were seen by my father, Horatio C. Burchard, on his father's farm when they first settled at Beloit in 1840. The chase goes on up to Lake Koshkonong, when suddenly Blackhawk turns rapidly West by way of Four Lakes or Madison, to the Wisconsin River near Prairie du Sac, where battle ensues. So much for the main lines of march of hunter and quarry.

SCOUTING ROUTES OF LEFT WING UP THE PECATONICA TO KEEP KELLOGG'S TRAIL OPEN TO GALENA.

To clear out the scalping bands and relieve the beleaguered forts between the Rock River and the Galena mining settlements, all the way up to Hamilton's and to keep Kellogg Trail line of communication open between Dixon and Galena were two steps determined upon as necessary by the army strategists of Gen. Atkinson. Up this trail, then, probably from Dixon, was sent a division under Gen. Posey.

Large bands of fully-armed braves had attacked and almost captured Apple River Fort at Elizabeth and Kellogg's Fort near Pearl City, at the old tavern on Kellogg's trail.

Old Mr. Benjamin Timms, whose father's family lived in the old Kellogg Tavern, now turned into a fort, used to tell me as a boy of picking from the door bullets shot into it by the Blackhawk warriors who had come over probably by the



WARRIOR TRAILS IN THE BLACKHAWK WAR

1832

The Highway Trails here shown were compiled by the author from the Mitchell Maps of 1831, 1836 and 1838 (in the Wis. Historical Society Archives, Madison), which were based largely upon the General Land Office Survey Map of Dec. 5, 1835, in the American State Papers, Vol. 8, 24th Congress. Also based upon the Peck and Messinger Map Inset, of 1857, of the vicinity of the Lead Mines, in the Chicago Historical Society. These show, doubtless, the earliest trails of the region which were rather trails than roads at the time of the Blackhawk Campaign.

Kellogg Trail from Apple River Fort at the West and hoped to capture the stores they knew were heaped here. They poured a leaden hail amid their warwhoops but only suc-

ceeded in killing some of the men and nearly all of the horses. After beating off the Redskins, Capt. Funk, who took his life in his hands to ride express down Kellogg's Trail southeast from the Fort to reach Posey's army and bring relief, tells of the savages in full war paint after the battle, assembling on the broad plain below the fort in a sort of dress parade as "one of the prettiest sights he ever saw, the drill and maneuvering being perfect." Then up that valley plain they disappeared to reappear later way beyond Blue Mounds at the Heights of the Wisconsin, where they met their Gettysburg.

When General Posey reached, by the road down which Capt. Funk had galloped the night before, the battlefield on this commanding hill, he saw to the north the great wide valley of the Yellow Creek, to Lena and West Point Hill and almost up to the Wisconsin line. This was to be his line of advance that would protect the whole lead mine region to the west, until he could join Gen. Atkinson's main army between Lake Koshkonong and the Four Lakes of Madison.

As a party of us, with Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Secretary of the Illinois State Historical Society, stood on that spot next the Battle Monument a few years ago, we could almost see in imagination on that great valley below us the spectacle 80 years earlier. These troops perhaps in the strange uniforms of the war of 1812, possibly with the raccoon fatigue cap of frontier duty and perhaps others in the fringed hunting garments of the Kentucky backwoods-men, may have served later in the Mexican War with Gen. Zachary Taylor, now of Prairie du Chien, colonel in this war. These were the men about to leave the main Kellogg Trail and strike overland to the high hills and mounds at the north for the struggle that forever cleared Illinois and Wisconsin of the Indian peril.

The scene now shifts to Wisconsin at Hamilton's Diggings, almost due north, where they camp. Then driving forward the enemy, the troops now turn northeast, probably

along the Argyle-Monticello (then Livingston) route until they meet, near Four Lakes, the main army and join in the rapid drive that finally wiped Blackhawk's band off the map at Bad Axe on the Mississippi. So the Warpaths of Northwestern Illinois battered new tracks up the Rock and Pecatonica for the immigrants debarking from Mississippi steamers and for the wagons rolling in from Southern Illinois.

THE U. S. LAND SURVEY CLAMPS ITS RECTANGULAR GRIDIRON ROADS ON THE EARLY WINDING TRAILS.

The Treaty of Prairie du Chien in 1829 had given eight million acres from the Rock to the Wisconsin to the whites. The surveying of them changed many of the old trails beyond recognition. In 160 years from the time the Indian first came in contact with the whites, as Ridgely points out, possession had gone from him completely. The title of the U. S. Government to these fertile and diversified acres had now to be parcelled out to prospective farmers and villagers on the new U. S. Land Survey system of township, section, half and quarter section and town lot. This was adopted after the days of the 13 original states for "Congress Lands."

A big job, but the new lands of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Southern Illinois had already been marked off into these squares and into counties. For Illinois, a base line had been measured east from St. Louis, and a meridian run north and south at Galena, where the Northwestern Land Office was located.

This new gridiron of squares, however, played havoc with the free flowing, cross-country, winding trails and roads of the pioneers and squatters and threw many of them into queer, odd, sawtooth, zigzags and roundabout routes. It may be said in passing, this has been a great boon and convenience to the lawyer, conveyancer, and to the surveyors, but has added a heavy burden of extra transportation cost to the farmer, trader and traveler.

COLONELS STEPHENSON AND HAMILTON TAKE HUGE BLOCKS
TO SURVEY.

With the passing of the Indian in 1833, the U. S. Land Survey authorities were prompt in undertaking the survey against immediate future influx that was foreseen. The superintendent of the lead mines at Galena was not equipped to handle this. Men prominent before and during the war of the previous year who had traversed this region in all directions for many years, were selected. I find a record dated August 8th of 1833, sent to the land office January 9th, 1834, for surveying the Galena district, granted to Col. James W. Stephenson, son of old Col. Benjamin Stephenson, after whom Stephenson County is named. This area reached to the Lena-Pearl City-Lanark line and down as far south as Savanna. Col. Stephenson was evidently more of a fighter than surveyor, for the land office notes 13 May, 1837, four years later, that his agreement to return the survey in 10 months has not been complied with and no cause for the delay shown up to this date. The contract was then let to other hands, probably D. A. Spaulding, who surveyed the Rockford block.

To Col. W. H. Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, and proprietor of Hamilton's Diggings, just north of Gratiot, fell the contract to survey an even larger block, or nearly the whole of Stephenson, half of Winnebago, all of Ogle and the east border of Carroll and Whiteside Counties. He received his contract nearly a month earlier, or July 19th, 1833, was also to finish in 10 months. Not until likewise checked up by the land office four years later, according to a report to the 25th Congress, 2d session, did he return his field notes.

DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF SURVEY ON THE EARLY TRAILS.

What these field notes, or those of various U. S. Deputy Surveyors, and the running of these survey lines did to the ancient highways of communication can be seen from the

modern map of the "Kellogg Trail" in Kent Township, for instance—a jagged up and down line, where once ponies and stage coach used to go direct in a beeline or at least with easy windings and gradients. See the squared off corners of sections around which every one now has to fare instead of crossing on the diagonal. See the eastern half of Stephenson County without a radial highway from Freeport to Beloit, such as the older western half of the county still has to Galena. This was just because the younger trails to the east, not being so fixed in this former "No Man's Land," could not stand up against the well-defined sectional outlines given by the Survey to deeds that were claimed to jot and title by the new settlers.

I have actually seen old natural routes along the bends of the Pecatonica River, cut off at the base of a big hill, around which anywhere in the East or in Europe, the road would gracefully and comfortably wind. As a result the farmer is here forced to drag his heavy lumber wagons and loads, to say nothing of heavy autos, up over the hill and then turn at an angle down into the same valley again, just to follow these section lines.

Fortunately the state concrete roads are following in this region the early flowing trails. Let us hope that before the county concrete roads are laid down, the county planning commission will cut through the good old radial lines of the trails. This they can do without the expense that city planners of great cities are put to who have to break through barriers of brick and steel to secure the diagonals necessary for economical city traffic.

Not until 1840 to 1843, then, owing to the delays of these early surveyors, could this great new Indian Reservation be thrown open to the thousands of eager settlers, impatient to come in to a promised land of plenty.

IMMIGRANT TRAIL AND STAGE ROUTE

THE GREAT TREK TO THE BLACKHAWK COUNTRY, THE MOST
RAPID IN HISTORY, CULMINATES IN RIBBONS OF
STEEL AND CONCRETE.

When the son of Alexander Hamilton, Col. W. S. Hamilton, of Hamilton's Lead Mine Diggings, near Gratiot's Grove, Wis., the first surveyor, whose contract covered most of Stephenson and neighboring counties, and other surveyors of the U. S. Land office, had made everything ready by 1843, for parcelling out these lands a migration of peoples began to pour in more rapid than the world had ever before seen. Not even the sweep of the Goths and Huns across Europe equalled it. Of the nearly twenty million people landing on our shores from 1820 to 1880, a large proportion went westward with "The course of Empire."

Three-quarters of a million people came between 1850 and 1860, into Illinois—chiefly Northern Illinois, where a little more than a decade earlier the occupants averaged not many more than one to the square mile, chiefly Indians. In the wake of this amazing development were established the highways and outlets that later gave permanent form and direction to roads of steel and concrete.

TWO NEW PROPULSIVE FORCES.

This speed of settlement was due to two forces newly-applied in civilization to propulsion—publicity and steam. Published reports from the times of the Jesuit Relations of Marquette and of the Mississippi Bubble of John Law in France during the period of Louis XV and hundreds of books in German, spreading through Europe, had long centered its attention on the lead mines, the Indians and this bit of the Upper Mississippi frontier. But the growth of the daily newspaper and display advertising in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, made it a topic of conversation in all America. Blackhawk's presumptuous tomahawk raised

against the U. S. Government and his triumphal tour of the great Eastern cities, after his short confinement at Fortress Monroe, made him a newspaper sensation and filled columns with descriptions of the Indian country and their new "Congress lands." Posters appeared in quiet Eastern hamlets that inflamed the spirit of adventure and allured thousands of families by the prospects of free lands and wealth, to the wider spaces of the west.

Steam, the other new force, was even more potent. George Stephenson introduced his first locomotive and the first steam railroad was opened in England in 1825, only seven years before the Blackhawk war. In 1829 the first locomotive came to America. Within five years rail lines were running in Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York and South Carolina, to shorten the distance by road. 2,000 miles had been built by 1840, 9,000 by 1850, and most of them headed west. The steam engine had been put into river boats in 1807 by Fulton and many lines were in operation down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and around the Great Lakes as early as the 20's. Thus was made easy the long distance from Boston or Richmond to Illinois by the new combination of rail and river rapid transport.

NORTH AND SOUTH, EUROPEAN AND YANKEE, ARE MIXED IN
THIS NEW AMERICAN MELTING POT.

The speeding up of travel to this "Promised Land" of the West, made a "Melting Pot" of northwestern Illinois that, for the first time, mixed many new strange elements together, not always to be sure to their personal liking and comfort.

The Frenchman, the halfbreed, the Indian and Negro slave, found themselves side by side with miners from Cornwall and Ireland, Swiss farmers and cheese makers, Germans from the Rhine and Pennsylvania Dutch. The frontiersmen from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee had to rub shoulders with gallants from Boston and New York and the

farmer yeomanry of New England; Southerner with what he openly termed the "peculiar Yankee."

"The Yankees are not the best emigrants," says Mr. Hall, reviewing 'Peck's Guide Book for Immigrants' in the early Illinois magazine. "They are such a peculiar people, that when the colonies—for they generally migrate in colonies [unlike the Southerner], have made their settlement among a people equally obstinate, they find it difficult to amalgamate. * * * There can be no objection to their joining even the wild crusade to the mouth of the Columbia." With such feelings did the South meet, far up at the Wisconsin border, the North streaming overland or by the Great Lakes in such great numbers into Northern Illinois. The Southerner had had at least 40 years' start for the new lands. Unopposed either by British or hostile Indian at Cumberland Gap the inhabitants of the Valley of Virginia and North Carolinians broke the barriers that had held the colonists in check for two centuries. They reached the blue grass of Kentucky and made a reservoir of Western population that reached to the banks of the Wabash when the New Yorkers were still fighting their way through the Iroquois far back in the valley of the Mohawk.

Yankeedom, however, soon seemed bent on making up for lost time in reaching out for the Northern Mississippi Valley. On one road west alone, the northern one, Birbeck, himself an emigrant, reports counting 500 emigrants a week passing through Albany. These emigrant trains and prairie schooners were soon multiplying on the routes overland from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

NEW STAGE ROUTES.

At first the traffic laboriously plunged through quagmires, without well-beaten roads, as Hall says in "Hints to Emigrants," "wading through ponds, enjoying the delights of log bridges and wooden causeways." At Dubuque in 1836 it is reported "The mail comes (from Chicago, etc.), on

horseback, in wagons big and little, in carriages, occasionally in stages," and a committee of citizens was formed to improve conditions:

Finally a stage-coach road for a regular stage service was selected north of the old Kellogg Trail by Frink, Walker & Co., the Wells, Fargo & Co. of this early day. Frink, Walker & Co. had operated the stage coach line from Buffalo to Albany until the railroad appearing there made competition impossible and now sought this new field. Making fresh headquarters in Chicago, their line struck out for Elgin, Midway (now Rockford), Freeport, Lena. Then instead of going by the direct but very hilly route to Galena through Salem Church, Schapville and Guilford, (the bee line route now taken by the trans-Continental telegraph line of the American Telegraph & Telephone Co.), the road went on up to Nora, where the trunk road from Racine, Monroe and Oneco arrived. Here one branch aimed for Warren, Gratiot, and Shullsburg, and the newest lead mine diggings.

The other branch, the main line continued on to Galena by way of Millville, at Apple River Canyon. At this spot the D. A. R. of Joe Daviess County have implanted on the canyon wall a bronze tablet commemorating this historic stage line and a village of 200, now entirely disappeared, also its stage barn, where were changed relays of horses. Thence the coaches made their tracks four miles south of the Wisconsin border, by way of Mt. Sumner, Hudson Mound, Scale's Mound, and finally went a number of miles further south by a southwestwardly easy course to Galena. Frink, Walker & Co. also owned another stage line to Galena, running from Milwaukee, along the Military Ridge or Road by way of Madison, Blue Mounds, Dodgeville, Mineral Point, Platte Mounds and Platteville.

Comfortable taverns soon sprung up along the way and relieved the tedium of long days of travel and took the place of dining and sleeping cars. A description of all the inns on the Milwaukee-Galena stage coach line was reprinted in

the Freeport Journal for May 16th, 1908. The old Hunt Tavern, on the Chicago-Galena line, located just south of Ridott, and other taverns at Freeport, Eleroy, West Point, etc., are pictured in Fulwider's "History of Stephenson County." The Henry Dixon and Kellogg Taverns on the old Kellogg Stage Trail from Peoria to Galena have already been described in connection with Mrs. Kinzie's journey from Blue Mounds to Dixon in 1831, and are amplified in her book "Wau-Bun."

RAIL AND CONCRETE END THE STORY OF EARLY TRAILS.

When U. S. Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts visited the Galena lead mines in 1836 on a tour of observation the new West, Judge Chetlain says "he was surprised to find the soil about the mines so fertile and so generally cultivated." The Great Valley and the prairies, especially of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, were soon destined to become the granary of the Nation. Heavy shipments of lead and of grain that formerly found their only outlet through New Orleans to New York, now got wagon transport along the stage roads to the Lake Michigan ports for Buffalo the Erie Canal and New York City. The time was ripe for carriers of greater capacity. The first railroad out of Chicago, the Chicago and Galena Union, now Northwestern, and the first railroad from Southern Illinois, the Illinois Central, both reached Freeport in 1853, the latter one month after the other. They laid their road beds, it is interesting to note, along these stage route lines, namely by way of Dixon or Rockford to Freeport and Galena.

Owing probably to greater cost of construction in the "Driftless" region up to Galena, the Northwestern Railroad stopped at Freeport. The Illinois Central, however, struck boldly Northwest clear up to the Wisconsin line at Warren, as if to go as far as it could within the confines of the state, along the old Prairie du Chien trail to tap the products of the older settlements of the early fur and lead mining region

of Southwestern Wisconsin, and then turns eight miles South to reach Galena.

As the internal improvement program of the 40's made Illinois the leading railroad state, so the present trunk highway projects of concrete bid fair to make it foremost as the great road transport state of the Union.

The new concrete Grant Highway from Chicago follows the Northwestern route from Rockford to Freeport, and from Stockton on to Galena elected to put the old Kellogg Trail into enduring form. The other concrete highway of this area, the Black Diamond Trail from Freeport to Dixon, on the other hand is monumentalizing another part of the Kellogg Trail, that from Polo to Dixon. The Chicago-Dubuque Highway to the Black Hills and Yellowstone by way of the North Iowa pike through Prairie du Chien and Mason City, Sioux Falls takes its way on that first fur trade route from Freeport to Warren and the Gratiot road to Prairie du Chien. The old Savanna road to Freeport and Beloit, a lesser rival, paralleling the primeval Rock Valley route of Indian and fur trader from Rock Island to Green Bay alone remains to receive attention from the highway engineers.

GROWING INTEREST IN HISTORY OF THE REGION.

Once again new tides of travel, not Northward and Southward, for fur, Westward for lead, Eastward for markets, but in all directions for recreation and scenic and historic interest are set in motion by the automobile. The revolution it is making in our habits of locomotion is measured by the fact that a million are owned today by Illinoisans alone where they owned but a few thousand 14 years ago.

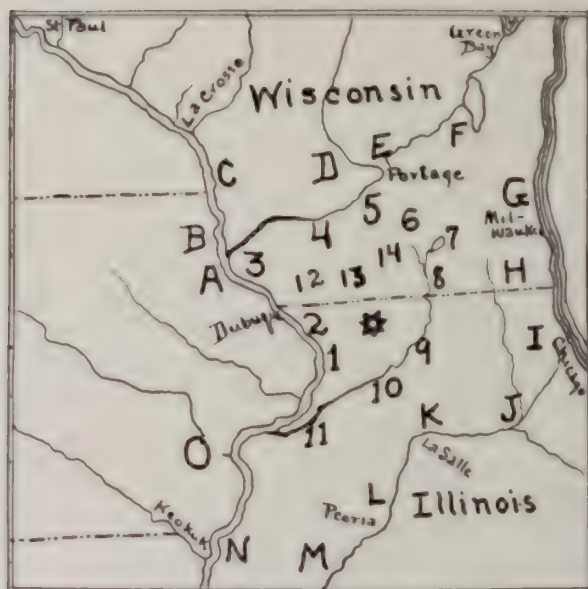
Easterner and Southerner, en route to the Rockies or to Canada and the Upper Great Lakes, crowd the roads every summer from various trans-continental trails to this Switzerland of the Middle Mississippi Valley. Would they not find the charm of this scenic land of romance and history greatly enhanced by knowledge of the rapidly shifting drama

of human streams that swept down these trails and waterways?

The inhabitants of this favored region with their newest mode of rapid travel, have within easy-striking distance the most historic spots, could they but esteem them with the help of a little reading. Within a fifty mile radius of one afternoon's travel—certainly within a radius of 100 miles or one day's travel, they can roll past ancient Indian mounds and lodges, buffalo trails to the Kentucky salt licks, Indian battle fields, positions that were crowned by old stockades and U. S. military forts, early fur trade portages and their river highways, lead diggings two centuries old, haunts of miners, speculators and gamblers, old stage coach routes, sites of relay stations, early taverns, and the scenes of activity of presidents, generals and other heroes of Indian, Mexican and Civil war days. All this and more is to be found from the ample records of the dramatic tides of travel in the Lead Mine and Blackhawk country.

“MANITOUMIE” HISTORICAL TOURS

See Next Page.



HISTORICAL CIRCULAR TOURS

Around the Lead Mine and Blackhawk Country, Centering on Freeport, Ill. Figures Show Auto Trips Possible on a one day radius; Letters Show a Two Day Radius From Freeport.

1. Mississippi and Apple River Country Proposed for a State Park, "The Savanna Highlands"; Elizabeth, Site of Apple River Fort; and nearer, Kellogg's Fort Battlefield, near Pearl City.
2. The Galena Lead Mines.
3. Wisconsin State Park overlooking the Rivers and Prairie du Chien; and nearer, Platte Mounds.
4. Dodge's Fort, Blue Mounds.
5. Wisconsin Heights Battlefield.
6. Four Lakes, Madison and Portages.
7. Lake Koshkonong; Gen. Atkinson's Rendezvous and Fight.
8. Turtle Village Site, Beloit, where General Winfield Scott's Army converged from Chicago, but arrived too late.
9. Rockford, formerly "Midway"; Stillman's Run Battlefield to the South.
10. The Oregon Country, Blackhawk Monument; Ogie's Ferry at Dixon.
11. Rock Island, Battlefield of 1812; Blackhawk's Watch Tower; beginning of the Sauk Trail and Blackhawk War.
12. New Diggings.
13. Gratiot Grove; Col. Hamilton's Fort; Battlefield of the Pecatonica.
14. Spotted Arms Village.

Two Day Auto Radius from Freeport.

- A. Mississippi Highlands; Old Cross-Country Channel of the Mississippi.
- B. Pike's Hill, MacGregor, and Ferry to Prairie du Chien.
- C. Bad Axe Battlefield; La Crosse to the North.
- D. The Dells of Wisconsin; Blackhawk's Hiding Place.
- E. Portage from Wisconsin to Fox River, Mackinac Route.
- F. Lake Winnebago, Green Bay to the North; Fort Howard.
- G. Oconomowoc Lakes and Indian Interest.
- H. Old Road Portage to Chicago.
- I. Desplaines River and Forest Preserve.
- J. The Chicago Portage.
- K. Starved Rock, La Salle Road to Vincennes.
- L. Peoria, Fort Clark, Beginning of Kellogg Trail to Lead Mines.
- M. Beardstown, Rendezvous of State Militia first pursuing Blackhawk.
- N. Keokuk; Indian settlement; Mississippi Dam.
- O. Old Sauk and Fox Indian Country West of the Mississippi.



HOPE MONTGOMERY

MY FIRST ILLINOIS ANCESTOR.*

By HOPE MONTGOMERY, Roseville, Warren County, Ill.

My great-great grandfather, Israel Tuttle, and his wife, Mary (Martin) Tuttle, were natives of New Jersey, but at an early day they moved into Pennsylvania and secured farming property. Ten children were born to them, four sons and six daughters.

David Tuttle, one of the four sons, was my first Illinois ancestor. He was born in Greene County, Pennsylvania, October 13, 1800. He married Elizabeth Axtell in 1825. In early life he and his family moved near New Vernon, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. He was a farmer but was dissatisfied with conditions existing there. Two cousins, with their families, had gone to Warren County, Illinois, in 1837. A few letters had passed between the families and each letter urged the Tuttles' to move to Illinois.

Great Grandfather Tuttle was in poor health. His older brother and sister had died with consumption and it was feared that David would follow in their footsteps. In the fall of 1850 he sold his farm and decided to go to Illinois with his family leaving his eldest daughter, Mary Cozad behind. She and her family came in the spring.

They started in October of that year. Their equipment consisted of a single buggy and two Prairie Schooners. With him was his family consisting of his wife and two children, Simeon, about four and a half years of age and Irene, six months old. In the party were his sister Ruth and two adopted daughters, Sarah and Lucy.

My Great Grandfather had hired a man to come with him and drive one of the teams. After they were on the road a

*This paper received the first or State prize in the 1924 historical essay contest among the pupils of certain grades in the schools of Illinois. The contest is held under the auspices of the Illinois State Historical Society and the Illinois Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

few days the man became intoxicated. This exasperated my Great Grandfather and after a few words the man returned to Pennsylvania. This left Mr. Tuttle without any driver for the extra team, except his son Simeon who though not yet five years old drove the team part of the time. To rest him his Aunt drove the remainder of the time.

David Tuttle being a very religious man refused to drive on Sunday. On the way he became acquainted with other travelers who traveled regardless of the day. Thus at the beginning of the week they would be in advance of him, but toward the close of the week my Great Grandfather having driven more studiously again would be with them and they would travel together for a day or so until the coming of the Sabbath.

While traveling through Indiana they came to a black swamp, one mile wide in which the wagons would mire. Before proceeding further they were compelled to fell trees and make a road over which the wagons could journey. It was a very uncomfortable way of traveling but they were near the end of their journey and hope ran high.

At the end of the fourth week they arrived at Hat Grove as Roseville was then called, being so named because of a clump of trees standing North of town which resembled a hat. There were two or three houses in Hat Grove at that time but it was six years later in 1856 that the first store was opened by John Adams on the Southwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Main Street. Some years later Mr. Trueman Eldridg changed the name to Roseville, naming it after a good friend of his, Major Rose of the Black Hawk War.

Great Grandfather Tuttle purchased eighty acres of land east of town and it was here he began farming. Four years afterward he sold it and bought eighty acres Northeast of Hat Grove. Here he lived until eighteen hundred and eighty three, then buying property in Roseville he retired from the farm.

When considering the purchase of the last eighty, he had a section priced to him at twelve dollars an acre. He refused

it saying, "What do I want of that Frog Pond?" Later it was bought and tilled and became a very valuable farm. In later years he said, "I could have had that farm."

On his last farm he paid three dollars yearly in gold as taxes. Every nickel and penny had to be saved for taxes by the end of the year. The money was kept in an old blue teapot on the top shelf of the cupboard. Many times these economies were distressing to the parents. For instance, when my Uncle was recovering from the typhoid fever, he had a craving for candy and begged his father to get him some when he went to Monmouth. When his father came home from Monmouth he had no candy because he didn't have the money, for even a nickel's worth of candy in these days was equivalent to the worth of half a bushel of corn.

Those were the days of wild cat money. A man might have a hundred dollars at night but in the morning it might be valueless. Wild cat money was issued by private individuals who formed a company. As long as this money circulated it was all right but if one refused to accept it, it lost its value immediately.

In 1854 my Great Grandfather married Mrs. Philena E. Young, his first wife having died in 1853. Mrs. Young had three daughters and one son, making eleven members in the family at that time. Later a daughter Ruth was born, making a family of twelve. 'Twas no uncommon thing to have a family of that size in those days.

Irene who came from Pennsylvania is my direct Ancestor being my Grandmother. In 1879 she married Edmund Montgomery. My father, Max Montgomery is her son. She still resides in Roseville as does her brother Simeon, a man widely known for his sterling worth.

Their homes had no screens. Whenever a family sat down to a meal the children stood back of the chairs and waved branches from trees back and forth to keep off the flies. Candles were used for lighting purposes and when Mr. Tuttle brought home a lamp the family thought it was wonderful that it gave so much light. Little Ruth who was reading in

the first reader sat over in the farthest corner and said, "Why I can see clear over here." The lamp is still in the family.

David Tuttle's children attended a school that was kept in an old dwelling house. It stood on the line between the Taliaferro and Taylor places. The school was ungraded and the studies were reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. They wrote on slates with pieces of soapstone. One day Grandfather Tuttle went to town and brought home a lead pencil. It was a great treasure to the family. He broke it in half and gave one to Irene and kept the other piece for special use. Irene was so proud of her half a pencil.

David Tuttle and his wife Elizabeth were charter members of the Congregational Church organized in 1851. My Great Grandmother so loved liberty that she refused to sign her name to the charter unless the phrase "All men are created free and equal" was inserted. Mr. Tuttle agreed with her and it was put in. They were faithful attendants whenever possible. Four years later the membership constructed a building which is now used as the Woman's Community Club Building. The lumber for the building was hauled from Oquawka. It was the first church built in Roseville. As I stated before, Mr. Tuttle was very strict in his observance of the Sabbath day. No work was done except what was absolutely necessary and the children were not allowed to play or run or even whistle. They read nothing except the Bible.

In politics, Mr. Tuttle was a Republican. He was too old to go to war, but his sympathies were strong for the North. At the time he was not in full accord with the church because he thought some of the members were Southern sympathizers.

We do not know whether Mr. Tuttle was connected with the underground railroad but we know that it operated in this vicinity. A man by the name of Parks was an agent and kept a station at his home. This station was constructed in a straw stack. The interior was taken out and at midnight when the Negroes were put in a lattice work of straw was put over the top so no one would suspect they were there.

One night Mr. Parks was conveying some Negroes to a station at Galesburg but was caught before reaching there and the Negroes were taken back. Mr. Andrew Livermore, who told this story to a girl friend of mine, is still living in Roseville.

Mr. Tuttle was a man of very strong feeling which sometimes seemed to others a fault. He was a great hand to sing and neighbors have said that passers-by could hear him singing and humming while he was at work, yet he did not believe in any musical instrument in a church. When the church decided to get an organ he was so offended that he refused to attend that church any longer. This with the feeling mentioned before, concerning Southern sympathizers in the church, caused him to withdraw his membership. He afterwards joined the Methodist Church. When they bought an organ he didn't say much for time caused him to be more tolerant.

He was much against Secret Orders such as the Masons and others. He considered all such things wicked. So strong was his opposition that even his children are inclined to adhere to his point of view up to the present time. One of his friends told me that when they were having a rally for a candidate for the presidency, he solicited Mr. Tuttle for provisions and he refused, saying that the candidate was a Mason and he would not help with any rally for him. He was so violent in his language that his friend hurried away. It was noticed, however, that his wife brought two chickens on the appointed day.

During his last days he seemed to want his family more at home with him and every Friday night he went after his daughter Irene who was teaching. He said that he wanted her home with the rest part of the time at least.

One cold winter morning in January, 1888, a neighbor, Mr. Axtell, who had bought a pig from Mr. Tuttle, came over to get it. The pig was in with a little calf. Grandfather Tuttle held the door while Mr. Axtell was inside looking it over. The mother of the calf hearing the squealing of the

pig rushed toward the door and knocked Mr. Tuttle down and trampled on him, breaking his collarbone. The results were that he could not stand the shock and died a week later.

I have enjoyed writing about Great Grandfather Tuttle for he led such an interesting and worth while life and as I am growing up I hope his life will have an unusual influence on mine. I hope his good traits will be handed down to me and help me live as good a life as his.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The following pages were written by my Mother, not for publication, but for the purpose of giving her grandchildren some idea of what she had experienced in her long life.

She made no attempt at literary effect, but told the story in a simple, straightforward way. The pages she wrote reflect the hardships and the triumphs of the Pioneers. The people among whom she was born and with whom she spent her earlier days were the empire builders of the Middle West. Conditions of life were primitive in her early years, but courage was high. So was it born in her heart when a child, that no hardships through all the years could break or dim this courage.

My Mother, like many another of that older school of women, held sentiments in vigorous opposition to Equal Suffrage. But, broad reader in later as in earlier years, hers was no blind prejudice when at last the great issue was settled, she at once put every former sentiment aside, and announced herself ready to accept her full citizenship. As the Presidential Election drew near, she declared herself ready to cast her first ballot in her ninety-first year, even though it would compel an auto trip of twenty-nine miles to Kansas City, her home city, and a return. Thus she cast her first vote for Warren G. Harding as President of the United States.

The record of her long life was closed when she was a few days past ninety-three. The story she tells is a page out of the heroic age of the Middle West.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CLARISSA EMELY GEAR HOBBS.

DIXIELAND, TEXAS*

Away down here in West Texas, this 21st day of August, 1908, I am sitting all alone beside the east window, in Annie's little living room, where she has been battling along the best she could for three years to hold down a homestead. Looking out across the wide virgin plains, unturned by plow into furrows, only the home of the sagebrush, now in its green blossom, and the ever-growing mesquite bush, waving its long-bean tassels in the ever present breeze, life and motion almost hushed out with this eternal silence, only an occasional bird-note, or the sudden scoot of a rabbit, across the path, far off a bunch of wild cattle, or the silent cowboy, who sits his horse with such natural, native grace, that horse and rider seem but one moving figure. Among these sights and scenes, I hark back across the long stretch of seventy-eight years to a little log house set among the hills, a river flowing near, dividing it from a field and meadow, a little brook dividing house from garden, around the garden a stone fence. Over this little, humble picture, a wild December snowstorm raged, the 22nd of that month, 1829, and the kind hands of a good aunt, who had been summoned from five miles away, gently cared for the little, wee girl, who opened her eyes on that bleak night, in that humble home, far in the corner of North-west Illinois, then a wilderness almost of wolves and Indians. The impulse that seemed always born with the far-eastern Yankee boys, to turn their faces westward, to find what lay out there under that golden sunset, to get away from the ever-circling Massachusetts hills, to the wide open beyond, had taken possession of my father in the vigor of his young manhood. He had served a year in the 1812 war, filled with the

*My mother was in Texas only a few months.—R. G. H.



CLARISSA EMELY GEAR HOBBS

thought of the young American, that they had again whipped the English and most anything could be accomplished by two hands and a brave heart. With a company of young people, as adventuresome as themselves, they left their eastern home, my young father and mother, full of life and hope, a colony, to lose themselves in the far west.

My father and mother were both born in Connecticut, among the Berkshire hills. When quite young, their parents moved to Massachusetts, but my mother's father, grandfather Clark, wanted the farmland of New York, so while my mother was yet a bit of a girl, her father went to that state, settling near Geneva, on Seneca Lake, where my mother never knew any greater hardship, in her young girlhood, than to be a country schoolmarm. My grandmother Clark was a woman of refinement and pride, being an Atwater, if that made her any better. I can't tell if she were beautiful, for it's all like a legend to me, as she died when I was little, but it seemed to be a familiar fact among the Clark family, that she had the high instep and tiny hand and foot of the Atwater women, and that grandfather Clark would walk demurely about whenever grandmother Chloe would sit down in her chair and begin to swing that little foot back and forth, for it was not fair weather then. Her love of the Atwater name was so great, that each of her three sons bore it as a middle name, William A., Osrin A., and John A. Clark. Geneva had a good Episcopal school. Grandmother loved education, so these three young men received their share, and all became Episcopal ministers, John A. making quite a prominent place for himself as a religious writer in his church.

I never knew much of any of my mother's family; they grew up amidst different surroundings in the east, while we grew up in the wild and woolly West. Once, years after the dear mother had been laid to rest in the Hill cemetery at Galena, Illinois, an uncle, John A., came out to see her children and visit her grave, but he had only the memory of the poor, loving sister to carry back. She had worn out her life in the hardships of frontier life for her loved ones, and laid

down to rest at thirty-two, leaving six little ones in the little log house, standing beside the river she loved.

Grandfather Gear had died and left a family of eight children. He had only one brother, and he a sea captain. They knew nothing of him, as he died at sea, and what relatives grandmother had were in Connecticut. She was a Gilbert of the old Puritan stock. When a child, she passed through the Revolutionary War, her father and brothers, being those who were old enough, were soldiers in the war. The women of those days with the children were left at home to try and care for stock and what grain they could raise, so she helped with her little might to get in the grain in the fall, and hide it from the Britishers, and in the wide, old-fashioned kitchen, she watched the women melt up her mother's pewter platters to make bullets for the Patriots. She told me when I was a child how proud she was, that she was allowed the privilege of sewing the buttons on some of the homespun suits for the soldiers that were cut out and made in that same wide kitchen. My great grandfather was a man of some means, and gave freely for his country's sake. One of her brothers, in after years, was one of our lawmakers in Congress, and when a very little girl, I was taken to see him, my great uncle. This man, grown so old he was blind, talked to me as he laid his hand on my head. How very long ago! As I said, my grandmother having this ancestry and rearing, took up this heavy burden of caring for the work of the little farm, with the help of my father, he being oldest, for these children. My father's great burdens deprived him of an education, but a good academy near, gave schooling to all the girls and the younger boys. The youngest boy, Gilbert Gear, became an Episcopal minister, came West years after my father, when Galena had become a thriving town, was pastor for several years of the Episcopal Church which my father had built there, and was then appointed Chaplain in the army, and stationed at Fort Snelling. This was when I was a bit of a girl, and at that time, Minnesota was a howling,

wild wilderness. He became a friend of the Indians, learned to preach to them in Sioux language, as they were the tribe who owned that land. When a young lady, I made several visits to this fort, and visited at uncle's, never thinking that my daughters, in long after years, would walk around the old fort. Uncle becoming an old man, was retired on half pay by the army, and ended his days in Minneapolis. His oldest son was John Henry Gear, two years Governor of Iowa, also long a United States Senator, and so unremitting in duty, that he was familiarly known as "Old Biz." One of these sisters of father's became a teacher very young, went with my father and mother west, for she was an adventuresome spirit, married an Indian agent, and passed through many thrilling and dangerous experiences as the wife of a man who dealt with Indians. The youngest girl married a young western lawyer, after my father had removed his mother and sisters, who had been left on the old farm in Massachusetts, to his comfortable home of plenty in Galena. The young man's name was Charles Mason; afterwards he became Territorial Governor of Iowa and framed the Iowa Code of Territorial Laws. Another sister married a wealthy man in Burlington, Iowa. I speak of these aunts, as they were all associated with my later childhood life.

Going back, I will say that my mother and my father were attached to one another as children, and when he had gained enough from the little farm at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, which he managed with grandmother Gear, he went out to New York State, married my mother, and took her back to the old farm in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, driving with his young bride of eighteen years all the way in a chaise. But as I said, the West had gotten into my father's blood, and by this time other boys of the family could help, so this young couple, after about two years of married life, started west by way of her father's home, grandfather Clark, to set their faces towards they knew not what. Grandfather Clark opposed it vigorously, said his daughter had never known hardship, but go father would, and mother was too loyal a wife to stay behind

Alas! She never saw loved ones again. She was too frail for such life. The aunt who went with them has often told me how mother looked that evening they arrived at home, on that bridal trip from New York. She was full of gay spirits, as father lifted her out of the chaise, carried her into the house and set her down among them, her blue dress, as blue as her great, blue eyes, great braids of hair around her head, a white little mull ruffle around her neck. She was so fair and white, so slender and trim, her little, tiny Atwater feet (she could never wear a shoe larger than a No. 1), covered with white stockings and black prunella high heeled slippers. That is the picture for my grandchildren of their great grandmother.

So at length this brave little colony set forth from New York State, down canals, down rivers in flatboats, on which were built rude cabins to shelter the women and children. Slowly they floated down to the Ohio River, from whence they made their way into and up the Mississippi River to where the little French town of St. Louis lay. Twenty-five miles above, the muddy waters of the Missouri empty into the Mississippi, the two waters flowing side by side, seemingly the old "Father of Waters" disdaining to mingle with this muddy stream until purified—there was a little hamlet, two tiny settlements already divided into upper and lower Alton. Here they drew up their boats, which had carried them so far, and set up their household goods in this little Upper Alton.

Here they remained, living in primitive log houses. My mother being delicate, the men said she should have a floor, so in the kindly way of those early times, the men split puncheons, rough boards split from big logs, and then laid firmly down on the dirt floor. A Mr. and Mrs. Wood had been of this colony, coming from New York State. Mr. Wood afterwards became Lt. Gov. of Illinois. Mrs. Wood had brought with her four panes of window glass; these they put into a window, when they built their log cabin, others just

using openings sawed out of the logs, guarded at night, or in rainy weather, with little rough board shutters. After I had grown to girlhood, Mrs. Wood, then an elderly lady of wealth and distinction, with her husband visited my father's house, as old friends, in the City of Galena. Many old memories were revived and talked over. Once she said to me, "Miss Clara, your mother and I were the aristocracy of the settlement, for she had a floor and I had a glass window," and I wondered if there was not more than that little distinction that made these two brave, sweet women "set up" among those around, for they were a lot of bright, energetic folks, among them a lawyer, a Mr. Dodge, who afterwards became the first Territorial Governor of Wisconsin, two young M. D.'s afterwards quite noted in their profession in Galena and Dubuque. But alas! sickness, malaria—that enemy to the settlers of that part of Illinois, attacked them. There were scarce well ones enough to care for the sick. My father, who had learned the tanner's trade, worked at this, till at length, prostrated by inflammatory rheumatism, he had to yield to nearly a year's helplessness. Through the six years of their stay in Upper Alton, he had been able to earn a living for his family, but now, the seventh, he lay helpless. Three children were in the home; one, my sister Maria, the eldest, was born at the home of her maternal grandfather Clark, just a short time before they started West. Now, two little boys had come, and death had claimed a third baby boy. With this sickness, the burden must fall on the shoulders of the frail mother. I have sometimes thought that from this maternal grandmother comes, with a large strain of her own dear father's blood, the quiet, patient vim with which my daughter Annie has borne many wearisome burdens. My mother's unwavering faith never let go the Almighty arm, and this measure of unyielding faith I think is the heirloom of my daughter Hattie. Mother lifted them through this long year of trial. In the meantime, a younger brother of my father, who had been a member of this colony, was too adventurous to tarry so long in Upper Alton, so about

two years before, in company with a young man, he took a canoe and made for the upper Mississippi River, reaching a place near where Galena now stands. The young man with him had heard a rumor that the Indians had told the white men "heaps of lead ore here," so they had gone to find it, uncle leaving his young wife at Upper Alton. Soon, they sent down word the lead ore was there. It took a long time to get the word to these nearly disheartened settlers, but they began to get things ready to go up to that more healthy land. By the spring, father was up from his bed of sickness. The settlers were completing their preparations. Debts had accumulated, father had no money, so the law, more cruel then than now, levied on his little household goods to pay this indebtedness. The colony starting, were all his friends, and they did not propose to leave a young man of such bravery and courage as he behind. What could he do? He went to the man who had levied on the goods and said, "What will you give me to deliver the goods on the Public Square?" He said, "Seventy-five cents." My father had no horse or wagon, but borrowed a wheel barrow and himself wheeled his household goods to the square, where they were sold at public auction, a trifle over the debt, and with this and the seventy-five cents, he started with this plucky colony on their long journey of five hundred miles up the great Mississippi River, to found a town and home. There were no such things as steamboats, and railroads had never been thought of. It was a journey which tried men's souls.

The channels were unknown to them. The woods on each side beset with Indians and wild beasts, my grandchildren, don't you think it took a fearless great grandfather and a brave great grandmother to encounter these perils of the wilderness? Some settlements had been made in Illinois. Lower down in the state, some towns had sprung up, but no civilization had reached this part of Illinois. It was a vast wilderness full of Indians and wolves. This was in the spring and summer of 1824. It was a long, wearisome journey as they slowly moved along, some of the men walking the shore

with ropes over their shoulders, helping pull the boats. When the tangled woods, bordering the river, became impossible for safe footing, the men would get into little canoes, and putting in the ropes, would move up stream, telling out the rope, as far as its length, tie it to a stout tree, then hand-over-hand pull up to them the boat in which were the women, children, and all their belongings. Think of it, young people who read this, who take a Pullman in late afternoon here in Omaha, and breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning in Denver. Five hundred and fifteen miles! A little more than eighty years ago, your maternal great-grandfather was with these hardy, patient pioneers, pulling up the great Mississippi River, against the current, the same distance over which you glide so swiftly in your flying car, with every comfort, in a few hours, but these heroes accomplished their five hundred mile journey, through many long weeks, by sheer strength and endurance, and the strength of their hands. Steamboats and steamcars were to them a myth, yet I have lived to see this mighty river literally churned into white waves with the multitude of steamers; these then dropped out, giving place to the steam cars, shrieking along on the bluffs overlooking this great river, which has seen such strange, wonderful sights, harking back to the Indian canoe and blood curdling yell of the savage redmen, for which these poor pioneers, men and women, were so intensely listening day and night.

Arriving at the mouth of "Le Fevre River," so called by the first discoverers, Anglicized into Fever River, the brave company felt their goal was almost in sight, for two miles and a half up this stream was a government "Blockhouse" under guard of soldiers from Prairie du Chien, then the most northerly fort in the United States, erected on one of the high hills, for the refuge of any stray settlers that might have already drifted in. At once they began the town, to which they gave the name of Galena, the ore from which they expected to gain riches. Of course, the dwellings were rude

logs, the men stopping out under the bare heavens, while the women remained on the boat awaiting the completion of these rough houses.

At once the men cast about for occupations. Government had opened the country for homesteads for settlers, the rich mineral resources began to be rumored abroad, people drifted in, the town began to grow, stores began to line the rude wharf of the river bank, where primitive flatboats gathered to convey the lead ore which was smelted in log furnaces. The art of smelting was somewhat gathered from the Indians, of whom there were many in the country. My father, not being afraid of hard work, and seeing the possibilities of great riches if one were fortunate to strike what was called a lode, pronounced lead, at once went outside the settlement about two miles and a half, staked his claim, built a log cabin and began his mining, by sinking what was called a shaft, just a hole in the ground like a well, then running what were called drifts. Here he labored for awhile, getting enough ore, which then was very precious, to support his family. Then he bethought him of a farm on the bottom land of the Fever River, which was near his mining land, entered his quarter section in the primitive land office, which by this time had been started for settlers for the Northwest by Uncle Sam in Galena. Think of it, young people of today! All the rich states of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota were the great Northwest territory, and I have lived in my lifetime to see them become rich teeming states, though for a time they were set into separate territories. What wonderful changes in one brief lifetime, and what a wonderful country! My father moved his family out to this little farm, where they made their home till after the death of my mother, a few years later. Here on this little farm my eyes opened one bitter night, December 22nd, 1829. One daughter and three sons had preceded me. One lay in his little grave in Alton. A little girl stealing into this poor frontier home was a treat, and was made much of. Mothers rejoiced rather than mourned, as they are apt to do nowadays. Then a mother's joys were

her children, now they are in the way of these gay women, who want cards and society ; in the way of these poorer ones, who think they can't provide for them. Have devoted mothers, like many other things, gone out of style? Lord send a reform to the men and women of today! Bring them back to the life of the good-sized family circle of boys and girls, good jolly boys and girls who will warm the hearts of these effete men and women of modern society. I fear it's the climbing of women into the places of men, away from the home circle where woman belongs. She can't serve the children and the state also. Oh, Lord, bring my beloved land back to homelife and motherhood again!

In the meanwhile, the Indians were getting restless, too many white men were coming to what they felt was their land. Settlers were getting restless under fear of the savages, who they knew were near. The guns of white men hung on the hooks over the big fireplace, ready to guard the loved ones. My father, by this time, had improved his little farm, and had gathered some stock, but was much interested in his mines, working day after day, always though returning at sundown, with his trusty gun. But one evening he did not return. Your brave great-grandmother waited till late at night, fearing all the time the earth, or loose stones, had fallen in on him, and maybe crushed him. Leaving the younger children in care of the older ones, she flew up the river road to a neighbor's, a mile away, to try to get someone to go to the mine and find out the cause of father's delayed home-coming. The good neighbor, by the help of an empty mineral bucket, let himself down into the mine, and there was father, by the light of his candle, working away in his drift. The friend hailed him with the words, "Are you going to work all night? Your wife is scared to death about you." "Night!" said father, "I didn't know it was night, thought it was yet afternoon," showing how dead in earnest these men were to find the earth's hidden treasure for the loved ones.

But now, there was no mistaking the threats of savages. Soldiers had been summoned to Fort Dearborn. That was

the name of Chicago then, as there was but little more than a fort there. Also, the settlers were beginning to organize into volunteers, or militia, as they had been called back east. Yet father stayed on at his work, and mother would not leave him. "Old Blackhawk," the renowned chief, had made an alliance with other chiefs and tribes to drive back and slaughter all the white settlers. He himself, I think, was a Sac and Fox chief. His name was a terror, as he was, for an Indian, intelligent, brave, shrewd, quick, disdaining any treaties with whites, feeling this was his people's land. A patriot, though an Indian, a man, whom the whites must feel was a great savage power with which they had to deal. At night, the settlers on the outskirts, like my father and my uncle, who with his family were on land a mile or two away, and the other neighbors around, began to watch with guns in hand by day when at work, and all the night long, for the cunning savage, who might be at their very door any hour.

An unmarried aunt, Aunt Sophia, a young woman, who had come out with father and mother from Massachusetts, an aunt on my father's side, full of courage and adventure, having come up the Mississippi River with them, gathered up the children of those stopping in Galena, and turned her attention to school teaching. Her school being closed for the summer, she came to my father's, dividing her time with uncle, her other brother. She told me often how she would sit up all night, on mother's bedside, who was so delicate that she must lie down for rest, and listen for the stealthy tread of Indians, mother trembling at every sound lest it be a savage, while father, with gun in hand, was out on the picket line. She was perfectly fearless, riding back and forth on a spirited horse of her own to uncle's. One day a warwhoop sounded on a hill not far above her. The ford for the river she had to cross was at least a mile above. The water at this place was swift and deep, but she must flee for her life. She struck her good horse, turned his head to the swift, flowing river, spoke a word, which she said he seemed to understand

as though he were human. She dropped the bridle and clung to his neck. The horse plunged in and carried her across, never stopping his wild race till he got her to uncle's out of danger. So she had to stop her reckless rides. She went back to the town, again gathered her school, but soon Indian war was on; her school closed never to be opened, for after the war ended, she married an Indian Government Agent, living at an Indian trading post. When her husband died she again came back to Galena, where at an advanced age, she died, some time after I was married.

In the meantime, Blackhawk had come to an open declaration of war, troops were called from Prairie Du Chien, which is now in the state of Wisconsin, and the settlers must now take up arms to defend themselves. Indians were committing depredations out farther east of us, killing and scalping, burning the houses and taking captives. Father felt the time had come for him to move his family to Galena, where a fort had been hastily gotten ready for the women and children, from a house that had been built by a doctor, who had come from Kentucky with money, and in true Kentucky style, had built a big, broad house, right in the heart of the town. I was a wee child, but how well I remember, when the awful word came, that the "Indians were coming," we must leave and flee to the Galena Fort. Father had, by this time, several men in his employ, who began to gather what they could, while mother looked to the safety of her little brood. We had horses in the field, but no time to get them. Each one must flee for life. Mother, father, little ones. I remember so well that one of the men was big and tall. He threw me up on his shoulder and ran ahead. I think he must have cared for me, or he would not have picked me. It was near night, so they ran for a blockhouse, about a mile away, which had been built by the settlers as a protection for the neighborhood, if there should be a sudden surprise. Built on a hill of the heaviest logs, about the house a palisade of logs, split and driven into the ground around it, with a heavy door and loop holes for the guns. Here we spent the night, without

any Indians appearing, it seeming to be a false alarm. In the wild panic of flight one of my brothers became separated from us. Although the order had been given that not a light be made, mother lit a candle; no one could forbid that anxious mother-heart, as carefully shielding the light with her hands, she scrutinized every child's face in the company, until she found her own. The next day, father and the men went back to the little home and got the horses, drove up the cattle, and with all the comforts they could load up in the wagon, stopped for us, and we started for the fort at Galena. The men here in the town were forming volunteer companies and regiments by order of Government. Father was made captain of a company. Col. White of Galena, a Kentuckian, was appointed Colonel, Dr. Crow, whose house was the Fort, Surgeon, Dodge, who was afterward Territorial Governor of Wisconsin, General. Every able-bodied man pressed in for some place, either in ranks, or any place to fight the dreaded foe.

But the Indians did not attack Galena, as soldiers were ordered down from Prairie Du Chien to help the settlers, so we remained through the summer, fall, and into the early spring in the old Fort at Galena. Then a treaty was made with Old Blackhawk, and peace again reigned.

Father and mother gathered up their family to return to his little home and his mining interests. Death had claimed one of the little twin boys, who had been born in the fort—little West—from scarlet fever, through which mother had to nurse us all in that crowded Fort. I can remember, little as I was, of lying behind a stove in that winter, on a buffalo robe, day after day, while patient, pale mother was the nurse—though I was such a wee girl, yet, I remember it as a dream. But with spring and peace coming, and no more fear of the deadly foe, all were glad to get back to the humble little homes.

There was one little incident that happened to us, just as we neared the home. There was a hill to go around, very high, called Tower Hill. Under this was a cave, and as we

had been away so long, wolves had taken possession of this cave, and out rushed a big, gray wolf, snatched up our little dog Prince, which we all loved so much, and ran up the hill to the cave. We all cried, and though so very young, this made a wonderful impression on me. Wolves were common then, but I guess the men did not leave them there long.

Only a year or so elapsed before father was fortunate enough to strike a big lode, or bonanza, as it would be called now. He had opened into a big drift lined overhead with the richest lead ore, sparkling like jewels before his astonished eyes. He had found what he had suffered and toiled for so long. Money was so scarce with him that he had contracted heavy debts at stores in Galena, where they had carried him, just as Western storekeepers used to do, and out of respect for his boundless energy and honesty and the little family, they waited patiently for their pay. When the sight of this great wealth met his eye, he wept like a child, threw down his pickaxe with which he had dug to this wealth, and ran home to the dear ones, mounted his horse, rode into Galena, and went into Farnesworth's and Furgeson's store. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have come again." They, thinking he had come for more goods, Mr. Furgeson said, "Captain, we must have a little money, bills are getting large." Father replied, "Get your horses, gentlemen, and come with me." They did so, for everyone had a horse then, the only means of travel. The three rode out from town, father never saying where. He took them direct to his mine, he descended, then sent up the mineral bucket for them; when their feet touched bottom, father held up his candle and said, "Gentlemen, look up." For a moment their breath was taken away with surprise, they were speechless at the sight of such riches. They exclaimed, "Captain, you can have our whole store." He said, "I don't want your store, but I want to pay my debts."

None of his sons, or grandsons, ever came into such sudden wealth, neither is it probable that any great-grandson will ever experience so sudden a transformation from poverty to riches, as did this great-grandfather, after such a long time

of patient hardship, toil, and suffering. Days of comfort and plenty dawned, but amid their brightness a shadow began to gather—the shadow of death. The mother, never strong in body, but always strong in energy and endurance for her loved ones, began to droop through the spring and summer days. When the autumn time drew near, she began to make her preparations to depart. She knew there was much as a mother and wife she must do before she left a little, motherless brood to strangers' care. I have heard father say how bravely she faced these hard duties, though it broke his heart to listen. Father had given her all the proceeds of the wash-dirt, he, in his larger mineral interests, having no time to care for that, but she had someone to carefully look after all this and sell it, so she said to father, "When I am gone, you'll find \$1,000 under my pillow, where I have kept it for some time. I want you to take that money and spend it in taking my children back to visit my father. I can never go, but I want them to go and cheer his heart, which has always been so sad because I came away out here and left him and dear mother; and now she is gone, too. Take my little ones back to see their grandfather." It seems a strange place, to my grandchildren, to deposit money, under a pillow, but in that new country there were no banks; each one kept his own, and there were no robberies or murders for money there then. Father was surprised at the sum of money she had stored away. He had plenty and could well have taken us all back to New York State, but she had saved this up as a legacy sacred to this purpose. She had quietly sent for an old, trusty woman from the nearby town of Galena, who was a widow, without any particular home. "Old Mary" people called her, but mother knew she had a good, loving heart, and would mother the little ones when she was gone. How well I remember her, and the white cap she always wore! And she was good to us. Mother grew weaker day by day, had father provide proper clothing for us for Mary to make, so we should be comfortable in the coming winter. Everything, as she lay on her bed and faced death so calmly, she

seemed to think about; even the white garments in which her poor, worn-out body was shrouded, she had father buy for her. Taking them from his hands, she gave them to Mary to put away, "until," as she said, "the time I'll need them." Father said this broke his heart, to think he had purchased those things for her not knowing how they were to be used!

But with her strong will, and her unwavering faith in God, she was looking beyond. She wanted all things ready here, as she, by her faith, knew all things would be ready in the Beyond. Then she had a heart-to-heart talk with father. She said, "You are yet a young man. You can't live alone. My children must have a mother. When the proper time comes, in a year or two, go back with my children; you will find a dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Rose. She is a widow, good and kind, older than I am, who will surely be good to my children. I have written some time ago to her that I must die and leave my dear husband and children. My father knows her well, she is living near him; when you see her and get to know her and she you, if it is all pleasant, make her your wife! and the mother of my children." A strange request for a dying woman to make, but your great grandmother was a very unusual woman. She had faced the stern realities of life so long, her girlish dreams had vanished, and she was now facing the grimmest trial of all. What a picture that was. Day after day, the frail invalid thinking for every one, the heart-broken husband, the little group of six children, the oldest just sixteen, the youngest nine months, the oldest, my sister Maria, whose young shoulders were already bearing heavy burdens, watching the dear mother, while we little ones ran in and out the cabin door, never seeing the dark shadow that was coming.

One golden October day she wanted two neighbors to come from a mile away for a little visit. She said she felt better. These kind friends dressed her, put her in a big rocking chair father had brought her from the town, got her a nice

meal, set the rude table the brightest they could, for this great-grandmother of yours was a lady, and though her surroundings were so crude, she loved pretty things. I was about five or six years old, but I can remember that lovely, golden day, how the little brother and I ran in and stood still in the door, to see what was so strange a sight, our pretty, white mama, with pink cheeks, sitting up to the table with ladies, drinking tea, and the dear sister waiting on them and Old Mary holding the baby sister. We thought she was surely all well. These friends were Mrs. Day and Mrs. Rhodes. All these years I have never forgotten their names, and I learned to know them well in after years. They told me many precious things about my mother and how lovely she was.

They soon took leave for their homes; Mary put mother back in bed, and she said, "I have not seen the sheep for so long, Johnny, drive them up near the little window where I can see them." Johnny was the little brother who always brought the sheep up at night to keep them safe from the wolves. I have often wondered how they ever came to have sheep in that new country, but mother had loved the sheep so much back in her girlhood home, that father, now having means to gratify her fancy, had, at quite an expense, gotten some sheep, and now there was quite a flock and mother delighted in them. She turned and looked at them a moment, then said, "How pretty they are; Johnny, put them up for the night." She turned over, her soul was gone to the good, great Shepherd, of whom, no doubt, she thought as she saw these sheep.

The two friends had just reached their homes, when a swift messenger called them back. Little as I was, I still can see the rushing in the door of a great, strong man, who fell on his knees by the bedside, crying aloud her name. Someone took us little ones away, and I can't remember after that, only indistinctly. Mother was an Episcopalian, had always loved her church, but had long been deprived of its communion. She desired to be laid away with its service, but

there was no minister of that faith nearer than Vandalia, the old capital of Illinois, and that was hundreds of miles away. A Methodist preacher, who had all the lead mines in the Northwest for his circuit, chanced to be fifty or a hundred miles away, so father sent word to this Brother Robinson to come, the funeral service being the same as the Episcopalian. He was a comfort to father, who always remained his **firm** friend. The next winter, Brother Robinson was sent to Galena and father sent sister Maria to Galena to school, and she made her home at Brother Robinson's house, and she never was tired telling of his goodness.

Mother was laid to rest in the cemetery on the hill in Galena. Afterwards, father bought all that land and deeded it to Galena for a cemetery. It can never be used for any other purpose. Now it's almost like a park, where lie, if you ever visit the place, your great-great-grandfather Gear and his wife Sarah, who was my very dear grandmother. My grandfather Gear died back in Massachusetts. I never saw him, but father, in after years, had his remains brought there and put in the family cemetery. There lies your great-grandmother, my precious mother, who died at the age of thirty-two years, who, if she could have lived, what a better woman I would have been! How much better we would all have been—though our stepmother was so good—yet, she was not mother! She was a woman, our mother, of such wonderful character and self-poise as are rare, but God knew why she went away. Your great-grandfather lies in that cemetery, also my daughter's darling sister Sophia, who went to heaven and left us so lonely, before my other girls came. The old cemetery, how many precious ashes it holds!

After mother's death, we still stayed on the little farm for over a year, father bravely keeping his little family together with the aid of "Old Mary," the dear sister Maria, only sixteen years old, heroically standing in mother's place the best she could. So we worried on for nearly two years, then when autumn began to gather on the edge of summer,

father, who, by this time, had gotten much wealth, began to turn his face eastward. Sister Maria must have some schooling, though one winter after mother's death she went into the town of Galena for what school advantages were there. But schools in those days in the West were crude.

So father, with my older sister Maria's aid, and "Old Mary's" help, got the little flock ready for that momentous journey, to which our dear mother had looked with such longing, dying eyes. A great family carriage was brought for the use of the family; sister, little Willie, and baby Mary on the wide back seat, on the front seat father and John and little, restless, tow-headed Clara, who your great-grandfather said always wanted to be in twenty places at once. This individual child you may not recognize as your old grandma Hobbs of present day, but it was she. A buggy with two white horses, which I always remember, followed after this wonderful carriage, this carriage which was a veritable Noah's ark, holding so much for our comfort, its huge pockets on the sides, with boxes under the seats, huge trunks strapped behind, would be a wonder to my grandchildren of today. The buggy also had trunks strapped behind, while in it rode my eldest brother Hamilton, about thirteen, and someone else, a young man father had taken to drive that team of white horses and care for all the horses at night. I can remember how he would come to our huge carriage and open the big, wide door, let down the big steps, which, when not in use, were folded one over the other and put up on the side of the carriage. After our return trip from the East, we had this great, old carriage for years, and rode many a mile in the country with it. Things of that kind were built to last years and years. I can shut my eyes now after the lapse of seventy-three years, and get glimpses of that long journey from Galena, in Northwest Illinois, to Chicago, which was no town then, but a fort and a little hamlet, then on around the shore of old Lake Michigan, whose waters were a child's wonder all day long, the deep sand through which the two great bay horses struggled to pull this enormous carriage, the swish of the water, all the

wild country and long tiresome days are part of the faraway pictures. Then a picture of nicer places and houses, as we got nearer the East, then a blank, then pictures of riding all day under big trees, which, I suppose, were the deep forests of that Lake country. On we went, crossing now what are such populous states, till we reached New York State, then to Geneva, that city by the beautiful lake from which it takes its name, where we found our Mecca, for there was the home of our maternal grandfather Clark, the old home for which the dear mother had so longed through all her hardships in her Western life. I have often thought what must have been my father's emotions, as he had struggled through that long journey with the motherless group, to again step into the home from whence he had taken the laughing bride. I have a dim dream that I was kind of afraid of this silent grandfather, who kissed us so quietly, then just a glimpse of his taking little Mary on his lap and smoothing her long, fair curls, she looking at us with great, wondering, blue eyes. We stayed with this grandfather for a while.

My own grandmother, his first wife, had died after father and mother went west. He had married again, a good woman, but not a Chloe Atwater. If grandmother had lived, we would have been brought into closer contact with her side of the house, as her people were wealthy and aristocratic, and she was justly proud of them.

After a short time, father took sister Maria to Philadelphia, to Uncle John A. Clark's, grandfather's second son, who was an Episcopal minister in that city, to put her in school. This had been one of mother's requests that Uncle John should have her placed in a fine school in that city, she living in his family, and under his supervision. When the time came for her to separate from us, she would not consent to go till father said she might take little Mary with her to Uncle's, and he would bring her back to us on his return. This satisfied her, as the child was the apple of her eye. She had always cared for her from her birth, mother being so feeble. But alas! travel was slow in those days. Somewhere in the journey to

Philadelphia she came in contact with scarlet fever, and they were forced to stop with some family friends near there and see the dear, little sister sink beneath its blighting touch, and to lay away the little form among strangers.

We spent a year in New York State, mostly on Grandfather Clark's farm, though I know father took us to other places to visit other relatives, for I distinctly remember going to visit a great uncle, my grandmother Gear's brother, Ezeikel Gilbert, as you remember my grandmother's maiden name was Gilbert. This great-uncle was very aged. He must have been a tall man, for I remember, as he was blind, he wanted me to stand by him, and I was so small someone put me on a stool. It is vivid in my mind how I stood there, his gentle voice speaking to me, while he laid his hand on my head. He had been quite a prominent man in his time, in politics, as he had been a senator in Congress, and they were careful in those days to choose good men to fill so honorable a position. Then, for a long time again, we were at grandfather's, when there came a sudden change, we were taken into the city of Geneva, to a large brick house. I can see how it looked, with big trees around it. Father said we were going to have a new mother now. Grandfather and grandmother took us to this house. I suppose we were left to the care of servants, for it seems to me that they went away for a long time, while my two brothers, John and Willy, and myself sat around on chairs, waiting for someone, poor, little motherless young ones!

After a while, the big carriage came with father, our new mother, and her sister, an old maid, Miss Catharine Post. With them were grandfather, grandmother, and my oldest brother, Hamilton, who, I suppose, they thought a young lad old enough to go to this wedding ceremony in church. Our new mother kissed us. This was the widow, Mrs. Rose, to whom our dear good mother had written that strange letter, asking her to be a good mother to her little ones. Our mother seemed to see things that were to come to us, and she knew Mrs. Rose was a kind, capable woman and would do the best

she could for us. And I will say right here, she proved just what our mother thought she'd be, good and kind, but being as old as father, having lost her husband, a young lawyer, in early life, never having the experience of motherhood, she could not well know how to mother such a brood. But she always looked out for our comfort, made father a most excellent wife and housekeeper, but she did not know how to lavish the deep love on us our bright, lovely, young mother did.

As it was nearing spring, father began to think of his faraway home, his interests there; but first he had a duty to his mother, two sisters, and an invalid brother, the youngest of the large family, in Massachusetts, Pittsfield town, where, during the year, he had been to visit them, dispose of the old home, and so forth. What a generous son and brother he was. They were to go with him to the West, share his home and means. Grandma Gear could hardly consent to leave her home where most of her children had been born, where she had laid her dear husband and one daughter at rest, but father told her he would have their remains brought to Galena, which after a few years he did, regardless of the great expense at that time, with no railroads, all done by conveyance across lakes by boats, and by wagons, and stages.

So father went on to Pittsfield to get them all ready. There was, at this time, living in Pittsfield, a gentleman many years older than father, an aristocrat, who at one time had been minister to France, had married into the nobility of France, Major Mellville, his family of old blue-blood Yankees. His first wife dying, he had married the daughter of one of the high families in the state. Her uncle had been one of the famous "Boston Tea Party" who disguised themselves and threw the shipload of tea overboard, rather than pay the oppressive tax to England, one of the first acts of American independence. This uncle wore low shoes, with big buckles, which all gentlemen wore. As some of the boxes burst as they were thrown overboard, tea escaped. Some fell into this man's shoes. When he got home he turned it out, and laugh-

ingly gave it to his mother, who put it away. Soon it became famous, and in after years it passed into the family of Mrs. Mellville, kept carefully in an ounce bottle, and in my young girlhood I have many times handled this bottle with its strange contents, and listened to Mrs. Mellville's stories of those times. They brought with them to Galena many other strange things, which Major Mellville had brought from France, his wedding clothes, in which he had married his first wife, satin coat and vest covered with gold lace, for he was many years older than the second wife. These materials were then worn by men in France in high life. Well, this seems a digression, but you will see where it all comes in afterwards.

On this visit of father to Pittsfield, the old Major had spent, by luxurious living, most of his own and wife's money. They were wanting some way to retrieve their fortunes. They had a large family of children just ready to begin life. Father, ever ready to help any one in trouble, for his great wealth had made him liberal, thought immediately of transporting them west, for there would be plenty of chances there. He told Major that he needed some man of experience and ability to manage his great, future plans. Your Uncle Dick resembles his maternal grandfather in this, always planning something big, full of hope, never giving up. Your great-grandfather had the money, if wisely and well handled, to do wonderful things. So he told the major that after he got his family back to Galena and settled, his business plans under way, he'd send for him. Like your Uncle Dick, he was always trusting men. Then father came back with his family to Geneva, where we had stayed with our new mother, while she and her sister disposed of their home, as this sister, Aunt Kitty Post, as we called her, was to go with us also. Then father must go to Philadelphia to see our sister Maria once more before leaving her so far from him. At that time, he had painted, in that city, those ivory miniatures of himself and one of Charlotte's grandmother, my sister. What became of his miniature, I never knew. Charlotte's

mother has her grandmother's, who at that time was about eighteen years old, and a beautiful girl. Then, on his return to Geneva, he picked up a cousin's son, a young man who wanted to go with him. He was a fine scholar and bookkeeper. Father was glad to take him. This made one more to swell our caravan for the West and made the need of another carriage and horses, also two saddle horses for Jo Brewster and my brother Hamilton to ride. Can you think of your forebears starting on such a long journey in this manner? But at that time, it was the most comfortable way. Two big carriages, one double buggy, two riders on horseback. Aunt Angelica drove the two-horse buggy. Afterwards, she became Mrs. Judge Mason, of Iowa. He practiced in Iowa, also in Supreme Court, Washington, D. C. He was framer of the Iowa civil code of laws, and was one term Territorial Governor of Iowa. Angelica was a woman of wonderful will power, and she had confidence in herself that whatever she undertook to do, she could do. So without fear and trembling, she drove all that long journey through with her two white horses. I remember how they would change about, first one aunt would ride with her, then another. Uncle Samuel rode in a carriage, because he was lame. Then father would let my oldest brother drive the big carriage we were in, but I remember your great-great-grandmother Gear, our new mother, who was never very strong, little Willie, who sometimes rode in the other carriage with the aunts, and myself were always the occupants, father driving. I can't remember who drove the other carriage, but I was such a fly-about that grandmother, who seemed to take me under her wing, was afraid I would get hurt.

The days seemed very long, but grandmother would tell me stories and repeat rhymes, of which she had a store, and our new mother was a beautiful singer and song after song she sang as we passed over our long, weary road. As a faint dream, I can see some of the queer people with whom we stayed at night. When we could make towns, how glad they all were. How well I remember our staying at Niagara Falls City. We

heard the roar long before we got there. It seems as though it was afternoon when we reached there. Little as I was, I remember the hotel where we stayed. Oh, how the noise sounded in my ears. It was appalling to my childish mind. I remember so well, as we all went out to view the waters. We then saw Niagara in all its sublimity, before science had harnessed it to do such modern wonders. I clung to father's hand. Though so many years have passed by, I can still see the awful waters, as they poured over into that terrible abyss. I can still feel the shuddering sensation that took hold of my childish frame. I have never looked on Niagara since, but what a vivid picture it is yet, and I have heard its thunder in my dreams. It may be that bit of scare has had something to do with my dislike of riding on water. Childish impressions are very lasting. I remember when we came to some place on Lake Erie, father took passage for all of us, horses, carriages, and all, in a big boat, steamboat, I guess. Most of our baggage and goods for our new house father had purchased, had been sent preceding us by this route, shipped to Chicago, which by this time, though only a little village, being on the great lake, was beginning to attract the little steamboats and schooners from the East. But it was a long, weary journey by these slow craft at that time around by the Lakes, so we only crossed Lake Erie. But this was a great delight to us children, to see the horses and carriages put on the boat, and then walk aboard. What a sight the wide, blue waters were. I think some of our elders were sick, but we were too full of life for nausea to get hold of us. How little I then thought my girlhood would be spent on a great river, where for years palatial steamers would be our only public means of travel in the West.

When the Lake was crossed, we landed in some large town, where father had some relatives. Here we stopped quite a while, then started for day after day travel again. There was not much stopping, but at Niles, Michigan, whatever made me think and never forget that name, I don't know, but something must have impressed my childish memory.

but there some of the elders had relatives, and again we tarried to visit. After this, I have no recollection of any more stops until we were going down long hills into the far-famed Galena town, built, as my father used to say, like Rome, on seven hills. Through this valley ran the LeFevre River, French for bean, but soon changed to Fever River. On either side this river rose high hills, almost mountains, now at this time giving a sad picture of lands denuded of trees. These hills were very steep. Houses built on either side of this river were on hillsides so steep, they were, some of them, reached by long flights of steps. These hills were beautifully covered with trees, but bye and bye they were denuded; then nature began her revenge, and today nothing but grim rocks cover them. The soil has been washed away into the big, swift river, borne away to the Mississippi, just two miles away. But the struggle between the river and the debris was fierce. Nature filled the fine river with red clay of the hills, and today, the river which was the pride of the town, on whose bosom floated great steamers, has shrunk to a little stream, on which little gasoline boats float pleasure parties, the inmates of which promenaded up and down under the trees, where great wharves used to be crowded with millions of dollars' worth of lead ore. This wharf was lined up and down with great wholesale stores, which distributed their goods to the far Northwest, also distributing stores for Forts and Indian goods to the northwest frontier. Here were gathered all kinds of people, speculators from the east, who were constantly besieging your great-grandfather, who at this time was one of the most prominent figures there in the city, men from still further west, which was a virtual wilderness, in buckskin clothes, miners, Indians, so many French from St. Louis; such a promiscuous crowd, climbing the hills, jostling one another in the narrow streets, only two principal streets really, Main and Bench, one above the other, then side streets running up ravines. What a town! A veritable metropolis. It was surely the metropolis of the Northwest. Into this busy

town we descended, my father rejoicing at all the chances for prosperity he saw in the future. Here was to be our home. No more the little log house a few miles away, where the dear mother had laid down to die, but the best there was in the town then for us.

Father's enormous wealth was spent with lavish hand. Our house became open-house for everyone who had any business with the Captain, as he was called, and his name was linked with every enterprise to benefit the city. Every lot in that town, on which stand public buildings, save where the high school stands, he donated, even a lot for a school and church for colored folks, who began to come there from St. Louis. The land where the old cemetery now is he bought and donated, and that is why it can never be sold. Then he built a great store building on Main Street, filled it with goods and sent for the old Major to come and take charge of the business. He sent also for two other Brewster boys to come as clerks. These were his cousin's children. The mother and father of these young men, came too, all stopping with us till homes were found. Our big house was full from garret to cellar. It was three stories, a big, ungainly, white house, at the foot of Main Street, big trees around, and a big dining-room, pantry, and kitchen tacked on. What a place it was.

Father was in St. Louis one day, down on the wharf. There was a gang of poor negroes brought to the wharf, about to be shipped down to work on rice and sugar plantations in the south. One old man caught father's eye. Father came near to them, his heart all pity at the sight, for he was always an ardent abolitionist, true to his Yankee blood. This black man said, "Massa, buy my time, please." There was a law in those days that the time of the older slaves could be bought. After so many years, they could be manumitted, the master giving them so much, so they should not be paupers in a free state. Father's heart went out to old Uncle Scipio. How much he paid for him I don't know, but a good price, I think. But old Uncle Sippy, as we always called him, amply repaid the price by years of faithful labor and loyalty to us. Father brought

him home, and he was at once installed Major domo of the kitchen, for he was a fine cook, and though there might have been others working there, he was the chief. I well remember all the nice little bits that were mine, fresh from Uncle Sippy's kind heart and black fingers. He was never black to me, just like a certain granddaughter of mine, who when little, had the blackest of care-tenders, always insisting her Rena was not black. Many things to his southern mind were far better than our stepmother's down east ways. For instance, cook stoves, which were used in the East, were an innovation in the West, never had been heard of in the South. Her practical mind saw how much easier it would be to prepare such quantities of food as had to be cooked for so large a family on one of these stoves than before the huge fireplace, especially baking bread, which Uncle Sippy cooked in great bake-kettles, on coals, or in a big tin reflector before the roaring fire. Step-mother would say, "You'll burn your head off, Sippy." He just grinned. One day, the stove came; \$100 was the price paid for the great, black, queer-looking thing, a Rotary they called it. The whole top of the stove turned around with a crank, so that the pots and kettles that were away from the fire could be turned to get the benefit of the flames. A big sheet iron ring was put on top of this stove, then a great, heavy tin ring was brought around this, then a half globe of tin put on top of the tin ring. The loaves of bread set in on the round sheet iron ring, and this was full of holes to allow the hot air to escape and rise over the top of the bread, then a big tin lid put on top. Oh, it was wonderfully and strangely made! No wonder Uncle Sippy didn't want the thing in the kitchen. But after much patience and many lessons trying to teach him this mode of cooking, the stove grew cold and sullen, while Uncle Sippy went back to his roaring fire, singing louder than ever as he bent his great back down to his lowly pots and pans. On a winter day, how I loved to stand by that big fireplace, when Uncle Sippy was broiling quails on the great gridiron, which at that time were so plentiful that they were scarcely considered a luxury. Venison and

wild game were always to be had in plenty. Iowa, not then a state, just across the Mississippi, was a wilderness full of game. Wisconsin, just north, the home of the great mineral interests, was full of deer and wolves.

The Indians, who by this time were friendly, brought in great loads of game to exchange for powder, shot, flour, and I am sorry to say, for whiskey, though father, who was not a temperance man in the way we use the word now, always fought letting Indians have whiskey. He said it made them bad. Indians were very plentiful and very improvident. They had not sold their lands then, had no annuities, so when a hard winter came, they would camp on the big islands in the Mississippi River, sometimes nearly starving, and I have heard people in Galena say they knew Captain Gear at those times had rolled out from his great store barrels of pork and barrels of flour in quantities for the relief of these poor Indians, never expecting any compensation, saying, as I've heard him say many times, "I wouldn't see a dog starve." He was generous and large-hearted towards all. Such men scarcely ever leave fortunes behind. Sometimes stepmother would try to check his openhanded way if she thought the person unworthy. He'd say, "It's better to give to the unworthy than to turn one worthy away." What a great family we had! Such a long table. Father, mother, grandma, the three aunts, the invalid Uncle Samuel, four children, three boys, I the only little girl, four or five clerks and bookkeepers, who always took meals with us, and slept at the store, unless married men. There were always visitors, it seems to me, for, as I said, we kept "open house." I remember one thing my father said to me when I was about to have a home of my own, "Daughter, always be hospitable, always ask people to eat at your table, if it's near meal time, if you have nothing but bread and water," and I never forgot it. He was famed for his hospitality till his death. He was a man of powerful strength, so not many would attack him, as in those days, physical strength was much respected. I remember one morning mother and I stood on the porch watching him load his sulky, a one-

seated rig, two-wheeled, drawn by one horse, in which he always rode to his mines and furnaces. The men were paid off that day. He had brought home to the house the evening before many little bags, but I had not known what they were. It was silver and gold money. Men did not put money in banks then, for I guess there were none. When he began to bring them out and load them in the sulky, I asked what it was, he said "money." Now when I think of it, how did men dare to have so much money and no better means of security. But I don't remember that there were many robbers then. Men would carry great sums of money about their bodies in belts for that purpose, but no one was killed for his money. Father put many of these little bags into his sulky. He dashed away, as he always drove furiously. Mother and Auntie never seemed to fear anything. But hours afterwards came word that some bad men had gotten together, some Irishmen who were half drunk, attacked him, and tried to drag him out of the sulky. But the horse struck one with his fore feet as he dashed on. One, father struck down with a powerful blow of his whip-handle. By this time, one was clinging to the horse's bridle. He sprang to the ground, caught the man, so powerful was he, and sent him rolling down a steep bank. These men were armed with clubs, and in the melee one struck him across his lower jaw, breaking it just across the chin. He sprang back into his sulky, rode like the wind, and though in such pain, paid off the men, came back to town, and stopped at some doctor's to get mended up, and someone hastened to come with the news, so strange that anyone should try to rob the Captain. I remember how frightened we were, but father never seemed to be afraid afterwards, and went about the same way with his money. He never knew what fear meant.

And so my childhood was passed, in this great family. Grandmother and her two daughters had one room with two beds, then Aunt Kitty, who was the oldest of all these aunts, mother's sister, had her room up in the third story. She said she would rather be up there. She was at least forty,

a merry, witty old maid. She would say, "Why, I like to look down on you folks," when someone would say, "Miss Kitty, you have to climb so many stairs." Young as I was, I remember how the young men would joke her about being an old maid. She would say, "Oh, my lover was drowned in the sea." She was quite religious, I know. When I was old enough to read, she'd have me sit up in that high room, and read one chapter a day, till I got the Bible read through. She never did anything but sew and keep her room in wonderful order. Then, Miss Lorimer, an old Irish lady, who was an elegant seamstress, would come and help mother and Aunt Kitty sew for the family. For weeks and weeks they'd sew. So many garments to make, every kind of sewing, vests and ruffled shirts for father. Aunt Angelica always hemmed these wonderful ruffles, as her fingers were so skillful; she never did anything but embroidery and ruffles and laces. All the boys' clothes, shirts, etc., down to Uncle Sippy's clothes, and shirts for Uncle Samuel and vests, all done by hand, and so many comforts and quilts. I always liked to sit and listen to Miss Lorimer and Aunt Kitty tell such wonderful stories. People could tell fine stories then, and sing so much. They would let me thread needles. Aunt Angelica had been a teacher in the East, so she taught me every day, as there was no school for little girls, but a good school for boys, taught by Mr. Campbell, whom our boys never forgot.

Then, an Episcopal church was started, but having no place of worship, we used to meet in the court house. It was a great, old, wooden building, set down from the sidewalk, down on Main Street, and many of the elite of Galena attended it, for by this time, there were many fine families gathered there. This building, in after years, was rented for a store, and after I was married, the Grant's started there a leather store. Captain Grant, afterwards the great General U. S. Grant, who crushed the awful rebellion of the South, was a partner there with his brother in that same old building. But father wanted a better place of worship. He had helped build two churches for other denominations, Methodist and Presby-

terian, donating the lots. So, with a little help from others, he built a little, white stone chapel, on Bench Street, where, for years, we all worshipped, and afterwards, I became one of the Sunday School teachers.

Father's brother, Uncle Gilbert, a clergyman, came out to Galena, being sent by the Board of Missions to take care of this little church. There was no parsonage, so father proceeded to build one, just above our own home, into which Uncle and Aunt Mary moved with their two half-grown daughters, who, with John Henry, afterwards governor of Iowa, whom I have before referred to, were children by his first wife. Aunt Mary was the mother of the two younger ones, a boy and a girl. After Uncle was settled, his own children needed schooling. As there were no girls' schools, I had never been to school, neither had Helen nor George Melville, the younger children of the old Major, who was now father's most trusted business manager, my two brothers and myself, for Willie was yet too young for school. Uncle became Tutor for all of us. We all went up to the parsonage for our lessons, Helen and I became fast friends, and were for years after I was married.

About my ups and downs as a child, I have forgotten much, but I know, that to me, in those days, the most wonderful woman was my grandmother. I loved dearly to stay by her, and she was so loving to me. She was Aunt Emily's chief care. Aunt Emily was always the one to help in all domestic matters, a kind of Martha, always thinking of her mother and Uncle Samuel, the feeble one. Grandmother was always a happy, bright, little woman, full of stories, and such a memory! Father used to say, "I don't believe you ever forget anything, mother." How many quaint sayings she had, and little verses, many she taught me, and some lines I still remember.

My father kept an open house and entertained many distinguished visitors who came to Galena. Among them I remember Martin Van Buren, after he had served his one term as President. The home was opened to him, not because of

party affiliations, as father was a Whig and Van Buren a Democrat, but because of father's generous hospitality. I was probably ten or twelve years old. He was a short, fleshy man, somewhat bald. I remember him as he stood in the large drawing room as father introduced him to the many people who came and went, at what now we would call a reception. He would throw back his head as he joked. He laughed much, and frequently flourished his large pocket handkerchief. As a child he seemed to me very genial, but rather common than distinguished. Small cakes were served and probably wine as was the custom. Once, there came to our house for a day, Mrs. General Hamilton, widow of General Hamilton, who was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel. She was on a visit to her son, whom father had some dealings with. She was a dear, old lady, stately and fine. She had me sit by her, on a little stool, my hand all the time smoothing her satin dress. I can still feel the folds of that black satin. But yet, such a great lady, to me did not compare with my grandmother.

But the time came for the dear sister to return from Philadelphia. She had been away so long, Maria, we always called her, because father had always called our own mother Charlotte, this to distinguish between the two Charlottes. What a change her coming into the home made! Aunt Angelica had some quiet men calling on her. Aunt Emily thought they, she and Aunt Catherine, were too old for beaux, though Aunt Emily married later. But when this gay, young girl of eighteen years burst in on us, all was changed. What hosts of young people began to gather at the house. I was eight years old, she being ten years older, was eighteen, a very beautiful, showy girl, large, flashing, black eyes, that never lost their lustre till closed in death, long years after, a great coil of dark hair, fine, rosy cheeks and dazzling white teeth. I always loved to see her throw her head back and laugh. She had such a happy laugh. She dressed so beautifully. Father wanted her to have the best, and she did. She had beautiful hands, and the little feet of the Atwaters. Such dainty silk stockings and French kid slippers, as she wore, such immaculate gloves, too,

French muslin capes, open at the throat, over the lovely silk dresses. Then, they wore long plumes in the hair when dressed for evening. Real white ostrich plumes, or beautiful French flowers. I can see her now, standing before the glass, with two tall, silver candlesticks on either side, dressing for parties, and how I watched every move she made, thinking how very beautiful she was, and wishing I was eighteen, that I might dress like that. Oh, how she loved to dance, not waltz; they had not imported those things from Europe yet, but cotillions, reels, etc. She could dance like a feather, and never be tired. Steamboat excursions up and down the river were a great pastime with the young folks then. What a happy lot they were.

She had journeyed home by the Ohio River and up the Mississippi. A young planter from Louisiana was a fellow passenger to St. Louis. He fell in love with her, for the journey was a long one, and took a long time. He wrote to her afterwards, then came all the way from Louisiana. But she would have none of him, and poor fellow had his trouble for his pains, so returned without her, and her gay life went on, surrounded by a train of admirers and friends, no wish, seemingly, ungratified, happy as the day was long. But at last, she gave her heart and hand to a young man who had recently come from Philadelphia, which fact at once became a bond of acquaintance between them, as that city was very dear to her. She married young George W. Girdon, a steamboat clerk, who was much attached to that river life, and who in after life became steamboat inspector, a government appointment, which office he held for years. Then began their family history, which is another story.

After uncle came, as yet, there had been no changes in our big family, and I, with my little school lessons and play, was left to follow my own devices, as mother was always too busy with the oversight of the household, so many comers and goers, to give Willie and me much attention, and father had too many big schemes on hand to ever think about us children. He was satisfied to know we had enough to eat,

went to church Sunday and always came in to family prayers, which I never knew to be omitted in the house. Everybody, servants and all, must assemble in the big sitting-room; in winter, a big, blazing fire, for wood was cheap, and we had no end of fuel, as father owned large tracts of wood, with plenty of wood to burn day and night. He always had men cutting it. Oh, what woeful slaughter of trees. No wonder Government in the later days has come to the rescue of the forests. In summer this big fireplace was filled with green boughs or big flower pots. It made a cool look all around, wide open doors and windows, no screens, which now we think indispensable. They were not invented then. Even matches and lamps were unknown to us, except two little, tiny glass lamps, that stepmother had brought from York state, and always stood on the mantel, over the big fireplace, for show, sometimes burned, filled with whale oil, on state occasions, for the oil was very precious, but all light at night was candle light. Oh, what a time in the winter, when these candles were dipped before Christmas! Though we lived in town, yet we had so much land around us that there were plenty of hogs, and father always had brought three or four fat cattle from his little farm, which he still kept. The meat was kept as long as frost remained, then salted down in barrels and put into the cellar. So much was put into the smoke-house, for smoked hams, tongues, shoulders and dried beef. I used to watch Uncle Sippy cutting the hickory chips in the spring to smoke this meat. People had to do this, for there were no markets in those days, and one could not, in the West, buy daily food. It must all be looked after beforehand. All the tallow was well cared for, the suet and lard put away in jars, for household cooking. Good, cool cellars were necessary then, because we knew nothing of ice or ice chests for preserving food, nothing of canning, for that had not been invented. All fruit for future use was made into preserves with sugar. There was then plenty of wild fruit. Plums, grapes, and wild crab-apples abounded. Also wild gooseberries and wild strawberries were everywhere, and though

they had not yet begun to cultivate tame fruit, as in the East, yet I do not remember any lack of sweets in the winter. Father always had some West India sweetmeats sent in the fall goods which came in, all hauled across from where Chicago now lies, on the great lake, the shipping point from the East which started this great city. I remember well, when a child, one day a number of gentlemen, we would now call them capitalists, were dining at our house. I was at the table. They had come over the two hundred miles from Chicago, or where Chicago was to be, to persuade father, who was one of the richest men in Illinois at that time, to put some of his capital into the little town, and begin a boom, but though such a wonderful man in almost everything else, he was not a far-seeing man, wanted a demonstration of things, and then was too loyal to his own town to want to build anywhere else. They used all argument, which must have been wise, but father was immovable. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'll never put a cent of my money in that mud hole." Years after, when Galena had lost her prestige, he said he wished he had. Galena went down because the Illinois Central Railroad crossed the Mississippi River at Dubuque. Father, with all the power he possessed, argued the matter in public meetings, month after month, contending if they would make concessions as a city, the road would cross the Mississippi, two miles from the town, at "Gear's Ferry," owned by him, the only place in the river that had a fine rock bottom, where a bridge could be built for the road. But a lawyer, Charles Hempstead, outargued the Captain. He argued that if the road should pass the other way, making Dubuque the terminal, it would not hurt Galena, but father said, when it was decided, "Gentlemen, you have sounded your death knell, grass will grow in your streets, you have ruined your town." It broke his heart, and though the road paid him \$10,000 for right of way through some of his property, it did not heal the hurt, for his heart was broken for the town to which he had given his money and influence was voted against by men he had made.

Before this he had lost a vast sum of money through the embezzlement of old Major Mellville, who, having the management of all the business, could so easily rob a man who thought every man as honest as himself. The family had a pleasant home, were lovely people, and old Major had every luxury, had too much money to handle. Though some of the clerks whispered something of the dishonest work to mother, father would not believe these things of such a man, his old friend, who stood so high in the community. At last he was awakened to his heavy losses, but too late. I was too young to hear what was said, but mother said father sent for old Major to come to the house. She and father went upstairs with him to the great parlor on the second floor. She said, when father began talking to him, and asked if it was so, the Major confessed, saying, "Oh, Captain, spare me!" Father said, "You must make some restitution." He said, "I can't, for the money is spent. It's been going on for years." What an awful thing it was! Father, after an awful setting forth of the case, in his impetuous way said, "There is nothing to do. I could send you to prison for life, but that would not bring back the money." Then mother said he paused a moment, for she told me this years after I was grown, and said, "Major, for the sake of your good family and for the sake of your gray hair, I'll not punish you, but I never want to lay eyes on you again." Mother said old Major went out to his home, that father's generosity had provided for him, never seeing father again, not living more than a year after, heartbroken and disgraced, but father himself, though crippled by the loss, forgiving his brother his debts. Wonderful, wonderful man! how many rich men would do that now?

Father, your great-grandfather, was a remarkable man in more than one way. His physical courage was great. Once he wanted to cross the Mississippi River, felt he must get back from Iowa side home. No boat was there, so he simply threw off his clothes, tied them in a bundle, tied them on his head, plunged in and swam that great river, where it was more than a mile wide, and a big current, got safe to shore,

dressed and walked home, none the worse for his bath. He was a wonderful athlete, trained in the wild West by many a hardship.

In the meantime there were several important things happened. One that brought me the greatest loss was the death of my grandmother. She was the one I always went to with all childish sorrows, the one to whom I told everything, sitting on a little chair, my head in her lap. How she'd cuddle and love me! Uncle Gilbert had been appointed chaplain at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He felt he must go, though it was in the depth of winter. Aunt Mary remained with the children, waiting for boat when ice should leave the river. Uncle was in the sleigh with stage-driver across country, but did not reach Prairie du Chien, a few miles out, when the horses took fright in a deep woods, ran away, threw Uncle against a tree, broke his thigh. They got him to Prairie du Chien, sent a man on horseback to bear the news to Aunt Mary. There were no telegraphs then, never been heard of. Dispatches were then carried on horseback by swift riders. Aunt Mary was obliged to start at once, leaving the care of family to our folks. Aunt Emily went up to the parsonage, grandmother insisting on going too. After a few days "little Tommy," the youngest son, was taken sick with pneumonia, only sick a few days, and died. They kept the body till Aunt Mary could be brought from Prairie du Chien, grandmother almost giving way through the strain. After the funeral she came back to her home, but she never got well and strong again. Then she had a fall on the icy yard, breaking her right wrist, when we thought she was dead. Uncle Sippy brought her in lifeless, in his great, strong arms, laying her on her bed. Oh, how frightened we all were! She gradually grew better, but never got around much again, and the next summer she slipped away so quietly to the heavenly home, after a life of eighty-eight years, spent in good works and deeds for others. It was such a grief to me. I remember I did not want to wear the black ribbons they put on my white dress for the funeral. I thought of nothing but "Grand-

ma's gone, I've nobody to love me." She, too, sleeps up in that, to me, "wonderful cemetery" on the hill in Galena.

Then came Aunt Angelica's wedding to Charles Mason, up at the little, white church, one summer afternoon, sister Maria being her attendant, with many young folks, a gay crowd going to the steamboat landing with the bride and bridegroom and Aunt Emily, all going out from her brother's great, white house by the river, down to Keokuk, Iowa, a town just building in that territory, their future home. Then came sister's marriage, then her going away, Uncle Samuel going into the country to live with his brother Charles on their farm, where he spent many happy years with their large family of growing children.

Dear old farm, and to go to Uncle's and Aunt Hannah's was almost to me like going to Paradise. I never read Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Out to Aunt Mary's," without thinking of Aunt Hannah, the dearest, loveliest woman in the world. She and my own dear mother had passed their pioneer life side by side, she had ministered to and helped mother in every way, loved her so much and she always took such an endless interest in all us children. How happy we were when we went out to "Aunt Hannah's," and such biscuit and honey as she always had. Fever River ran at the foot of the hill on which part of the farm lay and the house. Here it was not very deep, but lovely gravel bottom and banks, and how many happy hours her children and ours spent wading and fishing. Surely it's not seventy years since those happy days! Also, before sister's marriage, a widowed sister of Aunt Catherine Post (Aunt Kitty) sent for her to come to Michigan to live with her, and she went away also, so you see our big family dwindled away, only father, mother and the men and women hired about the place. My two brothers were sent to school, Hamilton to Alton, and John Clark to Geneva, the former home of the Clarks, the childhood home of my own mother.

Then, by and by, I was sent far away to distant Tennessee, Columbia Institute; as that was an Episcopal school, I

must go there, as our people from time long past were devoted Episcopalians. A large girls' school, as such a thing as co-ed schools had not been thought of at that time. Here, for four years, I spent a happy school-life, never going home in vacation, nor seeing a Northerner, or any of my home folks. Just at the formative period of my life, from fourteen to seventeen, I lived among Southerners, and in a slave state. Once or twice I had a glance at the horrors of that system, when long gangs of slaves traveled down the big turnpike, which passed our great building, to Mississippi South, the other direction North to Nashville, Tenn. These black men and women and children were chained, wrist-to-wrist, a chain running from the front couple to the last ones, to keep them together. How little could I then know of the events that would come in long years after, when my dear husband and myself were to be a little dot in that great army of blue which passed up and down that old turnpike, God's besom of destruction, that he turned on our own beloved land, to wipe out the traffic, and cleanse away the awful sin by the sacrificial blood of brothers, of one common country. My young eyes would have been blinded by the horror!

I, being a western girl, and the only girl from the North, scarcely knew how to resent insult that was hurled at me. When after a day or two, one girl called me a Yankee, I said, "I am no Yankee, I am a Western girl, I am better than Yankee or Southern girls." So they let me alone, for I think they did not know there were such people as Westerners, only the South. Everybody there despised Yankees. Yet I grew in favor with my Southern friends; in fact, grew to be a Southern girl almost with my four years of residence at that school. At the end of my four years' course of study, according to the idea of those days, I graduated, a so-called finished young lady, not much past seventeen years. Now a young lady is only considered a child at that age, not expected to be much more than a child, but behold your grandmother! a full-fledged young lady! I sure was quite set up, but alas, my vanity received a blow at the first party of ladies

and gentlemen which I attended a few weeks after my arrival home. A pretty doll lay on a piano. How it should be there, I don't know. I was sitting beside a man who was rather verging towards old bachelorhood. He took this doll in his hand, and looking at me, said, "Miss Clara, I suppose it's not long since you left off playing with dolls." I was sitting so dignified and prim at my first party of grown-ups. To be insulted in that way, and by one calling himself a gentleman! I tried to wither him with a look and silence, got up and changed my seat, to show my indignation at what I felt an insult to my mature years. Many a time, I have laughed over that young lady of seventeen summers, who at the same time was still so devoted to a great doll, dressed in gauzy robe, sitting on the parlor sofa, as a relic of my lost childhood. But I must confess, I always did cherish a secret dislike for this man, who gave my young ladyhood such a shock. But girls of seventeen nowadays are only school-girls, conning their "ologies," alongside of boys, who look on them as only girls, which does not mean much unless they are athletes or "yelling fans" at baseball games. How different life for young people was then. We knew nothing of amusements then, as young folks have them now. Public games such as are indulged in now were not known in the West. But surely we were a happy lot. A girl did not have to be so beautiful, nor wealthy to be admired. If she was a good horseback rider, a graceful dancer of quadrilles, knew the intricacies of the "Virginia Reel," could laugh and be merry, never rude or unkind to anyone, she was the one sought after. So we were a "happy-go-lucky" lot of youngsters, among the hills of Galena-town.

Our men were gentlemen, our girls ladies. No tales of scandal, or improprieties greeted our ears. Boat rides in summer time, horseback riding, with many a dare to do some feats, led me to ride one day up Pilot Knob, "almost straight up," so high that Indians used it before as a look-out up and down the big Mississippi. But I had all this fine view to myself, for no one followed me. When at the top, I rested my tired pony,

talked to him of his bravery, etc., took out my handkerchief, tied it to a stick, and proudly waved it to those at the foot of the little mountain, calmly climbed back on my pony, then picked my way back down to my worried escort and the other friends waiting below. Well, I did feel a little elated at this venture, as no one, as far as we knew, had ever ridden up "Pilot Knob" before, but alas! dear children, for in a day or two, an article appeared in our weekly paper, for in the West dailies were unknown, "An adventure by Miss Clara Gear." Then followed the "write-up," of course, overdrawn, praising my courage and grit, etc., but adding, "No one ever rode up Pilot Knob before, and it remained for our own Miss Clara to do this feat, and we are never surprised at her courage, etc." But if they had only known what I knew, that it was not my courage, but the surefooted, gritty pony that I rode that made the wonderful climb, so I was ashamed to take to myself the praise, of what belonged to the best pony in old Jo Daviess County. All I did was to stick on.

One day father said, "If you will come to the store this afternoon you can see Jo Smith, as he will be here on the Mormon boat 'Nauvoo.'" Named so from their Mormon town "Nauvoo." I went down, and father pointed him out to me, together with other Mormons who had come up with him. He was an ordinary looking man of medium height, nothing impressive in appearance, dressed in homespun blue jeans, trimmed in smooth brass buttons, and wore a wide brimmed black hat. He looked much like a workingman. I could not see that anyone paid him any deference, as he walked up the street with his fellows, carrying the produce they had brought to Galena to sell. As I write this, I feel it was wrong that Jo Smith was killed, that he was an inoffensive, dull creature, but was made the scapegoat for others who had the brains.

But my venturesome ways came to an end soon. My sister's youngest child was taken violently ill. Our old family doctor, Dr. Crow, sold out to a young physician just come to the city. We had not heard of this, and when sister sent

for Dr. Crow, this young man came in his place. I shall never forget opening the door for this young man, as I was at my sister's. Immaculate in white trousers, white vest, white shirt, straw colored neck ribbon, white straw hat with a light blue ribbon band, his appearance was up-to-date in this spotless summer attire, not one hair out of place, and as he bowed smilingly, his white teeth seemed as white as his white make-up. Indeed, your grandfather, children, when young, was nice to look at, and a perfect gentleman in every sense, never losing this nicety of personal appearance till his last day, a fine type of man for a boy to copy, and a rich possession as a grandfather! The little one was too far gone when he came, to do very much with medical skill, but he came and went for a day or two, though I saw him but once or twice, then death came and bore away the baby. Then, in a few days, I was stricken with cholera, so sick I did not care who came or went, and sister, who had liked this young doctor, sent for him to come at once. He succeeded in arresting the deadly sickness. After my recovery, I went back home, and then began our more intimate friendship, which led to our marriage in the following November, and such a wedding, children, you never saw!

Your great-grandfather never did anything on a small plan. We had been very quiet about the matter, wanting no one to know about the wedding. Parents did not announce the engagements of their daughters then. That was unheard of in our country West. But father waited till the time set for the "happy event." Then he began to invite everyone. He said, "I have only one daughter to marry off, I am going to have a big wedding." For a week, nothing was done but cook, cook. The house was a big one, but not big enough for all, so he had a kind of long board hall built in the yard. In this were long tables set out for all the working people he knew. He went up and down the street, bidding them, for he knew them all, honest, hardworking people, not like the people who work here everywhere today, but respectable citizens, nor not just the people that mother nor the family associated with.

But father said they were all his friends and he wanted them at his daughter's wedding. Mother invited all our friends who were enough to fill the church where we were married to overflowing. These came to the house afterwards and the wedding supper was spread in the dining room. You must remember every one had suppers then, not "light refreshments." Turkey, chickens, hams, roast beef, vegetables, pies, cakes, no canned goods. Did not know of these things. But sweets and preserves, pickles, coffee, tea, milk, no wine, though used in our house, but your grandfather was a "Methodist class leader," so out of respect for him no wine was served, for mother, who had great respect for the "Doctor," as she always called him, said it would not be courtesy to your grandfather to do this, though my father respected a man who was opposed to drink, yet he followed the customs of the day, and though senior warden of the Episcopal church, yet wine and cigars were set for his guests in a little side room. I write this to show you that good men and women of those days did not realize the evils of drink, and also to show how much better the world has grown in these latter days, in regard to temperance. Of course, among the 390 people who came to the feast in the long hall, wine, beer, and ale were plentiful, as well as food. There were people crowded into the house, to overflowing, nearly 600 it was said, and it was talked about for years, "the big wedding the Captain gave his daughter." But we would have liked a quiet affair, and some of that money paid into our lean purse, for your grandfather was just a young physician beginning life, having put himself through old Rush College, Chicago, denying himself the necessities of life fairly; not letting his folks know at Joliet what a hard time he endured through his winter lectures. He did not want them to strain themselves, as they were people of small means, and education cost so much in those days. We set up our happy little home in a brick house on the corner of Franklin and Bench Streets. Your grandfather soon became known as an honest and skilful young doctor, meeting with fine success. In about three years

little Sophie Caroline, the dearest baby, came to live with us and cheer our hearts. She was in some ways a wonderful kind of a baby, but she "was not for God took her!" to live with Him, after having lent her to us for nine short months. Oh! our broken hearts! Your grandfather could scarcely survive the shock, he had been so overworked; was both city and county physician, besides his private practice. Cholera and smallpox had invaded our town and day and night he had worked, then came this awful grief which prostrated him. In a short time we broke up our home and went to Joliet to try to build up his health. He had always wanted to go to Paris, France, and we all thought the sea voyage would restore him, so he made his preparations to start in November of that year the baby died, 1853. I felt desolate, indeed, but with a brave heart I said "go," for I felt all it would mean to him of health and future knowledge in his profession, for we never thought but that would be his life-work. But in later life, God called him to a still finer life, one of his toilers in his wide vineyard. I think I have not, in these pages, spoken of a dear little girl that came into my life while I was still under my father's roof, Annie Hamblin. Her father was what was called a millwright, a man who managed a sawmill. Father owned one of these mills, among the deep, wooded hills of Iowa, across the Mississippi River, opposite Galena. Mr. Hamblin had lost his wife in some river town lower down, so he came up to Galena, bringing this little three-year-old girl. Father got to know him, and sent him into Iowa to run this mill on "Tete De Mort" Creek. Hardly three months had elapsed before Mr. Hamblin was stricken with cholera, that dread disease, which, for several years, made such ravages in the West. There were no telephones or telegraphs, and a messenger came, crossing the river in a little boat, then on foot to Galena, which was not a long distance, for father and a doctor. The disease worked so rapidly, that though they rushed, the poor man was speechless when they arrived, so nothing could be known about the child's relatives, nor from whence they came. After the last sad rites, and the father

was laid away, here was the child left utterly alone. Her name was Annie. Father said, "Well, Annie, what are you going to do?" She said, "I am going home with you." The confidence of childhood! So she was added to our family life.

After the death of my stepmother, Annie came to live with us in our home, and she was a lovely child, and became a lovely girl. She was sent by father to Plattville, Wisconsin, Academy. Father now was married for the third time, as he could never be persuaded to give up his home. My stepmother being now dead two and a half years, he married Miss Fanny Trego, who, as far as I know, made my father a good wife.

In the meantime, while Annie was at school, your grandfather's health failed again. He gave up his Galena practice, to which he had gone back after his return from Europe. His mother was dying, and the family was most anxious for his return to Joliet, for there I had made my home accompanied by little Annie Simpson Hamblin. Your great-grandfather Hobbs had gone to California, also Aunt Harriet's husband, Uncle Henry Brown. It was not the land of luxurious living it is now, men rushed there for gold. Scarcely any women went, the hardships were great and the food was scarce and high. There was the long, hard wilderness to cross, full of Indians and perils. Some went by sea, but it meant a long voyage around Cape Horn. Your great-grandfather and Uncle Henry went across the plains. Your great-grandfather stayed four years, Uncle Henry six. Neither of them struck a gold mine, but lived to come back, which many did not.

As I said before, your grandfather went to study abroad in Paris hospitals, took a degree, and returned after an absence of nearly nine months. As I said, he took Annie Simpson and myself to his mother's. While there, little Dickey was born, and was nearly five months old before his father came back from Europe. He had a place offered him as ship-surgeon at \$100 per month, on a sailing vessel, which were numerous then, as steamships had not altogether displaced them, and as it was last of May, he thought it would be de-

lightful. So it proved, for he surely sailed on a summer sea, but it took six weeks to complete the sail from Harve, France, to New York. He told me once when a boy he had two great desires, one was to see a big storm at sea, the other to see a big battle. He saw both, for when he crossed to Europe, the steamer was nearly lost in a fearful storm on the Atlantic. The big battle was Pittsburg Landing, in the Civil War, and he was in the awful "Hornet's Nest" of that bloody field, but he was of that kind of a make-up that he did not know fear.

But what a joyful home-coming that was, when he arrived in old Joliet from Paris. He was nearly wild over his baby boy Richard. With baby in his arms, nearly dancing from room to room, laughing like a happy boy, showing all his beautiful, white teeth in his delight, mother Hobbs, dear Grandma Hobbs, crying to see her boy. She always cried when she was glad. Whenever we'd go home, she would cry. Then we'd say, "Now, mother, you're crying, you are so sorry." Then she'd look so lovingly at us and say, "Children, I can't help it." Your dear great-grandmother Hobbs was a saint, refined by long years of bodily suffering. Besides this, many earthly troubles fell to her lot, but she never fretted nor complained, always cheerful. But it was a great comfort, that after four years of gold seeking, your great-grandfather came back a year or two before his "Rachel" slipped so quietly out of this life into the eternal.

Three years, or nearly four, after your grandfather's return from Europe, found us in Galena again, where he had resumed his practice of medicine. Aunt Caroline Hobbs had come to stay most of the time with us. After a while, she married James B. Young of that place, a young man, yet able to retire from business, having made a snug little fortune by taking stock to California, driving them across the plains. Many men lost their lives in this business. Many made large fortunes. He was one of the successful ones. It meant much hardship and bodily suffering, but men accomplished this wonderful journey and returned. He was much older than Aunt Caroline, but they spent many happy years together. We had the

joy of having your great-grandmother Hobbs, with all her ill health, come from Joliet to Galena to be present at the wedding. The first trains were running on the Illinois Central into Galena. She came up to Chicago from Joliet, Uncle Thomas accompanying her to Chicago. They brought pillows and quilts and put her in the car, turning two seats together, with thin boards laid across. On this, they made a bed for her, as that time there were no sleepers or parlor cars on that road. But she came comfortably, and stayed all summer, as Aunt Caroline was married in the spring after.

Then came into our little home the blessed child Hattie, mother to four of my grandchildren. What a blessing she has always proved to her father and mother, and now, her children, I trust, "have risen up" as the Bible says, and "call her Blessed." Such a daughter and mother "are above price." When she was about one year old, your great-grandmother Hobbs lay on her dying bed, so much desiring James, your grandfather, to come to Joliet. His health had again broken, for the life of a busy doctor has few moments of rest. With his private practice was added the work of city and county physician. He used to say if he had a dog, he would not want him to be a doctor. He liked the science, but he never enjoyed the practice, because it required so much strain, for unless a doctor puts in all his time, he cannot succeed. As I said, his health was so broken, he resolved to remove to Joliet, where he could be near his mother. We never returned to Galena again to reside. We built us a home, after great-grandmother died, but for some time we made our home with Aunt Harriet, whose husband had not yet returned from California. We arrived there on October 1, 1857. Hattie was one year old, Richard three years and six months. In the March of the next spring, on the eleventh day, came Aunt Annie, in Aunty's old log house she opened her big, blue eyes, to look out into the world, in which she has taken such interest ever since.

Annie Simpson did not accompany us to Joliet at this time, as she was at Plattville, Wisconsin, at a boarding school, but the June after Aunt Annie made her advent into the old

log house, she came home, engaged to a young man, who was a fellow student at Plattville, Wisconsin. On the day of her marriage, we had Annie baptized. She was five months old, but had no name. Annie Simpson said, "She must be baptized after the wedding, and I want to be her godmother, and she shall be named Annie for me." I added the name Maria, and her father added the Louise for my sister and his. So Aunt Annie was now rich in names, where she so long had none. Then your grandfather said, just as he did when she was born, "Harriet, this baby may prove to be a wonderful blessing to us and others," and surely his words have proved true, for she has lived a life of helpfulness, and God has given her the wonderful ability to stand before crowds, and in the work of the W. H. M. S., and speak words for him that have marked her as a woman of high, pure motives, "to spend and be spent for HIM!"

Then, after a few years spent in Joliet, your grandfather, in the meantime, reading law, was admitted to the bar to practice law in the state of Illinois, as he felt his health would not stand the strain of medical practice, and he wanted to keep in some profession. He turned his face toward Iowa, to begin law practice. Only a few weeks were we there, till the mutterings of the Civil War came.

Your grandfather was too patriotic to hear the call of his country's needs and not go at once. As I said, we had come to Iowa to make our home, so at once he began to work for recruits in Iowa. He gave his own name as a volunteer from Iowa, then made war speeches. At the time I am writing this, the awful World War is drawing its curse across Europe, the most horrid war the world ever saw. There seems to be no cause for this awful bloodshed, but the desire of each nation over there to rule Europe. The holocaust of death seems not to affect the heartless leaders, ambition only rules. In the Civil War, it was so different. In our loved land, the great blot of slavery was slowly eating out the heart of our commonwealth. Slave power in the South was so arrogant, it was demanding more states into which to carry this awful

wrong. The wonderful Lincoln stood at the helm. He had been placed there by the Republican party, of which your grandfather was one of the first members. Though of Virginia and Maryland parentage, he was an anti-slavery man. Your paternal great-grandmother, was anti-slavery from her young girlhood, and was glad when her father left the south and came North. Such a mother breathed into her sons hatred for slavery. Your grandfather was chosen one of the delegates to the Republican convention and went to Springfield to meet Mr. Lincoln, as the great convention met there, with thousands of men, of the "New Republican Party," which had been formed, in place of the "Old Line Whigs," that party being too weak to handle the great issues, "Missouri Compromise," "More Slave Territory," "The Right to Carry Slavery Into Kansas," "Repeal of Fugitive Slave Law," etc. They met before Mr. Lincoln's house, in their enthusiasm for Mr. Lincoln's nomination, in the coming convention at Chicago! There must be a leader in the "White House," sane and just enough to keep our nation from being overwhelmed by the slave power. They had to put a guard around the house to protect Mr. Lincoln from the pressure of the crowd as he stood on his front porch talking to the people, who were shouting for "Uncle Abe." Your grandfather was one of these guards, stood just at Mr. Lincoln's side, two or three feet away, saw the great man, heard all he said; little Tad Lincoln stood just behind his father. By and by he began to climb up on his father's side to his shoulder, then down again, but your grandfather says, Mr. Lincoln never seemed to be annoyed, he just put out his long arm and hugged the boy up, all the time talking to the throng before him, in those forceful, terse sentences of his. No doubt Lincoln felt the "Almighty Arm" holding him that day, getting him ready for this awful contest, with rebellion lifting its Hydra-head to crush our land. Did his vision see the awful war of brother against brother? Did he see that this awful sin of breaking God's law, by permitting slavery, practiced by the South, winked at by the North, would return as a boom-

crang on our nation, all guilty alike of this awful crime? Did he see the sea of blood and tears that must come alike to all? There seemed no way out, the stain must be washed out! God is a God of justice. Did Lincoln's vision see "God sifting out the nation before His Judgment Seat," as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe seemed inspired to write in that Battle Hymn of the Republic? He was, no doubt, getting ready for the sacrifice.

When the first gun fired at Sumter told of rebellion, Mr. Lincoln went forth, as a God-given sacrifice, to stand in the breach, to die if necessary, as he did, when his great work was done, slavery dead. Yet, it poured its last dregs on that devoted head. Children, always be loyal to Mr. Lincoln's ideals, for they were God-given. He died, the innocent for the guilty. With such a man, your grandfather, who was always so proud of his hours spent on that front porch, was glad to obey his call, when "Uncle Abe" said, "Boys, come." It was now three years, instead of three months. Just as likely to die as live, he said, "Clara, I must go." Some way, I could not say "no," though what would become of our little ones! Then appeared to me the vision I must go too. I would take the children to Aunt Harriet, your grandfather's sister, and go too. I did not say so at once.

He went at once to headquarters of recruiting office, gave his name as a volunteer, a private. Then he went out, found four more young men, brought them to the recruiting office, all as privates, for the United States Army, to be mustered in at Dubuque, Iowa. For a day or two, he was making "War Speeches," and helping, with the good aid of friends, to get us ready for my journey with the little ones to Joliet, for every one then was ready to help a soldier and his family. The third morning, he was off. He got up early, because he said he could not bear to have the children awake when he left. So, after a hasty breakfast, he kissed each sleeping little one, and rushed away before the sun was up. I went to the door, and said bravely, and firmly, "James, I'll take the children to Harriet, if she will keep them, I'll meet you at Dubuque in

a few days, I am going too!" He knew that I would try to do this, but how? I felt some way that God could make a way if He wanted me. You know He always opens the way if He wants us, and we are willing. So at once, I went to Joliet, hurrying to make preparations for the children's comfort with Aunt, who said, "You go along, Clara, and take care of Jimmy, I'll care for the three children." I think they were all too young to understand the gravity of the awful war. To them, mamma and papa were going somewhere, leaving them with Aunt, who was to them a second mother.

A stout, new dress, a pair of new calf skin shoes, some necessities that could be thrown away if need be, a little roll of needles, thread and thimble, buttons, etc., sent me by Aunt Caroline, completed my outfit, which I placed in a satchel, and I was ready for my journey, I knew not whither. At once, I left for the Volunteer Camp, at Dubuque, Iowa, arriving there about sunset, on a lovely fall day. Your grandfather met me at the gate. By permission, the guard passed me in. We went up to the hospital tent. Your grandfather, being a medical man, and so many knew him, in Dubuque, as it's only sixteen miles from Galena, where he had practiced medicine, the Colonel said, "You are a doctor, why did you not take a commission?" Your grandfather said, "Oh! I was not thinking of office, I just volunteered for my country!" Then, with all his fine knowledge of medicine, he was detailed as hospital steward, at \$13 and rations per month, while surgeons pay was, assistant, \$125, first surgeon, \$150, and servant, the best food they could get, and best quarters, while we had hard tack, bacon, beans, rice, and coffee, when we were where Uncle Sam could get these to us, for we were of the rank and file. From the beginning, our surgeons were late coming to camp, and your grandfather was called on at once to administer as a surgeon. This became the rule, for our first surgeon, though a fine Christian gentleman, was of such frail health, that he could not bear the burdens of responsibility, and though he stayed with the regiment, was ill so much. Our assistant was

a fraud, got behind a log in one skirmish, the boys hiked him out, they hated him most cordially. I think he knew it.

Your grandfather went on with his gentle, patient spirit, a cheery word for each sick, discouraged soldier, caring for them day and night. If we had time to sleep, we slept anywhere, if not, we watched. I helped all I could, that was what I was there for. It was a providential thing your grandfather volunteered and was made hospital steward, for I could not have gone with him if he had been surgeon. As it was, the way I could go was to have my name placed on the roster as a private soldier, and detailed to work in the hospital. When I arrived your grandfather said, "I will go up and see Col. Wood." After a time Col. Wood, a West Point man, came down to the hospital tent where I was, and received me very courteously. I told him I had come to go with my husband as a nurse, he said, "Mrs. Hobbs, there is no provision made for women nurses." I said, "Well, I am going, Colonel." He said, "I will go back to headquarters and see what can be done." In about an hour he returned and said, "Mrs. Hobbs, we have thought out a way. If you are willing to be enrolled on the roster as a soldier of the Iowa 12th you can draw your rations, and have two blankets issued you, and can go in that way." Of course, I gladly accepted the plan.

Though I was recognized as nurse of Iowa 12th, so far there had been no arrangement made for nurses, so I never got my \$13 per month, but then, I should never have gotten my pension, which has helped me so much, if I had not been a nurse. I think your grandfather's skill in medicine saved many a life in the hospital, and there was no man in the regiment that was so beloved. The soldiers would have done anything for "Dr. Hobbs" as they all called him, and all the officers of the staff and line had a great respect for him, for the good he did and the respect he had for himself. The surgeons of other regiments seemed to recognize his ability, for when smallpox broke out at Smithland, there were about forty surgeons there all contending there was doubt whether it be

that dread disease. Your grandfather said, "I know, gentlemen, it is smallpox." They said, "How do you know?" He said, "I worked in smallpox hospitals in Paris, France, where it was so bad that the odor stung your nose." They came to the conclusion that this unknown hospital steward knew smallpox, and that they were not familiar with the disease. They asked if he was afraid to attend these men. He said, "No, but at once I must have a place to put them." He was at once detailed to attend them, get a place to put them, and take whole charge, though with the rank of common soldier, doing duty as a surgeon.

A nurse was the first thing he required, after getting an old shack on edge of town, to which Curtis, the first boy to show symptoms, after being brought into our hospital, was sent. Your grandfather came, where he was put in the long room with the other sick, and said to me, "Clara, are you afraid of smallpox?" I said, "No." "Well," he said, "Curtis has it, I'll not expose any of the nurses to it, you go in, wash his face with warm water, comb his hair, I'll put some clean clothes on him and have him out of here at once." It was time of "Evening Parade" and roll call, so he went to Col. Wood and told of Curtis' situation, and the danger of exposure for others. The Colonel at once stated the case to the men. He said, "I am not going to detail any boy to nurse, unless he volunteers." At once a young man stepped out of the ranks, saluting the Colonel. He said, "I'll go, he is my friend." He was asked if he had ever had smallpox. He said, "No, but I am not afraid." It was a noble thing to do, for it required more courage for a thing like that than to step in battle-line, for he might escape there, but it took moral courage to go into a smallpox hospital willingly. These young men were both students from a University in Upper Iowa, at Fayette.

Long, long years after that, your Aunt Annie Woodcock was asked if she was any relation to Dr. Hobbs of the "Old Iowa 12th," for we had near a company of young fellows from that college, in our regiment. She was speaking

there at this College, before the students. Some old professor asked the question. She said, "I am his daughter." There were children there of these soldiers, and the name of Dr. Hobbs was known among them as the friend of the soldiers. Some of these old soldiers were still living there and came to see her, paying her much attention as the daughter of the man they had loved. Your grandfather had gone to Heaven, but when they found that I was still abiding here, sent me kindly messages, and as a memento, an anniversary number the school had gotten up to honor those brave boys, who had gone out from those halls. In these years, the school and the buildings have grown, and they have laid out the grounds, as a kind of memorial to these boys. It touched me greatly that they still spoke of what your grandfather and I had done for their boys. This was far better than being a big surgeon, to be an humble Hospital Steward, ministering out of our strength and comfort, "giving the cup of cold water" to these suffering ones. We surely had our reward long ago.

Our first journey was to St. Louis, after we started South, where the boys were put into barracks, very uncomfortable and unsanitary. But the war was so new that it seemed as though everything had to be learned. Here the measles broke out in the Regiment. I had always supposed that children got all through this disease, but here were scores of strong men who had never had measles when children. They fell victims and they had to be hurried to some better quarters to save their lives, as the place they were quartered in was not fit for cattle, too damp. So your grandfather had a hard time to find a place for a decent hospital, but there came an order from Headquarters for some big brick houses to be vacated at once, for the owners were rebels, and the right was might, hard as it was for them. They were fighting their country's flag and must go as the Union soldiers were dying from disease and must be saved at any cost. St. Louis at heart was rebel. Missouri had been fighting Kansas before the war for the right to carry her slaves in Kansas. How

these loyal people of Kansas suffered! "Old John Brown" grew a crazy man under the pressure and went to Harper's Ferry with the vision that he could fight the "slave power." We look at it now as the act of a crazy man, but God must look at it as the act of a first martyr to the cause of Freedom. The war was not begun by the North to free the slaves but to keep the slave states from seceding. It was started by the first gun, fired at Sumter, backed by the slave power. We did not think slavery would fall, but it proved God's besom of destruction to kill the monster. Mr. Lincoln said, "Our Union can not live half free and half slave," and he was surely one of God's men, a prophet.

We were in St. Louis all winter, or nearly so. We realized war was doing its dread work in Missouri, for every once in a while would be sent in depleted regiments, sick and wounded, to be filled up and sent to the front again. We had a great many sick. Wounded men were carried to Post Hospitals. Ours was a regimental one, where only our own men of Iowa 12th were brought. Measles were rife among them, so night and day your grandfather and I were busy, with little rest. I had two flights of long stairs to climb, as it was a three story house, with kitchen in basement and patients on each floor. My constant climbing, day in, day out, by the time we had to leave for Smithland, Kentucky, a hole as big as a ten-cent piece was worn in each toe of my new calf skin shoes, which I had not worn till I started, and that was the last or middle of October, and we arrived at Smithland the first part of January. We heard so little of the war, for our minds were so occupied with our sick, several of whom died at St. Louis.

We were carried on steamboats which were called transports, leaving those too ill to move at Post hospitals. Those not so bad we took with us. None wanted to be left behind, no soldier wanted to go to a hospital. All wanted to go to the front. That's what they had volunteered for. There were no cowards among them. We had one man near 70. He was too old to volunteer but he would go. He said, "If I can't

fight, I can cook, and that will help." So your grandfather had him put in hospital cook, "Old Man Baker" we used to always call him. He was a good Christian as well as a good cook.

When we arrived at Smithland we could not find place to put our hospital. Your grandfather had much hard work to locate us. At last he heard there was an old Odd Fellows Hall in the town. At once he went to Headquarters and said he must have that for his sick. It was about noon, but in a very short time he had a detail of men, who with his nurses, were at once carrying up cots and stretchers, filling them with the poor, sick soldiers, and we were installed in this old hall, over an old store, looking out of dirty, broken windows, but so thankful for the place, which was fine, for there was such a big hall, plenty of windows, a back stairs, leading down from a small vestibule. At the end of this was a little room with two windows, facing two ways, which you will see was a Godsend, because your grandfather, with his ever-present, keen eyes, had some soldiers dig into a rubbish pile back of an abandoned tin and stove store, and found an old cook stove and some pipe. It had only one leg and one oven door, but the boys set it up on bricks and improvised an oven door. Now you can see how our windows worked. There was no chimney to this hall, or rather, none to this little room, which had evidently been the regalia room. So the boys put the pipe through a broken pane. When the wind blew the other way this was all right but when it blew that way then they'd turn the pipe out of the other window. Here "Old Man Baker" would cook beans, coffee, or whatever we could get to eat. We had another cook, Miller; he was a local M. E. preacher, a good man, but too conscientious, for I was all the time trying to find something for these poor, sick men to put some life into them. But Miller never would see the right any one had to forage among the rebels. I never gave any orders for anyone to bring anything to the hospital, I always tried to buy from the people, but when anything came to me that I could cook for the boys I did not ask Miller or

Baker to cook it; I did it for our poor sick for conscience sake, "asking no questions." We had a boy who really was my right hand. He was lame, could not march, so your grandfather kept him for my boy, to see after me. He was a merry soul. He was a fine raider, or forager, seemed to be able to find the most things, always at evening, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, and even chickens. Miller thought I was not honest, no Christian, but I knew how our poor boys were just fairly dying for these things we could not get, so I just went on cooking the things that he brought, neither he or I ever tasting this food; every precious scrap went to the sick, to whom it was better than medicine.

How your grandfather did struggle to get the best he could for his sick. He did heroic work, for it was to save lives, not destroy, so you grandchildren may well be proud of such a grandfather. He was so self-sacrificing that I could not really tell you when he ate or slept, as he not only saw to the comfort of all, but had to prescribe medicine most of the time; as our good surgeon, Dr. Parker, was sick so much of the time, and our assistant not much good. Here, at this hospital at Smithland, the smallpox broke out, of which I have told you in another place, and the surgeons being forced to yield to the opinion of the hospital steward, that smallpox was smallpox, for he knew by much experience of that loathsome disease.

At Smithland we were startled one sunny morning by a commotion; as we looked down into the street, we had been reminded that we were among the enemy, for as each sick boy was brought in, his rifle and cartridge box were at once stacked in the outer hall, that I have told you about, his canteen and haversack by his cot, so that the stacked guns, all loaded, reached to the ceiling, and almost filled the hall, so they could be caught up in a moment for defence. At first I shuddered a little, for I had to pass all the time close to these stacked guns, as I went from kitchen to the big hall where our sick lay. Then when we slept it was to lie down on some stretchers just inside the kitchen door.

One day your grandfather said to me, "Clara, I can't get a bit of bread today for our boys, what shall I do?" For they could not eat hard tack, and we had, so far, been able to get fair bread. I thought a moment, then said, "Send an order for some flour, I'll bake biscuit." Then, at once, I called my boy and said, "Go down to the pile of old tin, get as many flat pieces as you find, and bring them at once." He brought about half a dozen, the cook washed them off. These were my bake-pans. With a good fire in our old stove I began to make my biscuits, flour, salt, some pork-fat, water, I think I had a little soda. On these improvised bake pans I provided bread for forty-six men. It took many weary steps, past these piles of loaded guns, to carry in my biscuits, which these poor men ate more hungrily than pound cake. From that day I forgot the guns, and all my fear vanished.

At the commotion each one that could stand rose from his bed, for that awful sound the "Long Roll," that awful sound, "To Arms! to Arms!" rose on the morning air. Your grandfather rushed in, calling, "Boys, don't any of you go if not able, you are not called." But there were no cowards there. Each wanted to go. I rushed into the big hall, about one-half of them were drawing on thin, blue blouses, tying on their rough shoes, and gathering knapsacks and canteens. I tried to help, and all the time that awful "Long Roll" was sounding in our ears. May God forbid that any of my grandchildren ever hear it! I turned to Johnny Blanchard, one of our drummer boys, only fifteen years old. He had three brothers in the Regiment. His mother had consented to his urgent plea, because he said, "Mother, the boys will take care of me." He had gotten into his clothes, was trying to put the band of his drum over his shoulder. I said, "Oh Johnny, don't go." He turned his big, blue eyes on me, out of his white face, and in a firm voice said, "Oh, Mrs. Hobbs, I must be there to beat my drum." This was no cowardly boy, but a boy intent on duty. I put up my hand to help place the drum, but my heart so full of pain, as I thought of the brave mother so far away, who had given all her boys, "at her coun-

try's call." I will tell you later where I saw my brave Johnny again.

The Regiment, all but our Hospital corps, rushed to the river, where the transports were waiting to carry them up to Donelson. For our troops had a few hours before taken Fort Henry, and were rushing across country to storm Fort Donelson, on the Tennessee River, and we were at the mouth of that river. The rebels were in winter quarters, comfortably fixed, never fearing that the Union boys could drive them out, but they did not reckon on brave Iowa boys! Before night we could hear those awful guns, booming at Donelson, and knew the fight was on. Then, the next morning, the news came that Fort Donelson was captured by our Union forces. Of course we were glad, but oh! so soon the transports came dropping down to Smithland, with flags at half mast, filled with wounded, gathered up from the battlefield. There *has* never been much said about that siege of Donelson, for the war was young, had not dragged out its bloody length, two years yet quite, and think, grandchildren, what rivers of blood must yet be shed before it would stop, brother against brother. But at what a cost the poor Union boys gained the victory!

As I said, they had taken Fort McHenry, were well worn out, as they were rushed across the roads in mud and rain, to Fort Donelson. The troops at Smithland were the nearest, so they were hurried to help these weary men, who for days and nights were trying to push and clamber up the sides of the steep hills, on which Fort Donelson seemed to rest in such security. It seemed an impossible task. By the time our boys were there the snow had fallen on the wet ground, everything was slush. Thick trees and fallen logs covered the sides of the hills, or rather small mountains. It was impossible to light fires, for the rebels would see the smoke. They dragged up their cannon by hand, too steep for artillery horses, hungry, worn, ready to drop from exhaustion. They would bite mouthfuls from the hard tack and raw salt pork, then press on. They were getting near the breastworks, the enemy's guns thinned the ranks, but they pressed on. There

were several Iowa Regiments striving to reach these breastworks. The "color-bearer" said, "We'll plant the Stars and Stripes on those breastworks." The brave "color-bearer" of the brave 3rd Iowa said, "Boys, let's do it." They rushed forward, without orders, the "color-bearer" sprang forward, leading the squad of his regiment, with flag in hand, but as he cheered he fell. But "Old Glory" never touched the ground, for as he fell the next boy caught the flag; so near were they now, he leaped over and planted the flag on the breastworks, the brave Iowa 3rd following to the colors. But oh! how they suffered. Shot and shell rained on them. But the breach was made, our Union men rushed in and took the breastworks while Old Glory waved above them, where that brave Iowa boy had planted it.

The second day after the capture of Donelson we were ordered up there with our hospital force. At once your grandfather and I went to view the place where our Iowa boys took the breastworks. At that place, where they had rallied round the flag, the ground was still red with pools of blood. It even now makes me shudder when I think of that awful place. Then, we went down into a little "Valley of Death" where afterwards cruel shrapnel had been fired down on them from the hills. You could hardly tread, without stepping on the sharp, stinging bits of iron and old nails, with which they had been loaded and filled, which tore into the bodies of our poor soldiers. They had buried the dead, but their caps and canteens lay all around, colored with the bloody stains where they had fallen. Oh war! No wonder General Sherman said, "War is hell." And just as I write, more cruel scenes are being enacted in this awful European War, of which you are all old enough to read.

The day after the Donelson fight I shall never forget. The weather had cleared up, the sun was low as the hospital corps went up the road to where our regiment was occupying the comfortable log cabins the rebels had built for themselves, never thinking but that they would spend a fine winter here. On our way up to quarters we met a squad of boys from our

regiment who heard we were coming and hurried to meet us. I noticed one of them had a china teapot in his hand. Just there was a fine spring flowing from under a big rock. He stooped down, filled the teapot with water, then handed it to me. I drank, then passed it to your grandfather. We said, "Oh, good!" for we were very thirsty. I handed the teapot back to the soldier, but he said, "No, it's for you, Mrs. Hobbs. I've carried it all day to keep the boys from breaking it. I thought you'd like it." I took the teapot as though it was sacred, made so by the loyalty of this soldier boy, to whom I had ministered some time in our hospital. The teapot was taken from General Pillow's headquarters, rebel commander of the Fort, where he and his wife were living in great comfort when our boys almost dead with fatigue and hunger stormed the Fort that early morning. But a reward and new life met them in the good, hot food just prepared by these rebels, who had no time to eat in their hurried flight, to get to their transports, to get away up the river. The boys told me that hot bacon, hot coffee, hot biscuits and sweet potatoes made the best meal they ever got! Poor fellows, many times rations were pretty short! That teapot Mrs. Pillow may never have missed as they fled, but we have cherished it as sacred, for I carried it with me here and there till I brought it back to Iowa when I returned. Grace, my oldest grandchild, has it now in her possession. We stayed at Donelson through the coldest of the weather that winter. We were comfortable, for your grandfather and I had one of the cabins to sleep in, which was luxury. But we had so many sick after the battle of Donelson. Our men had such hardships in the privations and awful weather, such fighting, so many were killed and wounded; as I before said, the morning after the battle, the first transports dropped down to Smithland, loaded with wounded they were taking down to Cairo, Illinois, to Post hospitals. On the fore-deck lay two dead Colonels, the bodies being taken back to their homes. Here, that morning, came to our hospital Lieutenant Henderson, one of those Fayette College boys of whom I have written, wounded

through the neck. A ball had passed through under his chin, in one side, out the other, just missing the windpipe. He could scarcely speak, was suffering greatly. He was 1st Lieutenant of Company A, your grandfather's company. Very quickly I had warm water and dressings ready. Your grandfather opened his little surgeon's case and went to work, while I, standing behind the wounded man, held his head as he sat in a chair. As the dressing proceeded he fainted dead away in my arms. I should never have mentioned this, but in after years he was a good friend and became a leading man in Iowa. As D. B. Henderson he represented them in Congress many years. Two years after he was promoted to be Colonel Henderson. At Atlanta he lost his right leg in leading his regiment. That ended his war record, but many years afterwards, when at Washington, he met a Representative from Nebraska in the House, and said, "You have a lady in Nebraska whom I well remember, Mrs. Dr. J. C. H. Hobbs. I never fainted but once, and it was in her arms, when Dr. Hobbs was dressing a wound in my neck, after the battle of Donelson. She is a fine, brave woman. Nebraska should be proud to have Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs in the state." We were at a Soldiers' Reunion in southeast Nebraska, when Col. Strode of Lincoln, Nebraska, told this speech of D. B. Henderson's, and how he had appreciated the care we had given him, never looking for reward, never speaking of his suffering from loss of leg, only remembering what we had done. Then Col. Strode said, "I understand Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs are here, will they please come forward." We went to the platform, though it seemed as though my steps slipped, for I thought, "Why I only did my duty," but the hearty cheers rang out, and I knew that it was good to have been a poor hospital steward's wife, though little I had done something for "the Boys in Blue."

Several months after that came the awful battle of Shiloh. I had not yet reached Joliet, on furlough, when it began, that awful Sunday morn, when your grandfather was rushed out to do duty as a field surgeon, without food or water, only a

canteen full, which he snatched as he rushed away. His regiment, the brave 12th Iowa, were among those boys who fought in that fiery spot, the "Hornet's Nest," he, with the musicians and nurses, doing all they could that long, dreadful day, bringing in the wounded and giving "first aid." Late in the afternoon your grandfather climbed up on a high stump to see how the battle was going. He said the rebels were formed like a horseshoe, the brigade in the center with the ends of the shoe gradually closing together. His quick eye took in the situation in a moment. He lifted up his voice, which was always clear and ringing, and shouted, "Run boys, run for the gunboats, they are closing in on us." He said he waited a moment till he was sure all his boys had started, then he put his powers of running to the test. He was always light of foot, and a fleet runner. As he ran he came up to poor Joe Cobb, one of the musicians, who just that moment threw up his hands and called, "Doctor, I'm shot." He, to encourage him, said, "Oh no, Joe, you're not, run, Joe, run." But it was true, he was shot in the back, and he said, "You know, Doctor, they always said if I came to the war I'd be shot in the back." Joe was from Andrew, and I knew how the girls had jeered him because of cowardice, had even sent him a white feather, had forced him to come down there and join the 12th, and had said ironically, "Joe, don't get shot in the back." But your grandfather caught him by the arm and hurried him on the run. By the way, I'll say here, that Joe was wounded in the back so bad he had to be sent home on furlough. But it wrought a change in Joe. Though your grandfather had been promoted to the post of Brigade surgeon, and was 1st surgeon to the 13th Tenn. Cavalry, he heard of poor Joe. He became one of the bravest boys in the old 12th, and at last was killed leading a squad before Atlanta, Ga. Ridicule made a brave man of him.

But I was talking about your grandfather's life being saved after the battle of Shiloh, by Col. D. B. Henderson. He said he had run through the masses of flying men, some of them nearly crazy by the way the battle had turned. Hundreds

seemed to have lost all presence of mind, fleeing this way and that, trying to reach a place of safety under the fire of the gunboats, the rebels pushing them in the direst confusion. It was surely a rout. Your grandfather said, in the wild melee he saw one poor colonel, on his horse, stark mad, brandishing his naked sword, shouting, "Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike for your Native Land!" but he could do nothing to rescue him. Your grandfather said he had one goal to make, that was an old double log house, without doors or windows, right on the bank of the river. It had been used for storing ammunition for some time, and your grandfather and I, when we arrived some time before at Shiloh, having no tent but those filled with sick, sought this old house. Though piled up with ammunition we laid down on some boards and slept the sleep of the weary several nights, till some of the nurses found out our quarters and were horrified, hustled us out and got a tent for us quick. Well, you see the good Lord kept us safe. This had at once been cleared of ammunition, rough boards nailed together for tables and on these the wounded, who had been gathered up and sent back, were laid for all kinds of operations. All day the surgeons had worked. There your grandfather knew he was needed. Never losing his head, he ran on to this goal, the old log house, nearly exhausted and without food since the night before. As soon as he got inside the door a surgeon sang out, "Young man, go to work." He snatched up some instruments and began to work. A tall young fellow stood before him. The boy said, "Doc, here is a pet." Your grandfather laughed, he was so cool, gathered the skin under the boy's chin in his fingers and with a quick cut with the lance in his other hand, a Minnie ball dropped out. Your grandfather caught it in his hand, slipped it in his vest or blouse pocket, and slapping him on the back, with a smile said, "Get out." He said it was such a marvelous escape for the boy that he kept the ball for years.

But it was no time for jokes, he said. There were awful sights and bloody wounds on all sides, but he never flinched.

As fast as they could, they carried them on to the transports, which were under the safety of the gunboats. For some there was no room, and they just laid them on the edge of the river, long lines of them. He said there were no more being brought in near dark, when he said he heard music. His ears were so quick. No one else seemed to hear. Like a squirrel he climbed up hand over hand, up the logs to a hole cut for a window. Looking out he saw Buell's men defiling up from the landing, flags flying, drums and fifes playing "Red, White and Blue." These were the men whom General Grant had waited for all day. There had been some mistake as to the crossing place.

In the meantime the rebels had begun to see the yellow flag on the old log house, which always flies over a hospital, and were sending shots that way. Your grandfather said it only seemed to him a few minutes when a voice yelled out, "Get down, young man, the rebs are coming." He looked down, and in that short space they had carried out all the wounded and all the surgeons had gone but this one who was gathering up instruments. He said he was down quicker than he went up. Your grandfather caught up a small case of instruments and they both escaped.

We had had a good many sick in the hospital before the battle so I felt that I could scarcely tear myself away from my furlough, which Col. Wood had granted me, but he said, "There is to be no battle, we are to go to Nashville. You can meet us there. This is the best time to go." So, as I said, I had left Saturday morning. The battle began Sunday morning. I nearly weakened when Lieutenant Ferguson, a fine young man, came to our tent door in the evening, saying, "Mrs. Hobbs," in a hurt voice, "they say you are going home." I said, "Only for a short furlough." He said, looking at me so pitifully I could not get away from that look for years, "Oh! Mrs. Hobbs, don't go now." Was it premonition on his part? He was killed early Sunday. It's horrible, the holocaust of young, bright lives that have been offered up on the altar of "War."

But I must go back to our days at Fort Donelson. Though I have written of our being at Shiloh, it was some time before we got away from Donelson. Much had happened. Grant had done much. Always remember, my grandchildren, that it was the silent General Grant, quietly enduring scorn and calumny of those higher up, who called him drunkard, unfit to command, till in the greatness of his soul, he overcame his surroundings of lies, and the great Lincoln found out all his noble qualities and exclaimed to his cabinet, "Gentlemen, at last we have a general to lead us," and he was made commander-in-chief, and quietly and silently he led the "Union Forces" to complete victory, never showing any self-glory for a moment. Self-controlled, self-balanced, God gave him a great work to do, and he did it well, and on the day of surrender, to Lee he said, as that fallen foe tendered to him his sword, "No, General Lee, keep your sword." Then, when the poor rebels turned over their horses and all they had, he said, "No, boys, keep your horses, you'll need them to plow your fields when you get home." Was there a nobler spirit than that? Neither your grandfather nor I were ever personally acquainted with General Grant, though your grandfather, while practicing medicine in Galena, was family physician to General Grant's brothers' families. One brother died there, but it was after we left there that General Grant and his wife and children came to Galena to reside, he taking the place of the dead brother in the business. No one ever thought that the quiet, silent man, Captain Grant, would, as he walked the streets of their town, become the wonderful General Grant, who defeated the South and saved the Union, this blessed land, to be a heritage for every American. He quietly returned to Galena, after peace came. The Galenians honored him by presenting him a fine brick residence, to which all flocked to do him reverence. He left this home for the White House at Washington. After his second term, he and his family took a world tour, then again to the home in Galena. In his first residence in Galena, before he became

famous, your Aunt Maria Girdon lived neighbor to him, your Aunt Caroline and Uncle James Young were friends. The General and his family were constant attendants at the Bench Street M. E. Church, Mrs. Grant being a Methodist and the General coming from an M. E. family in Kentucky.

I write all this to show you how a plain man can become a great man. He did not remove to Chicago because he did not love Galena, for in the war, he chose all his personal staff from Galena men. All men chosen for the ability he had seen in them when a citizen himself. He knew war as an art, for he was a West Pointer. He never boasted of his military knowledge even to his staff. Gen. Rawlins, his chief-of-staff, was born and brought up near Galena. His father had charcoal pits. This boy had a keen, bright mind. He fought for an education, which was hard to get, studied law. Came to Galena a young man, soon married, and your grandfather and I were present at his wedding in Galena, years before the Civil War broke out, no one then dreaming there would be war, or that two such great men would go from Galena.

One man on General Grant's staff was a full-blooded Indian, a chief of the Six Nations, living in Galena and holding some office for the Government, I think something connected with mineral lands, as the Federal Government always had some such officer in Galena, which was then the heart of the lead mines of the Northwest. I also knew this Colonel Parker, though I don't remember his Indian name. He was also one of the distinguished men of the staff. Well, I have filled in so much, that you feel I have no consecutive history of our camps.

When we were ordered away from Smithland, to go up the Tennessee River, we got our first sight of a gunboat. These boats became famous in the Civil War. They were very necessary to go before the transports, the boats which carried the troops, watching for the enemy on the heavy wooded shores, who might, at any moment, sweep the soldiers from the decks or guards of our steamers. The gunboats threw shells into these heavy woods, as we moved slowly up stream.

It was not a pleasure trip sure. I was so anxious to stand on the guards, which you know run all around the sides of the boat. But one soldier came to me and said, "Mrs. Hobbs, don't stand there. Some rebel there on shore among the woods might pick you off." So I retired to a safe place. It was getting near sunset. I heard a bugle call. I rushed to the guards again. The boat was just landing. This bugle call was for a detachment of cavalry, who were to be put off here, to scour the woods up towards Savannah, Tenn., where we were to land, General Grant having made his headquarters there and massing troops there about eight miles below Pittsburg Landing. The Sun was setting as these men, mounted on their horses, slowly wound their way up the steep river bluff, for aught I knew, going into the jaws of death. But this bugle call to duty was in their ears and mine. Oh what an awful thing war is! It can never be anything but horror! I stayed on the guards till I saw the last of the guidons flutter in the evening breeze, and the woods close around them. Of the many things I saw in the war, that picture of those brave fellows, facing unknown peril in the enemy's country, has stayed with me.

That night we stayed on the transport, crowded with soldiers. But someone was good enough to give your grandfather and me a berth, so we could lie down in a stateroom. There was a chambermaid on the boat. She was so kind to me when she learned I nursed sick soldiers. Her skin, though black, covered a kind heart, and she managed to get some of the employees on the boat to give us something to eat the next morning. Your grandfather and I never forgot this kind woman. We landed at Savannah that morning. Now came the task for your grandfather and the nurses to find a place to set up the hospital, for we had brought up some sick and we knew there would be many more. All day your grandfather tramped the town for an empty building. Mr. Cherry had a big residence near the bank of the river. He was the rich man of Savannah. He was a tobacco raiser. His great house, General Grant had taken for his headquarters, for

himself and staff The mansion was on a commanding site, with a view up and down the river. Just below this house, on the edge of the river at a wharf, was a great tobacco warehouse, empty. Your grandfather went to headquarters for permission to take it for a hospital, getting an order to take possession. There were no cots, so carpenters were detailed to put up bunks. Straw was brought in, blankets spread over the straw, the sick were brought from the landing, the nurses were ready, and the hospital running. The cooks made some rude tables, set up on the long porch, and the sick, by your grandfather's careful management, were comfortable. I sat on the bank and watched the work, then went to do what I could for the poor boys. One of the cooks gave us some bread and coffee, on the long porch. But night was coming on, and we had no place to lie down. Where would we find a shelter? Your grandfather had a soldier scouting around to find some quarters for us for that night. At last, he reported a place, where the people said we could sleep, a mile away, more if we went around where all the mules and wagons were in quarters. We came to the road, where, together on each side, were mules and mules, with their heels to the road for at least a quarter of a mile. We stopped; grandfather said, "Clara, we are too tired to go around. Shall we go this road through the mules?" I said, "Yes." We started in through the dangerous ranks, very still we were, but it was very still with the mules too! It was a risk, but they all seemed to be asleep, not one stirred. We escaped injury, but we never repeated such a walk again. We found kind people, but they were frightened when we told our mule-walk. When we laid down, in our clothes, on a hard bed in that log cabin, our sleep was sweet, and the people were Union folks, though they had to be quiet about that matter. They gave us some breakfast in the morning, but we returned another way. We found the sick as comfortable as they could be in that poor old house. But it did not leak. It was all one room, with a great, high roof, where the tobacco had hung to dry. The boys fixed us a bed in one corner, put in some clean hay, hung up

some blankets for a partition, and grandfather and I were settled.

The next day, one of the boys died. As I said before, some of these we had brought up from Smithland. This poor boy was one of them. There was no place to eat, only on this long porch. There was no place to put our poor dead soldier, only at the other end of the porch. Dinner was spread on the rough table. Many had died in hospital, but we had been able to find a place to put the poor, dead bodies, but none here, for he was to lie till sunset, then they would carry him out in his rough coffin and fire over him the military salute. He was such a fine fellow, only nineteen years old. No one could eat much. I could not swallow a bite, thinking of the broken-hearted mother back in Iowa. The boys so shrank from this dying in the hospital. They would rather be shot down on the battlefield. But how death grows familiar! I had to get used to it after that. There was so much typhoid that spring, in March, at Savannah. How we needed milk and a few such luxuries for these poor, dying boys! I would take a soldier boy, who always went with me, and go from house to house offering to pay well if I could only get milk, butter or eggs, but the women would refuse to sell. I went, one day, to a house where they said they had plenty. I told the boy to stay outside the house, they might refuse when they saw his blue blouse. I said, "I'll go up on the portico and knock, they sure will treat me all right." I stepped to the door. A woman opened it. I made known my errand. Very crossly she said, "No! no!" As I turned, she hissed her big dog, who lay at the other end of the portico, to fly at me. But my soldier boy was listening, sprang on the portico and called out, "Madam, don't you dare do that, or you will get into trouble." She spoke to the dog mighty quick, and we came quietly away.

But in contrast to this woman, in a few days I found another, a woman, I should say, seventy years old, standing at the top of a hill, just at the outskirts of Savannah. She spoke to us so kindly, and when she saw my blue-coated boy, she put out her thin, work-scarred hand and said, "Howdy

friends." Her house was just across the road. I told her what I wanted. She said, "I'll do the best I kin for your poor soldier boys, for they are mine too. Tell the boy to go across and talk to my old man. He can't walk, and we'll talk a minnit too." I told her who I was. She said, "Putty nigh everybody's rebels in this town. There is jist a few what ain't. Me and my old man can't say anything. We're too old, but my father fit in the Revolution and my man fit in 1812, and do you think we could be rebels? No, we never could. My old man's got discouraged. He said not long ago one day, 'Nancy, the stars and stripes will never come up the Tennessee agin,' but I've been watchin' nigh onto two years, hopin' and a prayin,' comin' out here to watch that bend in the river, to see what I could see. I cum outen to look, it was just sun up, and there cummin' round the bend was a big, black thing comen up the river. Oh, I was scared for a minnit, then I looked again, and saw a great, big flag, the old stars and stripes wavin! I jerked off my old sun-bunnit, and waved it, and hollered hooray! hooray! Thank God the old Stars and Stripes has come back to Tennessee! and I could hardly git across the road to tell my old man that our prayers was answered. The Stars and Stripes had come back to Tennessee! Why yes, honey, I'll give them sick boys everything I've got that will do them any good." We crossed to the double log house where had lived these two old folks for many a year, for they were childless. He could not walk, was helpless, but with all their poverty, they were made happy by the sight of the Stars and Stripes. Do we appreciate our flag like that? We got, you may be sure, all the things we wanted, and she did not want us to pay, but we paid her well and went on our way rejoicing. But I did not get to see my old lady again, for in a few days we received orders to follow the army up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing, where the Battle of Shiloh was fought.

Your grandfather was ordered to be ready by afternoon, with the hospital stores, to embark at three o'clock. But we were ordered to leave the very sick, that meant all, for all

were so sick. Your grandfather went to headquarters and asked for an old, empty church, which was up the hill from our tobacco house hospital. Leave was granted, and at once, the removal of the sick was begun, though we could get no cots. Each poor fellow was laid on the floor of the church, from which the seats had been removed, just one blanket spread down on the hard floor, his knapsack under his aching head, the other blanket spread over him! I thought I had time to go up to that church after they had taken out the last boy, so I took my satchel, giving it to the boy who always went with me, for your grandfather was at the boat-landing attending to the loading of hospital stores. The soldier boy went with me up the hill. As we passed a house on the street, with a yard in front, there stood a great peach tree. As it was fruit blossom time on the Tennessee, this tree was just one great bouquet of lovely peach blooms. I thought of the poor, sick boys I was going to say good-bye to, so I just stepped to the door and said, "Lady, can I have a few of your peach blooms for some sick soldiers?" I feared she would refuse, but she said, "Why, yes, let me give you some," and proceeded to fill my arms with the lovely blossoms. When we reached the church, I found two long rows of sick soldiers, from one end of the church to the door, lying side by side on the hard floor. Four nurses had been detailed to care for them, and as I stepped in, a young man of our regiment came towards me, for sick from other hospitals had been brought in. I saw at once it was one of the Blanchard boys. There were three of these brothers from Iowa in our regiment, and our drummer boy, Johnny, of whom I have written, was one of them. He said, as he came forward, "Oh, Mrs. Hobbs, Johnny is here! I am so glad you have come, he wanted to see you again." I asked when they brought him in, he said they brought him in a short time ago from the Post Hospital. Poor boy, he had held up till they got to Savannah, all through the battle of Donelson; this brave, young boy, only about sixteen, had carried his drum, shared all the hardships of the attack on Donelson, then on up to Savannah, with the first advance, then succumbed to

weakness of lungs. We were not there then, as our hospital remained longer at Donelson, for there were so many sick, and many died. Some said the Rebels had poisoned the springs from which our soldiers drank, before they evacuated the fort. But it was too horrid a story to believe, so little was said about the matter. But we thought it was their hardships at the time of storming the fort, so little rations, only raw salt pork and hard tack, as for a day or two they could light no fires lest the enemy find their attacking point too soon. This was why we lost Johnny Blanchard. He was in front, beating his drum, while we were in the rear. But there we were, working day in and out with the suffering. But as I followed his brother, who they had kindly detailed to remain as one of the nurses to care for him, how my heart ached at his welcome smile! It was surely Johnny, with great, blue eyes looking out of his white face, where on each cheek burned the hectic spot, lit up by that wonderful smile, giving his life for his country, waiting for the last great "roll call" to answer, "Here am I, Master, with my drum!" I knelt down by the side of his hard pallet. I could say so little, I said, "Johnny, is it all right?" He said, "All right, Mrs. Hobbs." I asked him if he wanted some peach blossoms. He said, "Peach blooms, I never saw any before. We never had any in Iowa. Oh! they are so sweet." I filled his hands, rose up as I said, "Good-bye," and turned away. I felt that I should cry out if I look into those childish eyes again, and thought of the poor mother, so far away in Iowa. As I turned, I felt a hand clutch my skirt one moment, then relax, but duty was calling, so I passed on, till I had given each soldier a flower and a word, but I never saw Johnny again. In a day or two, I got a letter from the brother, saying, "Johnny is gone. He died that night after you left. We put him in his rude coffin and I laid the peach blooms by his cheek, in that poor coffin, the blooms which he held in his hand to the last. Won't you please write a letter to mother to this address in Iowa?" I did so, but it was almost the hardest task I ever did. I never saw the Blanchard boys again. Wherever they fell, they were brave soldiers, not only

for their country, but for Jesus Christ. They brought their religion with them into camp, and lived it.

The whole Brigade was taken at the Battle of Shiloh. No doubt, they were taken to rebel prisons, may have died there, but wherever they fell, were true to their mother's God!

It was near sunset when my soldier boy and I left that old church with so many dying soldiers, and hurried down the hill to the wharf. I said, "We are late, but I guess they won't leave us." But as we began inquiring after transport, we got uneasy. At last, a soldier said, "Lady, that hospital transport has been gone two hours." Something gripped me hard. Your grandfather and all the nurses gone! Where should I turn? I knew I could take my soldier boy and go on any other transport, so I sent him on board of another transport to find the captain and bring him to me, for I had my passport which your grandfather had given me, in case we got separated. The man came. I explained to him how I had gotten left. He said, "You can go up with me, but we won't leave for about two hours." "Well," I said, "that's all right." You may be sure I did some thinking. As I said, the sun was near setting, nothing to eat and no one to turn to but my soldier. I said, "We'll sit down on this bank awhile, you watch our boat, then we'll go aboard near the time." Imagine, if you can, your grandmother sitting there, with thousands of soldiers rushing by and swirling around her, all hurrying to get aboard their own transports lined up and down the river with the long, low gunboats, who were the watch-dogs for our safety. Evil though they looked, they were our Providence. Amid all these wild scenes, as far as I knew, I was the only woman, yet I was not afraid. Not one of those men, though some of them might have been evil, would, I knew, ever lay a finger on me. I was safe as though I had been at home. Ever since I was so surrounded by men as I was in the army, there grew up a respect for men to which I have always been loyal. Never did I in all my service among men see a disrespectful look, or were my ears offended by rough words. Once, in St. Louis, before we left the barracks, a troop of cavalry came

noisily in from a hard raid. Only thin boards were between us, as a partition, but in a moment, a loud voice rose above the turmoil and said, "Boys, there is a lady in the next barracks." All fell quiet. They seemed to realize I was there to help the poor, sick boys. They were quartered there several days, but though the cavalry were called hard and rough, through hard trips and much hardship, yet they were as respectful as any men. I have since then heard many women, in public and private, talk outrageously about men and their failings, yet I have always kept my own opinions about men. Maybe if there were no bad women, there would be no bad men! We know the first sinner was a woman, and she tempted Adam. Have we anything to boast of?

Well, you left your grandmother sitting on that bank, waiting till the boat was near ready to start, but trying to puzzle out how among the thousands of soldiers up at Pittsburg Landing I should ever find your grandfather. My soldier boy said, "Mrs. Hobbs, we'd better go aboard as it's getting dark." He took up my little grip, as that was all my transportation order allowed. When I wore out one dress, we would get to some town, I'd go out and find something for another, then find someone who could sew, and soon I had a new one, without any questions or answers. So also about shoes and stockings. The old were thrown away, I put on the new and kept at work. I had thread and needle case which Aunt Caroline made me. I always carried it, very useful, too. I believe the remains are still here.

When we got on the transport, weary and hungry, I found a woman, the chambermaid. Though her face was black and mine white, we were sisters, two women in this sea of men. Wasn't that nice? I said, "We are so hungry." She got us something to eat. We went out on the guards of the boat, sat down on the floor and ate the food. Then she said, "I'll fix you up a state room, Mrs. Hobbs," when I told her who I was and how I had gotten separated from your grandfather. I said, when she got it fixed, "Thank you, honey, how good to sleep in a bed!"

My soldier had been scouting through the boat, which was not a very large one. He came to me and said, "Mrs. Hobbs, lock the state room door which goes out into the ladies' cabin," as it is called. I said, "Why?" He said, "This is an officers' boat; they are in great numbers, crowding in, filling up the ladies' cabin, as the 'gentlemen's cabin' is already full, and they have lots of liquor with them and they will make a night of it." My heart stood still for a minute, but I said, "I am not afraid. They may drink and swear, but they'll not harm me when they know who I am." My boy said, "They can't get in if you lock your door on your side, and I am going to bring my blanket and lie on the outside of the other door, on the guards. They will not dare to disturb you with me there, or they will have to walk over my dead body." Faithful boy! He brought his blankets, lay all night on the guards so I should not be afraid. I did not sleep much, you may be sure. Those officers were pretty noisy, eating, drinking, playing cards, till when they got too bad, I think some of the boatsmen or the Captain went in and told them there was a lady aboard. Then they quieted down, but oh, how thankful I was that someone told them, for none of them would have harmed me. They had respect for a woman that was down there to do what she could for the sick and suffering. That was the only time I ever suffered any fear, and that would not have been had they known I was there. I remained in my little state room till early morning, wondering and thinking how I should ever find your grandfather again. I could not tell where he'd been ordered before I'd find him again, but I was safe in the hands of Uncle Sam, of this I was sure, but the suspense of the waiting hours was painful. But as a good soldier, there was nothing else to do. I opened my door onto the guards. All was so still on the boat. All these noisy officers had fallen asleep hours before. I guess I was the only wakeful one, a lone passenger on that crowded boat. As I stepped out I found my soldier boy awake, with his blanket rolled and strapped to his knapsack, waiting further orders. "Well," I said, "I felt safe with you so near all night, but

I am afraid you did not sleep much." He said, "Oh yes, I slept pretty good after they got quiet." Then he looked very anxiously at me and said, "Mrs. Hobbs, were you much scared?" I laughed and said, "Oh no, we are soldiers and have to be brave! Now we'll try to find something to eat. Bring it out here on the guards, as evidently these officers are in possession of this boat, and I'll not appear in the cabin while they are aboard." The boy went, and found the chambermaid, or stewardess, as she was called, while I leaned over the guard rail, watching the progress of the boats up stream, hoping that every minute was sure bringing me nearer to your grandfather, forgetting that some rebel spy, concealed in the heavy underbrush of the shore, might make a target of me, but oh, the great steamers ahead of our boat, loaded with the blue-coat boys, left little to fear.

My soldier returned with some bread, meat and tea. We thanked the good Father, for we were so hungry—not much ceremony, as we sat down on the floor of the guards, and ate from our hands, drank tea from the tin cups, but it was good and heartening. By this time, the sun was up, everything beautiful in the early sunshine, sparkling over the wide Tennessee River, for the river was at spring flood tide, everything beautiful, but this awful war! In an hour, we reached Pittsburg Landing, after an anxious night. I shall never forget that morning, as our boat made its landing among the hundreds of other transports up and down the river, all flying the beloved "Stars and Stripes," and alive with our own blue-coated troops. My soldier and I had never left the guards. As soon as the planks were thrown out, our young officers, we watching them, hurried to their commands, seeming to forget, or not caring for, those boisterous hours that had been so painful to me, but they did not know, so "ignorance was bliss to them." I said to the boy, "Now, how shall we find our regiment?" Of course, we were 12th Iowa soldiers, hospital corps, he knew his brigade and division, so he said, "Mrs. Hobbs, you stay right here, I'll go find where our boys are; if this boat should leave before I get back, you go ashore and

stay right at this landing till I find Dr. Hobbs." I realized what a task he might have before he found your grandfather, but I knew it was the only thing to do, be brave and wait the outcome. He was just stooping to take his knapsack, when we caught the sound of singing, at least half a mile away. Up stream was a great transport lying, on the deck near the stern was a group of soldiers singing, and above all the great wave of song rose one familiar voice, clear, strong as a sweet bugle call, the words, "I'm bound for the land of Caanan," a chorus of an old Methodist hymn, which was by these long months made familiar to all hospital ears. It was Miller, one of the most beautiful singers I ever heard, a local preacher from Iowa, evidently holding one of his prayer meetings. We both said at once, "There is Miller, and our boys are on that transport!" My thankfulness was past words. If I ever should be so worthy as to enter the heavenly gates, it has always seemed to me that angel voices could never sound sweeter to my poor, tired ears than did those notes of Caanan, sweet Caanan, floating to us on that lovely, quiet, sunny air, bringing hope to our anxious hearts. Wasn't God good to give us that signal without having us wait weary hours? "I can find them now," said the boy, and started almost running, soon on his return bringing his "Dr. Hobbs," who had spent as many anxious hours as we, but sure in the belief that I had a true soldier boy, who'd see me through.

Your grandfather was already getting matters shaped for hospital, though now we must use tents as quarters for the sick. We had so many typhoid patients, it was better for them to be in tents, putting up the sides. The fresh air had full sweep through the tents. Your grandfather was still hospital steward, though his papers, asking for his release as a private, to be changed to surgeon, sent by the Surgeon General of Division, had been sent up to Washington by General Grant when we first landed at Savannah, but they had gone glimmering for all we could find out. But he was exercising his own skillful ideas of administering medicine. Such large doses as would be prescribed, he would cut in half.

Whiskey seemed to those army surgeons the thing to deal out to the poor typhoid boys, but your grandfather would say to me, "When no one sees, throw away the whiskey. Not much medicine, no whiskey, that only adds fuel to fire." So he instructed his nurses to use as much cold water as they could, and keep all stimulants away. He was a wonderful temperance man in his idea of liquor, said it "killed more than it cured," that liquor tore down the tissues, was of no earthly use in medicine, only it might do some good in snake bite, one poison to fight another. But he was an out and out Prohibitionist always, from a boy. When he began his practice, only 21 years old, he had the courage to fight whiskey, which was a very unpopular stand to take. He came to Galena when only 22, bought out old Dr. Crow, who had always been a drinking man. That is, the old doctor was just what they called a moderate drinker, which was the fashion then. But here was a young fellow who would not stay in a hotel that had a bar. So when the stage drove up to the American House, where everyone stopped, he said, "Is this a temperance hotel?" They laughed at him, but he said, "I'll find one." "Oh," someone said, when they saw he was determined, "there is a little hotel up on Bench Street, the Bothwell House, they don't have liquor there." It was a small affair, not much patronized, for temperance people were not very popular. He had little money and needed practice, but he was firm, as he always was in his ideas of right, so settled down at the "Bothwell." He never got discouraged. When Sabbath came, he went to the M. E. Church, put in his letter, went ahead, bought out Dr. Crow's practice, as the old man left for St. Louis, hung out his shingle and waited developments.

Soon after, Mr. Bothwell's daughter took sick. They would not employ this young doctor, but sent for their own physician, the best, all thought, in the city. She broke out with an eruption, which the doctor called chicken pox. Now, this was many years before he went to Paris, France, but he seemed then, young though he was, to have a very thorough insight into medicine. Afterwards, when he did go to Paris,

he made a study of smallpox, and that was why, as I have told in these pages, he could at once decide against all those surgeons, and so was able by his knowledge of that loathsome disease to prevent a widespread infection among those troops at Smithland. Someone told him, when he went in to dinner that day, that Miss Bothwell had chicken pox. In his quiet way he said, "Are you sure it is? Sometimes the dread smallpox has that appearance." By evening, she grew worse, but they all were laughing at your grandfather's fears, said the doctor knew it was only a bad case of the chicken pox. He said to Mr. Bothwell, "You'll ruin your house if you let these people stay here and then find that it's not chicken pox." "Well," Mr. Bothwell said, "Dr. Hobbs, I'll send word to our doctor; let him come and you go up to the room with him." He did so. When he got to her room and went up to the bed, he said there was that peculiar odor that is always present with smallpox. He had been in the smallpox hospitals in Chicago, where he graduated at Old Rush. Dr. Crawford was astonished at his mistake. At once, the house was cleared of boarders. There were several other cases, but poor Bothwell was nearly ruined, but your grandfather's practice was assured there for years to come, and no one avoided him because he was a temperance man. I do not think God sent that smallpox to help your grandfather into a practice, but out of that evil, he brought good to one of his faithful children. So it will always be if we stand firm. "He knoweth the way we take."

It may be as well to relate the manner in which your grandfather met the division surgeon here as anywhere.

I think I have not told this experience before. We had worked our way up to Savannah. We, as I said, had many sick in our old tobacco warehouse there. Your grandfather was in great need of supplies when we were in St. Louis, before we started up the river. He was determined to get these supplies. He knew so well what would be needed. As his application had been refused by the quartermaster, who looked for his shoulder straps, but found none, he said, "I'll go to

General Sherman at his headquarters." At this, this shoulder strap man laughed and said, "You'll not get them." But he went to General Sherman, presenting his needs in a sensible, straightforward manner, and though a private was before him, General Sherman was sensible enough to see he knew and understood what was needed, and at once ordered the supplies issued. So again, at Savannah, we were in sore need. We had no candles; the poor nurses were at their wits' end trying to give medicine through the night to the sick, by the light of matches. We knew there were candles, but again the quartermaster, a smart Alec, would not issue to the man your grandfather sent from the hospital. He came back empty-handed. Your grandfather was indignant. "Uncle Sam has plenty of candles, he does not mean to have our boys in the hospital left in the dark. I'll go and see the division surgeon." Someone said his transport had just come to the wharf. He at once went to the boat. I can see him hurrying along now. As I watched him going, he never was thinking of the great man he had to face, some big West Point man, at head of the medical work for that division of the army. He was thinking of getting those candles.

When he got into the presence of that officer, he did as he always did, spoke as man to man, for your grandfather was never a man to feel any fear of superiority in one man above another. He always was a gentleman, so could always have self-poise enough to know he had no superiors, to be looked up to. He felt always independent enough to know he was as good as those he stood before. He made his request, and the reason why. For a moment, the officer looked at him, his common soldier's blouse, lack of rank, and said, "Young man, who are you?" "I am hospital steward of the 12th Iowa Infantry." Your grandfather always spoke in the finest language, never used many adjectives. The terms, I suppose, he had used were familiar ones to this eminent surgeon.

"What are you doing as a hospital steward down here, young man, when our men are dying for medical aid? Why did you not get a surgeon's commission?" He answered, "I

guess I never thought of a commission, I just volunteered to help my country." "Where were you educated?" "At Old Rush, in Chicago, then I have a degree from school of medicine in Paris, France." "Is there anyone here who knows these facts?" "Yes, at General Grant's headquarters. Some of his staff, Gen. Rawlins, Col. Parker, Col. Rowley, are from my town of Galena, and I have practiced in some of their families, though I don't know General Grant personally." "Well, young man, this is a strange statement. I'll give you one hour to go to headquarters and make this story good." He asked for his candles. He got an order on the quartermaster, also a note from him to General Grant to see these men on his staff, as he turned in to the hospital, on his way up to headquarters. As I said before, General Grant had his headquarters in Mr. Cherry's mansion, on the hill, while we had our hospital in Mr. Cherry's old tobacco warehouse down on the wharf. Your grandfather never told me his errand to General Grant, nor of the order he was taking him. He merely said to some of the boys, "Boys, I got the candles. We'll not be in the dark tonight."

It was only a very short time till I saw him stepping briskly back to the boat, then back to headquarters, but presently, he was back at the hospital, telling me all the wonderful experience he had been through. The last trip, he had carried to headquarters a request for General Grant to forward to the surgeon general at Washington immediately an order to lift Dr. J. C. H. Hobbs from the ranks, so he could be commissioned a surgeon at once, as the need for medical men in his department was very pressing. It was mislaid, by some oversight, for we waited for weeks, and no answer came to General Grant, so we supposed it was lost in some way.

At last, Col. Wood said I could have a furlough, and as I said before, he informed us that he expected that the troops there, the Iowa ones, at least, would be ordered to Nashville. That if I wanted to see my children, this was a good time, as I would get so far away at Nashville. I have written all about my leaving Pittsburg Landing, almost impossible to get

through the lines, but I succeeded. Then the awful battle, before I reached Joliet, your grandfather's experiences on battlefield resulting in a long illness; then Col. Henderson's putting the note in his pocket which caused his attendants to send him home just as they were about to send him up the river to Cincinnati in an unconscious and apparently hopeless condition. Then Uncle Jim Young's message to General Grant, asking for an explanation of what became of the order to the Surgeon General at Washington. A search among the General's papers found the order granted weeks before, and an order for your grandfather to apply to Governor Kirkwood of Iowa for a commission. How much pain, suffering, and trouble the receipt of this would have spared your grandfather, for the order for his discharge from the ranks was received long before the battle. When he got it at last, he had received his disability, which followed his life ever after, and at last took him into eternity. We don't know why these things are!

Well, I must return to my last days at Pittsburg Landing. We were busy day and night with typhoid cases. Of course, some died, were carried out in the rough coffin, the "firing squad" following to pay the last sad rites to dead comrades. Days passed into weeks, and still the troops were waiting. How little many knew of the awful battle that would so nearly wreck our troops there, that would bear so many brave boys to the Southland to suffer, languish, and die in Rebel prisons. Oh, how thankful we should be that your grandfather escaped such a fate, for all day he was working right in that "Hornet's Nest," so called by the Rebels because of the horrid onslaught on our Union boys, the majority of whom were Iowa troops. How little I thought, when I went to regimental headquarters, that evening I had made up my mind to ask for a furlough, with your grandfather's approval, that I was bidding good-bye to the army and army service! All said, "Oh, you'll be back when we get to Nashville." I belonged to "Uncle Sam," and must come back.

But you have the record of my leaving at sunrise the

next morning, how your grandfather and I both tried to feel cheerful, but we did feel pretty sad inside. When would we meet? and where? I have already told of my companion, who was going back to Cincinnati, in a few hours to walk alone the path of widowhood, made so by that awful battle. How well it is we can't look into the hours before us! We might see shadows there that would turn into awful realities!

After my great anxieties about your grandfather, it was a relief to have him in Galena for a while, where we, with the two little girls and the dear boy, rested for a short time. With good food and comforts of life, your grandfather soon grew strong, but we must begin to think of his going back, for as the big surgeon said, there was need for medical men. We must go back to Andrew, Iowa, where he had enlisted, report to the governor of Iowa, Governor Kirkwood, for a commission as a surgeon in an Iowa regiment, but Iowa had now sent her quota of men, there were no regiments being filled. He waited, but waiting would not do. As they were calling for contract surgeons, surgeons who for some reasons were detached from their regiments, so great was the need, he left at once for the front. On reaching medical headquarters, they sent him to a Kentucky battery whose surgeon had gone home on sick leave. After a few weeks' service, the surgeon returned. He was released. In the meantime, we had gone from Andrew, Iowa, where he had left us, to Joliet. He came back to get his commission again in Iowa, so we went back to Iowa. Your grandfather, being in the service, had his transportation back and forth. But this second time, he could find no regiment filling up, but he said there were plenty of regiments wanting contract surgeons, so again leaving us in Andrew, he went to the front. Here, he was commissioned assistant surgeon to the 2nd Wisconsin regiment. But this took him away from Iowa. After plenty of hardship, he took a heavy cold, settled on his lungs, and had to come home on sick leave.

At this time, as it was only a few miles from Andrew, Iowa, to Galena, we went over to make Aunt Caroline a visit.

At that time, he had that picture taken of himself, and Richard, standing by his father.

Soon, he had to go back to his Wisconsin men. We moved into the long frame house, where the M. E. preacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, lived. After your grandfather went back, the Wisconsin men whom he served were ordered to Nashville, Tennessee. By this time, his ability at medical headquarters was known. As they were mustering in a regiment of cavalry, the 13th Tennessee arrived. It was made up of men who were recruited out of the mountain fastnesses of North Carolina and east Tennessee, great six-foot mountaineers, loyal to the Union, would never turn traitors to the "stars and stripes;" driven out of their homes they had for more than two years been living among the rocks and hills of North Carolina and east Tennessee mountains, almost starving. Getting word at last to Nashville, the governor ordered them enlisted and brought to Nashville. Your grandfather said your heart would have ached, to look on these poor, ragged, worn-out, shoeless men, suffering because their loyalty to their country was greater than life. They would not fight against the "stars and stripes." They were "mountain men," who the South has always called "poor whites," but in whose veins is some of the best blood of the old Huguenots! These men, as firm in principle as their own mountains, were mustered in, and your grandfather was commissioned surgeon to this 13th Cavalry, bodyguard to Andy Johnson, governor of Tennessee. You may be sure your grandfather was proud of his boys. They were mostly Cumberland Presbyterians. He said they were the best singers and prayers anywhere around headquarters. Their favorite hymn, as they called it, was "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," and he said they made a firm foundation in the brigade into which they were put.

Your grandfather was then promoted to brigade surgeon, where he remained till the war was almost over; though so much of the time suffering from the disability received at Shiloh, he kept on. Once, he was in officers' hospital for two

weeks, was sent home on furlough once, but went back again. But at last, the breakdown came, near the end of the war. He was worn out, tried to resign, but at headquarters at Washington, they said, "No, we can't accept resignations, too many men dying for need of medical aid." So on this last arrival at home, the doctors said, "You won't live to get back to your brigade. You must not try." He had an awful cough. He would get up in the mornings, and while I prepared the breakfast, he would walk the long porch of the house and cough and cough till he would free his lungs. He had to report to Washington every month for three months, in regard to health, send a certificate signed by the doctor in his case. Just a short time before peace was declared and Lee surrendered, he was instructed to go to Washington to turn over all accounts, as brigade surgeon, to Government, and they would accept his resignation. How he wanted to go back to Dixie till all was over, but had not physical strength to try. But he had given all he had to his country of health and skill, and God asks no more. But God answered his prayer in sparing his life and then letting him, as he had always desired to do since he was converted at 15 years of age, give many years to Him, in preaching the Blessed Gospel as a Methodist Preacher.

Well, I guess there is no more to write of our wonderful army experience. Like all things else in my long life of 86 years, it has faded into the past. I am so thankful that your grandfather and your grandmother had this experience, to be able, both husband and wife, to work side by side, to help our beloved nation. I think, as far as my knowledge has gone, we were the only instance, so it may be this would be a matter of pride to my grandchildren in family history. It was for pure love of country, for \$13 per month could not compensate your grandfather for his skill and medical knowledge he gave so freely to all those suffering ones, and the many lives he helped to save by his carefulness. And sure, grandma did not count the long, weary days and nights, as week after week was given to weary watching and trying to cheer and comfort

homesick boys! No, the hospital work was never felt burdensome, even when there was only a board with a blanket for mattress, or food—hard tack, bacon and coffee—day after day, no pay, for no provision was made for that. It was a work for love of native land and humanity. But you see, compensation came when I needed it, in the shape of my pension of \$12 per month, which all these years Uncle Sam has not withheld. The Lord is good!

After the war was over, every man had to settle himself to something. Your grandfather slowly grew stronger, so in the spring, he began to look around for a town in which to settle for practice of medicine, that seeming best, as all the years of the war had been spent among the sick and wounded, though he never loved the practice of medicine, yet he always enjoyed the science of it, so we moved to a fine town, Maquoketa, Iowa, in the same county as Andrew, but larger and more wide-awake.

Not long after getting nicely settled down, the awful news came one morning that Abraham Lincoln was shot. Everyone stood still as though turned to stone! Such news was too horrible to be true! Our beloved Lincoln, who had carried us through those four awful years, and the white wings of peace had just settled over us. We had many times during the war feared that some assassin's bullet would find his noble heart, but that fear was past, and we rested secure that he would be the one to unite all these broken cords that war had sundered, by his mighty wisdom and gentle heart. We hoped the firm hand that wrote that "Emancipation Proclamation" would be the one to lead these millions of poor, ignorant, black slaves out into a light, where white people who had brought them into this horrible slavery for greed and gain, would acknowledge the wisdom of the great emancipator, in no longer letting this foul ulcer fester in the "body politic."

He had said, long before, "If he ever had a chance, he would strike this evil a mighty blow," and like Samson, trusting in God, he bowed his mighty form, stretching out his arms and grasping the strong pillars of this Temple of

Moloch, he became the sacrifice that lay on the altar of human right for his noble deed. Could man do more? His name was a household word, and as your grandfather and I stood stunned at our front gate, that awful morning, even the voices of the little children were hushed in awe, and there were no words spoken as groups of our neighbors rushed past, with white faces. Old soldiers just getting home, discharged from the war, their faded old uniforms not yet removed, began beating the "dead march." Every flag in the town was unfurled at half mast, and the heart cry went ringing round. "Uncle Abe is shot." The first gun of Sumter made every heart beat wild with fright for what might come to our nation; but this was the awful, horrid climax. It seemed as though everything stood still! Every house, no matter how humble, began throwing out the signal of woe. It did not seem more than an hour, until our house was in black folds, draped from side to side. We were at the top of a long street, looking down to the business part, where were waving black banners from doors and windows, all up and down the street. For days, until that stately form was brought from Washington to Springfield, did these long, black streamers wave before our eyes, in mourning for the "great martyr" of his country, who died a victim because he dared to strike the blow for right! Children! never forget the great man Lincoln. Others may seem sometimes great to your eyes, but none will ever live in the hearts of the people as he did and will. Our country has had the sad spectacle of three of our honored presidents shot by ignorant foreigners. One ex-president still wears the bullet of a foreign hater of our good laws, but it was a dastardly American hand that aimed the bullet at the brain of one of God's noblest, for which every true American hangs his head in shame, and it was no chance that caught the spur of that traitor in the "stars and stripes" as he sprang from that stage, it was God's besom of wrath, hurled in a moment of justice, at the black-hearted traitor. Horrid scene! but we leave it. Thank God our land has outlived that storm, and I trust will many another!

We remained in Maquoketa that year, your grandfather having been licensed to preach that winter. He was trying to "exercise his gifts and graces" as a local preacher in the M. E. Church. He had always been a good Methodist, for your great-great-grandmother's parents were born in Belfast, Ireland, of Methodist parents, your great-great-grandfather's people of the Ross clan of Scotland, were among Mr. Wesley's converts in that country, so when these people came and settled in the eastern shore of Maryland, they brought their Methodist religion with them. The first Methodist meeting-house, built on the eastern shore of Maryland, was built by your great-grandmother's uncle, Thomas Beckwith. I am told, that to this day, the Beckwith meeting-house is still a landmark in those parts. That was her name, Beckwith, when she married on the eastern shore of Maryland, her Scotch-Irish husband, Thomas Ross, who was also among Mr. Wesley's spiritual children. Pretty Rachel Ross, as she was called before she married your great-grandfather, Richard Hobbs, whose family had moved from Virginia to the eastern shore of Maryland. He was Quaker born, but I guess for the sake of pretty Rachel Ross, became a Methodist. Your great-grandmother was a great singer, from what your great-grandfather Hobbs has told me, she must have had a very unusual voice. He said, in leading singing, her voice would ring out as clear and sweet as a bugle of silver note. He said, in those days, there were no organs to lead singing in worship. There might have been in the cities, but not on the eastern shore of Maryland, so when there was any big meeting among Methodist quarterly meetings, camp meetings, or revival meetings, they would send an invitation to pretty Rachel Ross, to please come and lead the singing. She never refused, though there was no way for travel in that new country, but horseback. He says he has known her to ride fifty miles on her horse, which she owned, to sing at a meeting. It surely took pluck and courage to do that for a woman to just sing hymns would seem very trivial to young people of these days, but it was her gift, and she was giving it freely for Jesus' sake, and

that was the way Methodism was built up in old Maryland, and nowhere are there stauncher Methodists in America.

After coming to the new state of Indiana, then into Illinois, where things were new, your great-grandfather and great-grandmother Hobbs' home was always "the preacher's home," where many a weary itinerant turned in his tired horse, unstrapped his saddle bags, knowing he'd always find a welcome and a good bed and food beneath that shelter, for that was always one of mother Hobbs' favorite sayings, "Blessed is the roof that covers a Methodist preacher!" So you see, Methodism was woven in the warp and woof of your grandfather Hobbs' being, and it was not so startling to me, when, after being in Maquoketa about a year, having in the meantime built up a nice practice and fixed up a pleasant home, he said one day, "Clara, I am going into the country this afternoon to see a patient, can you go along?" I said, "Yes." After riding a mile or two, he said, "Clara, there is something I want to tell you. I am going into the regular ministry. I was called to this work when I was converted at 15 years old, but I thought I was not good enough to take such a sacred place. I did not tell anyone. At last, I told a friend of mine, a young preacher. I had begun the study of medicine, though so young, and father wanted me so much to be a doctor; I hated to tell him. The young preacher said, 'Jimmy, go on with your medicine. You'll do more good that way than preaching.' So I thought 'Frank thinks I am not good enough,' so went on with my studies. If I had gone to mother, whom I thought had set her heart on my being a doctor, and whom I did not want to disappoint, she would have said, 'Jimmy, if God has called you, He makes no mistakes, go into His vineyard.' But ever since I was in the army, I have felt I was a runaway from His field. I told the Presiding Elder. He said, 'Well, Brother Hobbs, if you want to preach, I'll present your name at our annual conference, which meets in about ten days,' but I said, 'No,' I want to go to the hardest field. I see the church is calling for home missionary work in southwest Missouri, left so desolate by the war. I want to

go there.' " He said no more for a few minutes, then he asked me right plain out, "Clara, would you go?" I was not so sure what it would be, but I knew it would be no "bed of roses." But I said, "If God is calling you to this work, I must not hold you back. Yes, I'll go." I have never been sorry. It was about four o'clock, a fall evening. On our return, he at once started down town for boxes to pack our household goods. He knew Brother Sorin, who was Presiding Elder on the St. Louis district, and wrote to him saying he was coming to Missouri in response to missionary call. In a few days, he was ready to go. The children and I went by way of Joliet to see Aunty before we left. We got down all right to your grandfather, who had found Dr. Sorin and was waiting for us at De Sota, a place on Dr. Sorin's district. He had no work on his district open, but was sending us down to Dr. Vernon's Springfield District, which had been torn and raided by that great rebel leader, Price. Those poor border states were in a very pitiful condition. First raided by one army, then another, so towards Springfield we set our faces.

When we reached Rolla, there was no more railroad. We had to go by stage, and that not safe from Bushwhackers. A guard was required for the stage route of 120 miles, I shall never forget that ride. We started from Rolla in a crowded coach with four seats, drawn by four stout horses, no other woman but myself, no children but ours. They kindly gave us the back seat. I held Annie, your grandfather, Hattie, and Richard, such a little fellow, sat between us. So we started on our itinerant ride. It grew into the night, and we were crossing the Ozark Mountains. A big forest fire was on among the trees. It made a wild scene, as the driver and guards had to yell and drive on a full run, to get over the road before the fire would catch us. Annie says she remembers that fire. I think the other children do also.

In due time we arrived at Springfield, from whence your grandfather was sent out to preach on a circuit, including about four or five counties, walking whenever there was a log cabin in which he could gather a few people to pray, sing and

talk to. The children and I stayed in Springfield for safety, as there was no place outside. The first quarterly meeting for four years, was held in an old log schoolhouse at Cave Springs, where Col. Hamilton, who was a loyal Union man all through the war, had a great farm. He was so brave a man that all the countryside feared him, but he was a brave follower of the Lord Jesus. The rebs had burned up Carthage, the county seat, and had rushed the records over to this old log house for safety, under Col. Hamilton's care. He had a pretty good house of three rooms. It was at their kind home we stayed through this wonderful quarterly meeting, which began Saturday afternoon, lasting over Sunday. The people came from far and near. Many had not heard a gospel sermon for four years. After the morning sermon Sunday, they gathered for sacrament, and such a crowd! I wish I could have been an artist, to paint that scene. Great, rugged men weeping, kneeling at the rough bench, revolver on each hip, knives stuck in boot legs, not daring to disarm lest the bushwhackers rush in on them at the Lord's table. It was a strange sight, but your grandfather lived out his three months among them, walking from cabin to cabin. Then he went to conference, the Old St. Louis Conference, where he became a full-fledged M. E. preacher, which he remained to his dying day. From this conference, we were sent still farther down into the southwest, to Granby and Neosho. Everything was destroyed at Neosho, the county seat, every building around the public square burned, only chimneys standing. We had to live in a log house that leaked, but glad to shelter there. Mr. Blow of St. Louis was our friend. His great furnaces for melting lead ore were here.

We had to send poor little Richard to Illinois, to Aunt Harriet, as the arsenic of the smelting mineral lead ore was acting as a slow poison to him. It was a big trial to start him off alone, just with those men who took their big wagons and horses to bring back supplies for the lead works. It was about 200 miles up to Sedalia, the nearest railroad point. Though so young, he started off alone with them, bravely. The men

said, when they returned, he was a little hero. There were no bridges over rivers, they had to be forded. Often he climbed on the seat, the water would be so deep he might have been swept away, as the great horses swam the creeks. Through all the hardships of that long ride, the men said he never complained. They said, "Mrs. Hobbs, that boy will do something big some day, when he gets to be a man." I guess he has. His raising a shipload of corn and taking it to India, to feed the starving, was a big thing. His living a pure, good life has been a big thing.

We stayed our year out at Granby and Neosha, having many experiences. After living a while in the leaky house, the men got together and built us a double log house, a good roof. The new logs were fresh and clean, so it was nice, though there was no chinking nor daubing of mud, and the wind had its own sweet way, coming in between the logs. Yet, here lay Annie for six long weeks, with typhoid fever, the air blowing over her day and night; if too strong we'd hang up sheets. A doctor, living five miles away, came every other day to see her, as your grandfather would never practice his medical profession after he entered the ministry. But with the constant care we gave day and night, the good God brought her back to health. Hattie also drooped over the little, sick sister, till she came into walking typhoid, looking like a little, white ghost. They were anxious days, but the time came around when they got well and strong, and Richard was getting along well up at Aunt's farm, and we were happy and grateful, though with many crude ways of doing our work. We had no place for prayer meetings, but our double log house, no place for preaching, only out under the trees. Sometimes, on Sunday mornings, if cool, the young men of the town would come down and put our three bedsteads up overhead, in the loft, with the mattresses, and every useless thing, making the two big rooms clear. Then, we had a fine place for service and Sunday school, with blocks of wood, on which rested long boards for seats. We liked our Sunday school, out under the trees, best. One Sunday afternoon, just as our school was

about to assemble, a boy, about fifteen, walked through the wood path up to me, as I stood there, and said, "Say, they say this here is a Sunday school. Can I come?" I said, "We are glad to have you." He looked straight at me a moment, then said, "How much to pay?" I said, "Oh not anything, this is a free school." He had come several miles, continued to come, and was a good and attentive scholar as long as we were at Granby. No doubt, that Sunday school shaped all that poor boy's life!

While in Springfield, with my little children, we lived in one room of a house belonging to a Mr. Myers, a jeweler. His wife had grown up in a town in southern Illinois, where the famous U. S. Scout, Wild Bill, was born and grew up to young manhood. They had always been friends from childhood, she marrying and coming to Springfield, Missouri. So after the famous scout was in Springfield, the war having closed, it was natural for him to find his friend, Mrs. Myers. He would very often come to the house, where we were like one family. He was exceedingly fond of children. Mrs. Myers' baby, he would handle as tenderly as a mother, and he was very partial to Annie, who would sit on his lap while he fed her candy. It was a strange sight to see the gentle delight with which this man of a desperate name, with some people, would enjoy these little ones. His keen eye and steady hand never missed an enemy. But I think Wild Bill's heart was all right, for after fighting the Indians in Custer's employ against them, General Custer became much attached to him, and after Wild Bill's death, the people erected a monument to him, in South Dakota, inscribing these words, "Custer was lonesome," showing the friendship of the two. Hattie saw this monument.

To go back to my story. This handsome, gentlemanly man was hated by the rebs and bushwhackers. One morning, we were startled by the news that a large Union force of men were coming into guard Springfield, because the bushwhackers were coming in to get Wild Bill, who said he had killed one of their men the night before, and they were coming to get

him and burn Springfield. I stood in the door, my little ones around me, as these union men rode past, two by two. Each man was armed with his rifle. I was not afraid, for I had seen plenty of these determined men before, but the little ones were frightened at the guns, and they were afraid they would kill Wild Bill, their friend. The town was put under marshal law, the bushwhackers heard of it and did not come. Wild Bill left and I never heard of him for long years.

After being in Granby for a few months, we built a little frame church, which was to be opened for our quarterly meeting beginning Saturday eve. We had all gathered. The Presiding Elder, as he was then called, and your grandfather on the platform. The Elder gave out the hymn, sang, all knelt, but while we were singing, about twenty men filed in, each with revolvers at their sides. We had heard they had said when we built the little church, we should not have meeting there. They never had had such people down there, and they would drive us out! But no one paid much attention to their threats. As soon as all the men and women of the congregation had knelt down, we could hear the revolvers click, click. Your grandfather rose from his knees, the Elder kept on praying till he was through and said amen; your grandfather stood facing the row of men, who sat on a bench, with their backs against the wall. His face white, his keen, blue eyes flashing like steel, spoke in his clear, firm voice, "Boys, I've been where I've seen great cornfields of men like you, you can't scare me. I walk your streets every day, I don't even carry a pocket knife. If you want to shoot me there, you can, but this is God's house, you can't shoot here. Because we are in Missouri, you think there is no law, but I want to tell you, boys, there is a law in Missouri that will protect us in the house of God."

Just as he said these words, a great, tall man, at least six feet, and large in proportion, came up the aisle, never stopping till he stepped up on the platform at your grandfather's side. He turned, looked at the boys, said, "Boys, you all know me. I used to be one of you, now I am a loyal

citizen of the United States. Yesterday I was appointed United States Marshal of this district. I took the oath that I would enforce the United States laws to the utmost against all kinds of disorder. Boys, put up your guns, you can stay to the preaching, but be careful! Remember!"

The stillness was intense as the marshal took his seat. But deep down in my mind was a thought that the wise mind of your grandfather had apprehended the threatened danger. No doubt he had in some way conveyed word to Neosho, the county seat, where he also preached, that there might be an attempt against our worship. Our Presiding Elder, Jesse Walker, now in heaven, was a man of wonderful courage. His name is yet loved, for his fine spirit and lovely character. It was his uncle Jesse Walker, when a young man, from Indiana, who became a Methodist itinerant, crossed the Mississippi River and preached the first Methodist sermon on the west bank, and was told to "move on," as the Catholics had the power about those parts then. Our Presiding Elder was proud of his family relative, but our Jesse Walker still lives in the hearts of the people of southwest Missouri.

After this episode, we went on worshipping in our little church. It was no longer necessary for the young men to come and take down our bedsteads, and after meetings, put them up again. We had a church now, but our loft, as we called the place overhead, was a convenience in many ways when we first moved in. There was no door between the rooms. Either we had to go around outside to get in by the door to that room, or climb up over the logs. Hattie was a great reader, in those days, young as she was. She loved to get into a place where she could be alone, so the child had pre-empted the loft for her reading room. She had a little wooden chair, painted red. She would take her book, this little red chair, held by the back, and climb up to her nest over the logs. One day, Brother Walker came, saw how hard it was to do without a door, said "Brother Hobbs, I am going to saw you a door." They went out and found a cross cut saw, went to work, and it took those two preachers two days to cut through those

tough logs and put a rough casing up, but we had a door, to our great joy. But Hattie still kept climbing up and down, while Annie did not care to read. Her delight was to climb the highest trees in the woods, around the house, or ride one of our wild little ponies your grandfather used to drive to his buggy.

As winter drew on, the membership sold this parsonage, as it was so far out, and bought a one-room log house in the town. One big fireplace, no chimney for a stove, so we sold the stove and I went back to the primitive cooking at the fireplace, this method I had known so well in my childhood. It was a source of delight to the two little girls to watch mama bake and brew and stew and broil. Surely, we had the food of our lives, for down there in Missouri woods was plenty of game. On the big hickory coals, I'd broil venison and quails in the bake-kettle, roast prairie chicken and ducks, biscuits and corn pone; while your grandfather was at work among the people, caring for the souls, I cared for the appetites of all who came to our log parsonage.

Only once more did we hear a note again from bushwhackers. They were killing themselves with bad whiskey, in which Granby surely abounded, getting into drunken broils and shooting one another. Before little Richard went away, one day I sent him and the two little girls to the store on an errand. The darlings came flying back crying, "Oh mama, the bushwhackers are killing everybody!" In their drunken broil, they had drawn their revolvers, shooting right and left, and one man fell dead just across the street, in front of them. No wonder they were shocked, and thought everybody was being killed.

I comforted the little ones, and went out to find out what was the matter. "Oh, Mrs. Hobbs," one man said, "it's only the bushwhacks shooting one another." But I said, "Can't it be stopped, it's dangerous for others." He said, "They are like 'Kilkenney Cats.' They'll kill each other off after while, then we'll have peace." That seemed to be the spirit with which it was viewed by peaceable people.

But one day, we heard that "Cinch Wade," of Black River, a desperado of the worst kind, had sworn to come and burn up Granby, smelter and all, for some imaginary wrong to some of his friends. So, at that, things seemed pretty serious, for his bad acts had been notorious. At once, the town was put under marshal law, every man was armed, they even pressed in your grandfather, put a rifle into his hands, so all could be in readiness. He went away with these guards, the women getting together in the neighboring houses. Quite a number of women came to the one big-roomed parsonage.

Towards evening, your grandfather came in for a short time, said they could hear nothing from Wade's forces, but for none of us to go out, as they expected him by dark. The women said they would stay all night, as those who had little ones had brought them, and their husbands were on guard. We ate our supper, put the little ones to bed, and sat down to watch for the bushwhackers. We watched all night, and, of course, would be on alert at every sound, but morning came, the men came in, but no word of "Cinch Wade." The scare of the threat died out, and we heard no more of bushwhackers.

At the end of our conference year, we started to drive five hundred miles to the conference at Independence, Missouri. Brother Davis, an old Missouri local preacher, in whose home we had spent the night, pleaded with us not to go through Missouri up to Pleasant Hill, where we were to take the train and leave the ponies and little two-seated carriage. "Do cross into Kansas," he said, "A Union man is not safe in those Missouri counties you'll cross!" But your grandfather said, with his courageous smile, "But, Brother Davis, it's so much farther through Kansas. No one will harm us." Even when we were seated in the carriage, Brother Davis took the reins, at the horses' bits, and tried to turn them the other way. The dear man was so very afraid some harm would come to us. But your grandfather held the reins up in his strong hand, saying, "Brother Davis," with a merry laugh, "I am going to Independence, Missouri, not Kansas." Then Brother Davis saw your grandfather was determined. He said, "Oh, God

bless you, Brother Hobbs," and dropped his hands from the bits of the horses.

On that long journey, over desolate hills and dales, we scarcely ever saw a farmhouse at all, nothing but standing chimneys, where houses had been burned, orchards cut down and destroyed. Everything desolation, with here and there a log cabin, in which we were glad to shelter at night. The people were friendly and kind, would charge us nothing when they learned your grandfather was a Methodist preacher going to conference.

When we got to Carthage, we found a large number of people had come in from the northern states, and were trying to rebuild this very beautiful little town, which Price had burned. This was in the bounds of your grandfather's big circuit when he first went out to preach in Missouri. As I said, it was in the county of Jasper, where they ran with the records to Cave Springs, which thus became the county seat till Carthage was rebuilt. Here, they took us across the big Spring River, letting our ponies and carriage swim after us, to the great delight of the little girls. This journey is one of our family traditions. You will have to get Aunt Annie to tell you about it. She can recall her marching on foot alongside of her father, your grandfather, while Hattie, who was not well, stayed in the carriage with me, our getting stuck one very dark night in a mudhole in the road, the poor little ponies gave out, we were helpless. Your grandfather said, "There is no help for it, Clara, we'll have to leave the carriage here. I'll find a place somewhere so you and the children can sit down, and I'll take the ponies and ride ahead, and find someone to help me out." Brave man! never discouraged, or rather never gave up. Across the road, we found an old fence, came back, carried one little girl at a time across, set them on the fence. In the meantime, I hunted out some wraps, trudged across the muddy road to my little girls on the fence, climbed up, seated myself bracing my feet against another rail, took one little girl on each side and prepared to wait for the returning help, as your grandfather slowly rode away.

It was a hard task to keep the tired little ones awake, for I feared they would fall from the fence if they slept, so we talked and talked. I told them all the stories I could think of. One blessed thing, they were not hungry, for we had plenty of good food with us, and we had eaten our suppers. They were just as brave as they could be, yet so uncomfortable. No crying nor fretting. I told them to watch down the road for a light coming, and that would be papa coming for us. After about two hours of this strain, they saw the light, your father riding a horse and a man driving a yoke of two big, white oxen. It did not take long for the man to fasten the oxen to the little carriage. Papa came across for his little girls, and presently, we were riding in the carriage drawn by two white oxen, the man driving them, papa riding ahead on the horse till we came to Mr. Cowherds, a big cattle man.

Aunt Annie or Aunt Hattie will tell you of this place, the filth and the pet pig. A day or two of more hard travel brought us to Pleasant Hill, and the railroad. Here, people could not do enough for us. Some of the Methodists insisted on keeping the tired little girls while your grandfather and I took the train for Independence, the same Independence, Missouri, in whose streets I walked last summer. What changes!

At conference, we were taken from the southwest and sent to Rolla, where were great numbers of northern people. It had been the great depot for the Union troops and supplies. When we got here, we were at home, as the people were like "our folks." There were thousands of poor colored people gathered here, so the governor let them live in the quarters where the soldiers had been. The United States had made no provision for these poor freed slaves, and they were glad to let them shelter anywhere. Capt. Wheat, a northern man, and his good wife, conceived the thought of teaching them in a Sunday school; there had been colored people there all through the war, and the white folks had helped them to build a little church. So Capt. Wheat, as the superintendent, opened a Sunday school. Richard had come home to us at Rolla from Aunty's. He was one of the teachers, so were Hattie and

Annie, Mrs. Wheat and myself, and any white folks that would help. Old Uncle Peter, a very black man, was their preacher. We had this Sunday school in the afternoons, and how those poor, old men and women would come and learn to read, with their children. It was the first "Freedman's Bureau Work" in that part of our land. It was blessed work.

The next year, your grandfather, never having had theological training, was anxious to go to Evanston for the term, which began then in the fall, and closed the last of May. So he obtained leave to go to school and we started for Evanston. While your grandfather was taking his theological studies, we entered Richard in the preparatory school of Northwestern University, where he spent nine years in study. Your grandfather finished his term that last of May and had gone back to Missouri, St. Louis Conference. I stayed till fall in Evanston with Richard, then took my little girls, and went back to your grandfather. We spent eight years in southwest and southeast Missouri, till you grandfather said we must do something for Hattie's and Annie's education. Richard had been so long at Evanston, coming home once a year for vacation. There were no good schools in Missouri, though Hattie did have one year at Miss Carlton's school, when we were in the southeast, at Farmington.

We decided on Jacksonville, Illinois, as the school. I was to stay one year with them, while your grandfather would still preach on in Missouri. Richard was home on his summer vacation. We worked day and night to get ready. Your grandfather said, "All I can do for my children is to give them the best education I can. I can't tell how it will come, but some way."

There never was a happier family started out on an uncertainty than we, that afternoon. We left Missouri, for Illinois. All our hands were full of boxes and bundles, Richard going back to Evanston, your grandfather going with us to put the girls in the Woman's College at Jacksonville, all so glad to do this, Richard singing the refrain, "Big box, little box, band box, and bundle." Oh, that happy day!

In the spring, your grandfather transferred up to the Illinois conference, so we could be near the girls. This ends these pages. We were ten years in the Illinois conference, then the transfer to Nebraska, to which your grandfather came by the advice of physicians, as his health was beginning to decline. This dry climate added many years to his life and usefulness. He loved Nebraska. It was meet he should rest his weary head on her bosom, in beautiful Forest Lawn, Omaha, where he rests in peace under the stone on which is carved the cross of the Knight-Templar, which he loved so well, and the words, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."^{*}

^{*} Clarissa Gear Hobbs, our mother, who wrote this record, entered the larger life January 19, 1923, at the age of ninety-three years. She was certainly worthy of the inscription under which both she and our father now rest:

"I have fought a good fight,
I have kept the faith."

—R. G. Hobbs.



JOHN TILLSON

JOHN TILLSON.

By A. T. STRANGE

The early history of Illinois would be very incomplete without some record of the activities of this remarkable man. And yet, owing to his unpretentious and retiring disposition, very little has been written of him or his work, and, as a result, little data is available, even in Montgomery county, where he first located and even our present population know little of John Tillson. Believing his memory is being neglected, this short sketch is intended to give just a little of the many activities of this useful man and his admirable family.

John Tillson was born in Halifax, Massachusetts, March 13, 1796. His parents were John and Desire Tillson, of that city, descendents of John Winslow and Mary Chilton Winslow, who came to this country in the Mayflower, and who were well-to-do pioneers. And they gave to John a liberal education for that day. In describing Mr. Tillson, Mrs. Mary Balch Briggs said, in a book published in 1887, on family history, "He laid out towns, erected lumber and flour mills, utilized nature's coal, and when desiring to build his own house, made the bricks on his own land. A man of large capacity for business and of unbounded liberality. To his wise foresight and valuable personal influence the state of Illinois is largely indebted." On reaching his majority, young Tillson naturally was on the lookout for some lucrative occupation.

In the Memoirs of Mrs. Tillson, written to her daughter during her last days, by way of explaining why John Tillson came to the then unknown West, says: "Your father's inducement to go to Illinois was in consequence of the interest taken at that time in Soldiers' Bounty Lands." "At the close of the War of 1812 Congress awarded to each soldier, who had served in the war, a bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land, lying between the Illinois and Mississippi

Rivers. Then, soldiers were not generally of the class to undertake the enterprise of going to a country so new. And, though a few kept their parchments and did go out and take possession of their lands, the majority sold their patents to land speculators in eastern cities. Among the purchasers was Dr. B. Shurtliff, of Boston. Your father was employed by him to take charge of his Illinois business." Mr. Tillson became also the agent for others, and had in his charge quite a large amount of work, such as locating lands, surveying and staking them off, and recording titles, and selling such as were for sale. Mrs. Tillson continues: "When the soldiers sold their patents they gave a deed which was to be recorded in Illinois. Consequently, many young men of ability were employed as surveyors, agents and recorders, and they migrated to the land where their duties brought them. Among them were merchants, lawyers, farmers, school teachers, and those of other callings. Among them were many of my most cherished friends: I have in mind Augustus Collins, Joel Wright, James Black, William Porter, Israel Seward, William H. Brown, Benjamin Mills, Samuel D. Lockwood, Robert Blackwell, William S. Hamilton, Edward Coles, the Ross family of five brothers, H. W. Snow, John Wood, Orvel Dewey, Hooper Warren, Dr. H. Newhall, the Blanchards, Samuel, Seth and Elisha, the Leggetts, the Breaths, the Slocums, the Allens, Thomas Lippincott, and others."

In reference to the trip to Illinois, Mrs. Tillson, says: "In 1819, going to Illinois was more an event, than a trip now would be to the most habitable parts of the globe. No railroads and steam boats, to annihilate distance. The good people of Halifax were furnished with a new topic of conversation, when it became known that John Tillson was going to Illinois. Some approved it, while others thought it a wild undertaking, and that he would find it out before he was half through the journey. He started from Boston, taking passage in a sailing vessel for Baltimore. His companions in travel were Moses Hallett and wife, of Cape Cod. They had been married just a few days before starting, and their honeymoon

was divided between seasickness at the first, to land sickness during the latter part of the journey. I do not know much of the journey, there was then no national highway. At Pittsburg they took a flat boat for Shawneetown." From Shawneetown they went up the river to St. Louis, and from there to Edwardsville, then to the government land office, where Mr. Tillson was to begin his duties.

We again quote from Mrs. Tillson's *Memoirs*: "Mr. Tillson reached Edwardsville in June, 1819. His first business was with the recorder of deeds, who at that time was a Mr. Randall. After leaving the papers with him to be recorded, he went to Missouri, where he had other business to be attended to. After his return to Edwardsville he found work behind in the recorder's office, and, having to wait for his work, he accepted an invitation from Mr. Randall to go to work in the office. There he met and became acquainted with Mr. Hiram Rountree and Mr. Joel Wright. These three men became intimately acquainted and were, for many years, associated together. They found that there were many men ready, for various reasons, to sell their claims for whatever they could get. They bought several tracts of land in Montgomery (then Bond county). They continued working in the recorder's office till the spring of 1820, when they went to Montgomery county to see their purchases. They found the land as per description, except that on Mr. Tillson's tract, he found a "squatter," who, to get rid of, Mr. Tillson had to buy out at a good round price. Mr. Tillson had intended returning in a year, but he found business kept coming, so that he was forced to stay another year. During 1820 and 1821 settlers came with great rapidity, so that they realized the need of a county organization. (The county seat of Bond county was then at Perryville, quite a long distance, with no roads to get there.) Isreal Seward, Hiram Rountree, Eleason Townsend, and Mr. Tillson went to Vandalia, the state capitol, to ask the legislature to detach the territory of Montgomery county and create a new county from it. Their request was granted and Mr. Joel Wright was appointed sher-

iff, Mr. Isreal Seward, probate judge, Mr. Rountree, county clerk, and Mr. Tillson, county treasurer and county post master.

Following the organization of the county, Mr. Tillson spent quite a while in surveying and locating the lands intrusted to his care, and seeing that their titles were in good condition, in the several counties up and down the Mississippi River on the Illinois side. Mr. Tillson's cabin was not very good and Mr. Rountree and Mr. Wright built a better one in which they batched, and which was prepared to be occupied by Mrs. Tillson when she arrived. So early in 1822, Mr. Tillson returned east telling his associates that when he returned he would bring his bride.

On his return to the east he was united in marriage with Miss Christina Holmes, a daughter of Col. Charles and Rebecca Briggs Holmes, of Kingston, Massachusetts, who was born in that city October 11, 1798, being twenty-four years of age when they were married. Her parents were of the very best standing being of Pilgrim and Revolutionary stock. And Miss Holmes had received a very good education. Again we quote from Mrs. Balch Briggs: "When Mr. Tillson took his wife from the *Old Colony* to the new world, young, active, energetic, and full of love, and lovely in her acceptance of the humble home she made a wildwood palace of the Bachelor's Dens."

Mr. Tillson began making preparations for his return to Illinois. Among the preparations was a two-horse carriage of large capacity, to seat four, with space between the seats for two large trunks. The carriage he had especially made in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Tillson says: "After a long journey of exciting and wearysome experience they arrived at the home of Col. Seward in November, 1822," and on the 28th day of that month they entered their own cabin, which was located about three miles from Col. Seward's, whose hospitality they enjoyed while taking a much needed rest.

We cannot enter into the details of the privations, dis-



MRS. JOHN TILLSON



THULSON HOUSE, HILLSBORO, ILLINOIS

comforts and pleasures of the trip as related by Mrs. Tillson, but will say that her cheerful spirit and ability to adjust herself to whatever they encountered, revealed a very lovely disposition, which was manifest throughout her life. They lived in the little log hut for more than a year and a half, and it was there that her first child, Charles, was born, September 15, 1823. We stop here to add that this child, of this obscure cabin in due time became the Hon. Charles Holmes Tillson, a prominent attorney of St. Louis, and after a splendid life, died in St. Paul, Minnesota, November 25, 1865.

In 1825 Mr. Tillson began the erection of a two-story brick house in Hillsboro, which town in the meantime had been laid out. Owing to difficulties the contractor was delayed and the house not finished till 1827. Of this house Mrs. Tillson says in her Memoirs: "It was the first brick house ever built in Montgomery county or within twenty miles of it." It was in this house that the Presbyterian Synod of Illinois was organized in 1831, and in speaking of that event Dr. Henry Perrine who married Miss Townsend, and who President Adams appointed Minister to Campeachy, said: "Passing through what is now called Hillsboro, then timber town site, on a gentle eminence to the right, stood a newly erected brick house, holding its head aloft amidst surrounding cabins and girdled trees, built by John Tillson, Esq. My traveling companion lifted his hand and exclaimed: "Why should a man build such a house here? It looks like a lost stone on the prairies."

On October 12, 1825, while still living in the cabin, Mrs. Tillson gave birth to her second child, who they named John. John became one of the most prominent citizens of Quincy, Illinois. He was in the legislature in 1873, and during that year President Grant appointed him collector of revenue for that district. During the Civil War he enlisted and arose to the position of the brigadier general, and the history of Quincy would be very incomplete without much being said of this noble man.

I may, while speaking of their children, say, that a daugh-

ter was given them also while in Hillsboro, named Christina Holmes Tillson, who lived with her parents as long as either lived, a very lovable woman who was devoted to her mother who was an invalid for four years before she died. It was from this daughter that the little I know of John Tillson was mainly obtained before her death.

But going back to Mr. Tillson, he possessed some money when he came here, and his business was, from the time he came, very lucrative, so that he not only lived in financial ease himself, but was able to educate his children in the very best manner, besides he took a very great interest in the much needed educational facilities of the county and state. The settlers were earnest in trying to have country schools where their children could get the rudiments of an education, but they had not the means to do more. To get higher educational facilities Mr. Tillson soon began an active campaign to establish an Academy in Hillsboro, which he did, paying more than three-fourths of the cost, and also giving the Academy a Piano and a set of Philosophical instruments and further he guaranteed the compensation of the teachers, brought here by him, from the East. The architect of the Academy building was Dr. Shurtleff, who came here from Massachusetts on the invitation of Mr. Tillson, and who later, with the aid of Mr. Tillson, founded the Shurtleff College at upper Alton.

Among the teachers induced to come to Hillsboro by Mr. Tillson may be mentioned Isaac Wetherel, who with his wife were the first Superintendent and Musical Instructors. Prof. Edward Wyman as Superintendent of the Male Department; Elizabeth Hadley; Marshall Conant; Beulah Lufts; Harriet Comstock; Susan T. Grant; John P. Sartle; Jemima Dickman; Mary P. Wyman; Margaret S. Spring; Martha J. Powell; Azel S. Lyman; A. A. Trimper and Francis Springer. The Academy was run as an Academy for some years and as attendance increased, its functions were enlarged to that of a college for a while, the college, however, was in 1847 changed to a Lutheran institution, and later removed to Springfield

where it now exists, we understand, the Academy continuing for several years longer.

Later Mr. Tillson gave to the Illinois College, to aid in its founding \$9,000 or more. Mr. Tillson was also interested in religious upbuilding. He induced the Rev. J. M. Ellis, a Presbyterian Minister, to come to Hillsboro, who with the Rev. Hardy, organized the Hillsboro Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Tillson became the first Elder and he with Mrs. Seward, the first two members. At the meeting of Presbytery following, the church had seven members. We doubt if a dozen of its 550 members at present know who really were the founders. Mr. and Mrs. Tillson had previously for two years been members of the Shoal Creek Presbyterian Church and were among its founders, and when on his trips to Greenville as mail carrier Mr. Tillson taught the members lessons in Congregational singing. Mr. Tillson was at all times interested in the promotion of religious as well as educational enterprises, and contributed largely and freely to their upbuilding.

The early mills of the settlers were crude affairs, and to better the community in that line, Mr. Tillson built or helped build a Stone Burh mill on the creek near Hillsboro. Later he financed and built what was called the Watson Steam Mill in the West part of Hillsboro. Mr. Watson was the miller, and also a mechanic and by the aid of Mr. Tillson he added a Furniture Factory to the mill. This mill and its added industries was burned down a few years after they were completed, being a total loss to Mr. Tillson.

Mr. Tillson's business continued to increase and as his commissions were large and he was successful in his large land deals, he accumulated quite a large estate. Among other activities he got interested in the new city of Quincy in Adams County, and built there the largest and best hotel in the state at the time, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, known as the Quincy Hotel.

Early after the county was organized Mr. Tillson put into operation a general store, this was at or near Hamilton,

the first location selected for the county site near his cabin. This store was moved to Hillsboro after the site was changed and he had removed to Hillsboro. This was the first general store ever attempted in Montgomery County.

In speaking of Mr. Tillson a public writer in an early publication said: "There was scarce an influence for public good during the first thirty years of our state's history that was not aided by his counsel and his open sustaining hand."

In speaking of the picture of the Hillsboro brick dwelling, Mrs. Tillson says: "This picture of the old 'Homestead' copied from a rude sketch taken many years ago erected in 1827, shows what was then and for many years the largest and most luxurious residence in the state and the welcome home for many."

Mr. Tillson removed to Quincy in 1843, some six years after he had built the "Quincy House" and there continued his business career, among others being a railroad which proved a failure and which is said to have entangled his business to some extent.

Mr. Tillson died of heart disease in Peoria, on a business trip May 11th, 1853. Rev. Dr. Post, an eastern public writer, speaking of Tillson, called him "Tillson the genial and generous, whose presence ever seemed to bring sunlight with it, and whose public spirit and liberality wrought for permanent benefit in the early history and institutions of the State."

Neither Montgomery County nor the State of Illinois ever claimed a more generous and unselfish citizen within the limits of his ability than John Tillson, and his noble wife deserves in full measure the equal credit rightfully hers, and this brief record of their heroic devotion to the public good is full late in being offered; nor do we feel like closing this sketch without adding a quotation from the New York EVANGELIST, published after the death of Mrs. Tillson: "It seems but fitting that THE EVANGELIST should chronicle the sad end. With a memory of a life so useful; so singularly varied; and a mind so intellectual, and so richly stored; and of a character whose sympathies and perceptions always inspired

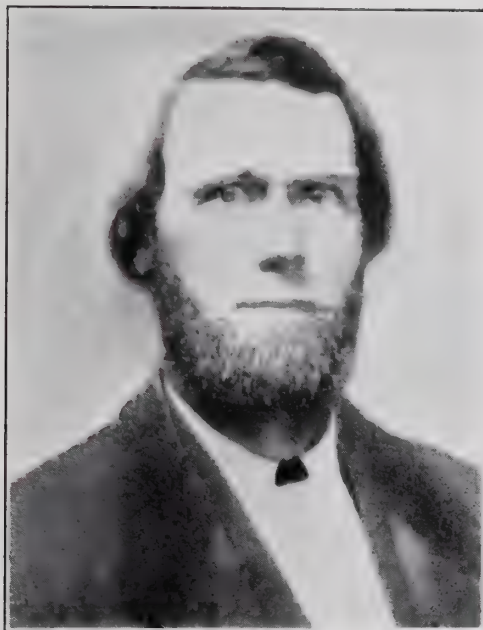
trust; her last four years of patient sickness and joyous trust in God and tenderness toward friends seemed but the perfected blossoming of a life which in itself gathered strength and beauty from many sources to meet the unusual demands upon her heart, brain and hands; which she did with rare ability to organize and to execute. Her life and death to those who knew her, remains a precious legacy, bringing Heaven her dwelling place, and Jesus her Saviour, nearer and closer to the end."

CAPTAIN DAVID DEWOLF.

A California gold seeker in 1849, and an officer from Illinois
in the Civil War

BY WILLIAM R. SANDHAM, WYOMING, ILLINOIS

Early in February in the year 1848, gold in paying quantities was discovered in what is now Eldorado County in California. The news of that important discovery was very soon disseminated, rapidly leaping over mountains and valleys, and even over the broad oceans. By people all over the world California was hailed as a land of promise, and myriads became eager to get there to share in the wealth that it promised. From every state and territory they went in large numbers. They came from every country in the world. The great throng included lawyers, doctors, farmers, merchants, mechanics, in fact those of every calling, and among them a large number of adventurers. The greater part of them were physically strong and fit, but there were far too many that were just the opposite, weak and unfit. Many sickened and died and were buried in shallow graves beside the trail. A great many companies were organized in most of the states. In many cases those companies were financed (grub staked) by people who had money who wanted to share in the expected riches, but did not want to take part in the difficulties and hardships of a long overland journey. Those companies were in the main well organized. Their outfits consisted of one to three hundred ark like covered wagons mostly drawn by oxen, with usually six men to a wagon, each equipped with the useful rifle. The wagons were well built and carried the necessary provisions and camping equipments. The oxen were slow but steady and sure footed. They lasted longer than horses. They were easier to herd and the Indians were not inclined to steal them. On the road they neither hastened nor abated their speed.



CAPTAIN DAVID DEWOLF

For various reasons a large number of those who survived the hardships of the long journey, failed to obtain very much of the coveted gold which they so much desired and endured so much to obtain. Among those who did accumulate a fair amount of wealth who was one of the gold seekers in California in the year 1849, was a robust, healthy and ambitious man named David Dewolf, who later became a well known resident of Stark county, Illinois, and whose tragic death in the battle of Corinth in 1862 brought sorrow to his family, and which was among the first that brought to the realization of the people of Stark County that the country had entered into a great war and that the life of the nation was at stake.

David Dewolf, son of Simeon and Clarissa Allen Dewolf, was born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, April 1, 1822. His ancestor, Balthazar Dewolf, came from France and settled in Wethersfield, Connecticut, in the year 1664. Soon after the expulsion of the French speaking people from Nova Scotia (Acadia) great inducements were offered the people in New England to move to Nova Scotia. Among those who accepted the offers made and moved from New England to Nova Scotia were the great grandparents of David Dewolf in the year 1761. David Dewolf's father and mother had six sons, and fearing that some or all of those sons would take to a seafaring life the mother induced the family to move to the United States. They came in a sea going vessel to New York, thence on the Hudson River and the Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence on Lake Erie to Cleveland, Ohio. They settled in Clark County, Ohio, in 1834. The father and sons engaged in farming. On April 1, 1847, David Dewolf married Miss Matilda Allen Greenwood of Clark County, Ohio, a niece of Lewis Bayley who came from LaSalle County to Stark County, Illinois in 1849.

When the exciting news of the discovery of gold in California reached the southwestern part of Ohio a company was organized and financed to take a large number of eager and hopeful men to share in the benefit of the wonderful dis-

covery. Several young men from Clark County joined the company, among them David Dewolf, who was one of the most hopeful, leaving his wife and baby daughter in their home in Ohio.

The company left Cincinnati April 12, 1849. They went by way of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to Independence, Missouri, a city of historic fame as the beginning of the overland route to Oregon, New Mexico and California. The company of which David Dewolf was a member was well organized. It was equipped with well made wagons, the best of well trained oxen, an ample supply of provisions, camping outfits and ammunition. The company was made up of several divisions, each division in charge of a captain. David Dewolf was made captain of one of the divisions. One of the rules of the organization was that the company should do no traveling on Sunday, that day to be observed as a day of rest for man and beast. David Dewolf kept a diary during the journey to California. A copy of that diary is now in the Newberry Library in Chicago, Illinois, in the H. E. Huntington Library in Pasadena, California, in the Illinois State Historical Library in Springfield, and in the Public Library in Wyoming, Illinois. The company left Independence May 12, 1849, and arrived at the newly discovered gold diggings in California the first week in November, after an arduous and toilsome journey of nearly six months.

Mr. Dewolf was fairly successful in the diggings. He quit the work of a regular miner in July, 1850, and engaged in teaming, hauling provisions and other supplies from San Francisco to the camps of the gold seekers. That work proved exceedingly profitable. He left California some time in 1851 and returned to his home in Ohio by way of the Isthmus of Panama. About that time his wife's uncle, Lewis Bayley, visited his mother and other relatives in Clark County, Ohio. While there he induced Mr. and Mrs. David Dewolf to move to Illinois. Mr. Dewolf became a contractor in construction work on the Illinois division of what is now known as the "Big Four" Railroad, and in some other like work.

In the early part of February in the year 1856, he purchased the north half of section twenty-four in Essex township, Stark County, Illinois, for which he paid twelve hundred dollars. It is a tradition in the family that he paid for the land with some of the gold he brought from California. He quit railroad construction work to become an Illinois farmer. He continued farming until the call of President Lincoln in 1861 for aid in putting down armed rebellion. Soon after the first call for volunteers, leaving his farm and his five children in the care of his wife, he assisted in the raising of a company for the Forty-seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He was elected first lieutenant of the company (Company K), and in a few months he was made captain of the company. Captain Dewolf was with General Grant in the battles in Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. He was killed while bravely leading his company in the battle of Corinth, Mississippi, October 3, 1862. His body was left on the battle field. The place of the burial of the body is not known. The tallest monument in the beautiful Wyoming, Illinois, cemetery is in memory of Captain Dewolf. The Wyoming, Illinois, Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was so named in honor of Captain Dewolf. All the reports that came from those who served in the army with Captain Dewolf agree in saying that he was a very capable and courageous officer, and that he was greatly beloved by the men of his company, and that he was held in the highest regard by the officers and men of his regiment.

Captain Dewolf's widow died in Wyoming, Illinois, February 9, 1905. His son, John Henry, served a term of four years as sheriff of Fulton County, Illinois, and represented that county in the House of Representatives in the Forty-sixth Illinois General Assembly. One-half of the land which Captain Dewolf bought in Stark County, Illinois, in 1856 is still in the possession of some of his grandchildren.

Captain Dewolf's experience on the Oregon-California trail in 1849 is well exemplified in the story "The Covered Wagon," by Emerson Hough, and even more so in the moving picture that has been made from it.

**NEW MARKER DEDICATED ON SITE AT PALERMO,
ILL., OF SIGNING OF PEACE TREATY BY COL.
GEORGE CROGHAN AND CHIEF PONTIAC,
JULY 18, 1765**

BY ROSE MOSS SCOTT,

Historian, Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter, D.A.R. of Paris, Ill.

The dedication of the historic marker, to replace the one erected some years ago by the pupils of the Palermo school, took place Saturday afternoon, October 11, 1924. A perfect Autumn day, bright sunshine and a gentle breeze blowing through the large forest trees, that have withstood many storms and were they able to speak could relate interesting historical facts pertaining to the time when this was the popular camping ground of the Indians. A never failing spring, and the fact that this is the highest point in Illinois, which was proved by the Government survey of 1870, assisted in making this an ideal camping site.

Miss Ita Briscoe, Regent of Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, received a message from Brig. Gen. John C. Clinnin of Chicago, who was to have made the principal address, stating it was impossible for him to be present.

Miss Briscoe gave a short history of events leading to the erection of the marker by Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter, D.A.R.

The pupils of the Palermo school sang two patriotic songs: The "Stars and Stripes" and "My Flag."

Mrs. D. A. Richardson gave a good review of some of the earlier history of Palermo, and the many events that have taken place there since the peace treaty was signed.

On this marker is a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "Near here on July 18, 1765, Colonel Croghan,



CROGHAN—PONTIAC MONUMENT, PALERMO, ILLINOIS

Deputy Superintendent of Indian affairs of the British Government, made a preliminary Treaty of Peace with Pontiac, Chief of the Ottawas and leader of the great Indian Confederacy.

“By the terms of this agreement, the allegiance of the Indians was transferred from the French to the British.

“Thus securing the Eastern Mississippi Valley for Anglo Saxon civilization.”

The intersection of the Fort Harrison (Terre Haute), Fort Clark (Peoria) and Kaskaskia-Detroit trails was in this vicinity.

The site for the marker was presented to Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter by Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Richardson.

In Publication No. 29, Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, 1922, pages a sketch of history of the signing of this treaty is published.

EDITORIAL

JOURNAL OF
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.
JESSIE PALMER WEBER, EDITOR.

Associate Editors:

George W. Smith

Andrew Russel
Edward C. Page

H. W. Clendenin

Applications for membership in the Society may be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield, Illinois.

Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually.

Life Membership, \$25.00

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No. 4

ILLINOIS DAY MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Illinois State Historical Society held its annual Illinois Day meeting on December 2, 1924, instead of the third of December, the actual anniversary of the State's admission to the Union.

The address of the evening was presented by Professor Laurence M. Larson of the University of Illinois. The subject of the address is "The Changing West." Professor Larson described the streams of immigration that have poured into the States of the Mississippi Valley, their racial, religious and other characteristics, the changes that have occurred and the result of such changes.

The address was carefully prepared and is full of information of great historical value and interest. It is published in this number of the Journal. Professor Larson had an important engagement in Des Moines, Iowa, that made it necessary to hold the Illinois Day meeting on the "Eve of the Day" instead of the actual birthday of the State.

Another interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation of the State prize for the best essay in a competition among the school children of the State on the subject, "My First Illinois Ancestor." The contest is carried on under the auspices of the Illinois State Historical Society and the Illinois Society Daughters of the American Revolution. This year the State Prize, a beautiful gold medal, was awarded to Miss Hope Montgomery, a student of the High School of Roseville, Warren County, Illinois. The medal was presented to Miss Montgomery by Mrs. Charles E. Herrick of Chicago, State Regent of the Illinois D.A.R.

Mrs. James S. King, State Vice Regent of the D.A.R., also in a brief address, congratulated the winner of the prize.

Miss Montgomery was accompanied in her visit to Springfield by her mother and her grandmother. Mrs. Herrick and Miss Montgomery and her family were guests of Mrs. King while in Springfield. The prize essay by Miss Hope Montgomery is published in this number of the Journal.

The Historical Society at each of its meetings has some musical numbers on its program. At this meeting Miss Diamond Vadakin of Springfield sang "Illinois" as her first number and later gave the Society a group of beautiful songs. A reception was held at the close of the exercises. This was attended by about two hundred people who were received by Doctor O. L. Schmidt, President of the Historical Society, and Mrs. Schmidt, Professor and Mrs. Larson and other officers of the Historical Society.

CORRECTION OF AN ERROR IN THE JOURNAL OF
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
APRIL-JULY, 1924.

In the Journal of the Historical Society, Volume 16, Nos. 1-2, April-July, 1924, pages 196-203, is published an able article on Ninian Edwards, Territorial Governor, United States Senator and Governor of the State of Illinois, the authorship of which was by an error ascribed to Mr. W. T.

Norton of Alton. The real author of this fine paper is Mr. John B. Edwards, of St. Louis, grandnephew of Ninian Edwards. Mr. Norton was much distressed at this occurrence, which was in no way his fault. The Editor of the Journal has written to Mr. Edwards explaining the matter or rather apologizing for it and explaining that Mr. Norton was not responsible for the mistake. The attention of readers of the Journal is hereby called to the error in authorship and now comes the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Norton at his home in Alton January 8, 1925.

Wilbur T. Norton was one of the earliest members of the Historical Society and he has many times contributed able articles to its publications. He has been of the greatest help to the editor of the Journal and the officers of the Society. He was a man of fine historical attainments, of sterling worth and high ideals. His loss will be keenly felt by all who knew him. A fitting tribute to his memory will be published in a later number of the Journal.

His letter on the subject of the mistake in the authorship of the Ninian Edwards article above mentioned shows his modesty and his high sense of honor. The letter is as follows:

Alton, Illinois, December 30, 1924.
1023 George Street.

Dear Mrs. Weber:

The missing copy of the Journal, April-July, came to hand last evening. The copy I saw a few weeks ago in Mr. Paddock's hands I had not examined but he told me it contained Mrs. Hopkins' obituary. I was astounded on opening the copy just received to see that I was credited with the authorship of that fine article on Ninian Edwards. I had nothing to do with writing it. The article was the address given before the County Historical Society at the meeting December 5, 1923, by John B. Edwards, St. Louis lawyer and grandnephew of Ninian Edwards. At the request of the Society I sent the MSS. to you with an explanatory note as to the authorship. How the article could have been ascribed

to me I cannot understand, especially as I am incapable of writing anything so fine.

I am greatly humiliated at being made to appear the author of another man's article and I don't know how to have the matter cleared up so as to give Mr. Edwards the credit that belongs to him. I am afraid it can never be explained satisfactorily to him. I don't know what explanation to write to him. Perhaps you can suggest something. I would willingly bear the expense of issuing an explanatory circular to regular subscribers of the Journal if you approved.

I remain in trouble,

Respectfully yours,

W. T. NORTON.

CHILDREN AS PILGRIMS TO LINCOLN SHRINES IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, LEARN LESSONS OF PATRIOTISM.

At the tomb of Abraham Lincoln where crowned heads and the royalty of many countries as well as the lowly of many climes have bowed in humble tribute, sixteen hundred school children of Iowa and Missouri on November 28, 1924, paid tribute to the great American.

It was probably the most spectacular pilgrimage of the kind ever staged in America, and is perhaps the only one of the kind which has turned towards Springfield, Illinois, or so far as can be learned been made to the tomb of any of the great men of history who are buried in American soil.

It blazed a new trail in pilgrimages, that of thousands of school children coming in youthful reverence to the shrine of America, the tomb in which lies buried the man loved of the whole world, one just as humble, simple and sincere as the youthful pilgrims themselves.

The mind of the onlooker inevitably turned back to the childhood of Lincoln himself, to his school days so limited, to his school lessons learned from thumbled and worn books

by the light of a log fire. In his search for knowledge, tireless, ceaseless, he read of the lives of great men and aspired to be like them.

The story of his life these sixteen hundred youthful pilgrims had studied, and their steps turned to his tomb that they might pay homage.

The unique caravan, the special train which brought the school children from the neighboring state of Iowa, with the children of three neighboring Missouri towns included, made its way across the country in three sections, of thirteen, fourteen and fifteen coaches, respectively. The three sections carried a total of 1,861 passengers.

The first section arrived in Springfield at 10:15 o'clock, the second at 10:45 o'clock and the third at 1 o'clock, delayed by an accident to its engine twenty miles out of Shenandoah, Iowa, the starting point, on Thanksgiving evening.

The pilgrimage was sponsored by the Kiwanis Clubs of Shenandoah and other Iowa towns adjacent, and the Springfield Kiwanis Club, with all of the city joining in to assist in playing host to the visitors. The board of education of the city was officially represented, together with the Kiwanis Club.

Two distinct ceremonies were held during the day, marking the pilgrimage and setting it aside as one which will always be remembered in Springfield.

One was the planting of a pin oak tree in Lincoln Square and the other was the placing of a wreath on the sarcophagus of Lincoln's tomb. Into both of these rites went the tribute of sixteen hundred school children, the citizens of tomorrow, and the two hundred and fifty grown folk who brought them.

The oak tree, of the variety known as pin oak, the hardiest of the type, is now rooted into the soil of Lincoln's home city, to sink its roots into the earth of the yard surrounding the building in which he served as a legislator of this state when this building was the state's capitol, and the wreath will take its place among those placed by President Coolidge, Lloyd

George, General John J. Pershing, and many others in the crypt beneath which Lincoln's body lies buried.

The spectacle of the school children invading Springfield to visit Lincoln shrines of the city attracted the attention of the nation. News of it sent out for weeks in advance to every part of the country, had centered the eyes of America on Springfield. A battery of moving picture cameras and a staff of newspaper writers recorded the events of the day.

In Springfield itself it was an event of importance, the entire city arrayed itself in welcome. Flags adorned the streets, and thousands of people assembled at the various points to be visited by the army of youthful pilgrims on their tour of the city. A special reception committee of about one thousand school children, pupils of the civics and history classes of the sixth, seventh and eight grades under the general command of Principal C. E. Knapp, of the Enos school, and a number of teachers were at the station as a reception committee. President Fred Dodds, of the board of education and City Superintendent of Schools J. Harry Winstrom, who formerly resided in Farragut, Iowa, one of the towns represented in the pilgrimage, were members of the general reception committee. Rev. Hudson H. Pittman, pastor of the First Congregational church in Springfield, formerly in charge of a church in Shenandoah, was chairman of the Kiwanis Club committee in charge of all arrangements. The entire club was present, headed by president Corwine E. Roach, to welcome the visitors to the city as each section of the Lincoln special arrived.

The children were taken first to the First Presbyterian church where Isaac R. Diller told them Lincoln stories and pointed out the pew in the church which Lincoln and his family occupied when they attended services in the old church. Then they went to the Lincoln homestead at Eighth and Jackson Streets, where Miss Virginia Brown, the custodian, conducted them through the house in which Lincoln and his family lived.

At the homestead Kiwanian John L. Pickering made a

short talk from the steps of the home to each section as the pilgrims went inside the house.

They were taken to the church and to the home and to the high school where they were served with luncheon. Then came the tree planting ceremony and the other events of the afternoon, including the visit to Lincoln's tomb in Oak Ridge cemetery and to the Illinois State Capitol building and the Centennial Memorial building.

The tree was placed in the cavity prepared for it by Kiwanian Earl E. May, Shenandoah, Iowa, donor of the tree. The earth was shoveled about its roots by Donald Lewis and Mary Louise Hackett, pupils of the seventh grade of the Shenandoah Junior High school. Donald and Mary are both ten years old. Donald was in his Boys' Scout uniform, being a member of Troop Three of that city. Each wore the ribbon badge which all children of the party wore, bearing the words, "Lincoln Pilgrimage."

In a brief address Mr. May expressed the purpose of the children in making the pilgrimage, the spirit of the Kiwanis Club which prompted it and the symbolism of the tree. He said:

"The oak tree, the most notable creation in the realm of plant life, symbolizes solidity, strength, durability; this oak, the gift of this pilgrimage, is symbolical of the true love and worship the entire world holds for the immortal Lincoln.

"I, therefore, dedicate this oak on behalf of this pilgrimage to the memory of the outstanding American, Abraham Lincoln."

When this ceremony was completed the children were conveyed in chartered street cars to Oak Ridge cemetery for the exercises at the tomb. And here Attorney Earl R. Ferguson, of Shenandoah, who conceived the idea of the pilgrimage while on a visit to Rev. H. H. Pittman on Labor Day, placed the wreath on the sarcophagus and made a memorial address.

The children passed through the tomb and around the sarcophagus, while Custodian H. W. Fay indicated the spot

beneath the concrete floor, where Lincoln's body lies. Then the young pilgrims made a complete inspection of the tomb, noting the tablets of stone bearing the names of the states of the Union, all of which had some part in erecting the magnificent memorial, and the groups of statues surmounting it.

The first section of the Lincoln pilgrimage special left Shenandoah at seven o'clock Thanksgiving evening. The two sections following left at intervals of thirty minutes. With the exception of the broken coupling which delayed the third section the trip was made without accident.

The local committee was composed of Rev. Hudson H. Pittman, chairman; President Corwine E. Roach, H. M. Solenberger, W. O. Withrow, Henry Thoma, and included also the civic committee, with Dr. S. E. Munson, as chairman, Commissioner Lloyd H. Davis, Frank H. McKelvey and Allen J. Coe.

Sixteen hundred Lincoln Guides to Springfield were distributed by the Springfield Chamber of Commerce.

DAUGHTERS OF 1812 HONOR MEMORY OF THOMAS HIGGINS, FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER.

Because of the bad roads in Fayette county it was impossible to hold the exercises at the grave of Thomas Higgins, Indian fighter of 1814, in whose honor exercises were held at the historic court house in Vandalia, Friday afternoon, September 12, 1924, National Defense Day, when a suitable program was rendered in honor of his distinguished service.

Mayor J. C. Burtchi, of Vandalia, and a committee was appointed to go to the grave of Higgins on property now owned and occupied by the State Farm near Vandalia and erect a marker in honor of Mr. Higgins. The marker bears the inscription including Higgins' name and conveys the information that the marker was erected by the National Society of the Daughters of 1812. The exercises were in charge of Kaskaskia Chapter, Greenville, Ill., of which Mrs. Chas. E.

Davidson, of Greenville, is president and who presided at the meeting. A firing squad from the Greenville Post 282, American Legion, went to Vandalia but could not officiate owing to the reason above assigned. Music was furnished by Manion's Girl band.

Higgins, who was the victor in a most desperate single-handed combat with the Indians, won his spurs as a national hero at Hills Fort, eight miles south of Greenville on August 21, 1814, when alone and single handed he not only saved the life of Wm. Burgess, for whom Burgess township in Bond county was named, but he also brought down many an Indian and he himself escaped although desperately wounded.

In opening the meeting Mrs. Davidson explained the character of the exercises and concisely gave an epitome of the occasion that had brought together so many people. She introduced the Rev. Mr. Slaten, of Vandalia, who offered the invocation.

The speakers of the afternoon were the Hon. John J. Brown, of Vandalia, Mrs. Levering Moore, of Evanston, state president of the United States Daughters of 1812, Dr. Chas. B. Johnson, of Champaign, soldier, historian, and former president of the Illinois State Board of Health, a native of Bond county, and a distant relative of Wm. Burgess, whose life Higgins saved; Mrs. E. E. Schnepf and Attorney Chas. E. Davidson, of Greenville. W. A. Kelsoe, on the editorial staff of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, an authority on local history, who was on the program was unable to be present.

J. H. Johnson, of Vandalia, a grandson of William Burgess, was unable to be present on account of illness, but he was represented by his son, Edward L. Johnson, of Vandalia, whose name was called and he arose in his place that those about him might see a descendant of one of the men who so valiantly fought the Indians, more than 100 years ago. Dr. Johnson himself is a cousin of Charles Johnson, who married a daughter of William Burgess.

Mr. Brown, the first speaker, told the story of Thomas

Higgins' fight with the Indians and made an application appropriate to National Defense Day, showing how Higgins' defense of Hills Fort and its occupants against the Indians should lead us who live more than a hundred years afterward to continue the idea of national defense on a much greater scale.

Mrs. Moore also dwelt upon Defense Day. Mrs. Schnepf and Mr. Davidson likewise touched upon the idea of National Defense as embodied in the national movement to observe it.

Dr. Johnson's address was somewhat different. He said: "Tom Higgins belongs to a class that has never been properly recognized in this land of ours. This land of ours did I say? Yes, this land of ours, and where did we get it? We got it virtually from the hands of these men, these men of Thomas Higgins' class who with unexampled daring and unequalled heroism and not a little bloodshed rescued this broad land from savagery."

The story of Thomas Higgins, or "Old Tom Higgins, the Indian fighter" as he was called, is essentially a part of the history of Bond county. The following story of this old time resident is an extract from the "Annals of the West" by John M. Peck, published in 1850:

"Thomas Higgins was a native of Kentucky and joined the rangers of Illinois at their first organization, and continued by annual enlistments until disabled.

"A frontier settlement on Shoal Creek in the present county of Bond had a 'station' or blockhouse about eight miles south of the present site of Greenville. It was one of the points of rendezvous for the Rangers where Lieutenant Journey and eleven other men, including Higgins, were stationed on the 20th of August, 1814.

"Indian signs were discovered in the vicinity and at night a party was seen prowling about the fort. Before daylight on the 21st, Lieutenant Journey and his comrades were on their trail. They had not proceeded far on the border of the prairie before they were in ambuscade, by seventy or eighty

Indians, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three men were killed. Six fled to the fort, while Higgins remained on the field, as he said 'to have one more pull at the enemy.' His horse had been shot in the neck and fell to his knees, but rose again in a moment. Higgins thought his horse mortally wounded, dismounted and, resolving to avenge the loss of his comrades, took to a tree.

"The fog of the early dawn and the smoke of the Indian guns, which had obscured the atmosphere, now cleared away, and he discovered the Indians. Taking deliberate aim, he fired, and the foremost savage fell. Concealed by the smoke, he reloaded his gun, mounted his horse and turned to retreat, when a familiar voice from the grass hailed him with 'Tom, you won't leave me?' Turning around he saw a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess, lying in the grass, wounded and helpless. 'Come along,' said Higgins. 'I can't come,' said Burgess, 'my leg is smashed to pieces.' Higgins instantly dismounted, and in attempting to lift his friend on the horse, the animal took fright, ran off and left Higgins with the wounded man. He directed him to crawl on one leg and hands through the tallest grass, while he remained behind to protect him from the Indians. In this way Burgess reached the fort. Higgins could best have followed the same trail, but this would have endangered his comrade. He therefore took another direction, concealing himself from a small savage nearby, and two others approaching. He started for a small ravine, but found one of his legs failed, which (until now) he was scarcely conscious had been wounded in the first encounter. The large Indian pressed him close, and Higgins, knowing the advantage, resolved to halt and dodge the ball. The Indian poised his gun, and Higgins, turning suddenly, received the ball in his thigh. He now fell, rose again and received the fire of the others and again fell, severely wounded. The Indians now threw aside their guns and advanced upon him with their spears and knives. As he presented his gun first at one and then at the other each fell back. At last the stout Indian,

who had first fired, supposing Higgins' gun empty, advanced boldly to the charge, when Higgins fired and he fell.

"Higgins had now four bullets in his body, an empty gun in his hand, two Indians unarmed before him, and a large party but a short distance away in the ravine. Still he did not despair. His two assailants now raised the war-whoop, rushed on him with their spears and a deadly conflict ensued. They gave him numerous flesh wounds as the scars, which we have seen, testify. At last one threw his tomahawk which struck Higgins on his cheek, severed his ear, laid bare his skull to the back of his head and stretched him on the prairie. Again the Indian rushed on, but Higgins kept him off with his feet and grasping one of their spears, he arose, seized his rifle and dashed out the brains of his antagonist, but broke his rifle. The other Indian now raised the yell and rushed on him and attempted to stab the exhausted Ranger with his knife.

"Higgins still fought with his broken rifle, then with knife; both men were bleeding and nearly exhausted. The smoke had cleared away, the party of Indians was in view and the little garrison at the fort could see the contest, but dared not sally out. There was a woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who at this crisis urged the Rangers to the rescue. They objected.

"She taunted them with cowardice, snatched her husband's rifle from him and declared that 'so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help,' mounted a horse and sallied forth to his rescue.

"The men, ashamed to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop, reaching the spot where Higgins had fainted and fallen before the Indians came up, and brought him to the fort.

"For many years his life was despaired of. There was no surgeon, so some of his friends cut out two balls from his body, and by careful nursing he recovered. Another ball was extracted from his thigh by his own hands and razor, some years after. He was a fine specimen of frontiersman, open-hearted and generous.

"Thomas Higgins was born in Barren County, Kentucky, in 1790, and emigrated with his friends to this state in 1807, settling down near some relatives who had come to Illinois some time before. He was a farmer during the latter years of his life and brought up a large family of children. He died, where for many years he had resided on what is now known as the Capps' farm, three miles north of Vandalia, on the Vera road, in 1829, and is buried on that farm, which he owned."

KASKASKIA CHAPTER U. S. D. 1812, ENJOYS MEETING.

A very enjoyable meeting of the Kaskaskia Chapter U. S. D. 1812, of Greenville, Ill., was held in Greenville, at the home of Mrs. C. E. Davidson, Friday evening. The meeting opened with the singing of "America," followed by the Lord's Prayer.

The following interesting program was given: Greetings from out of town members. Address, Mrs. Levering Moore, of Glencoe, Illinois, state president; address, Miss Ella M. Adair, of Oak Park, state historian; paper, "James Madison," written by Mrs. Lawrence Riordan of St. Louis and read by Mrs. C. E. Davidson; paper, "Natural Bridge and Luray Caverns of Virginia," written by Mrs. H. W. Farson, of Salem, and read by Miss Lettie L. Wise.

Several out of town members were present, among them being Mrs. Lena Brouse, of Bloomington, Miss Dakota Heyde, of St. Louis, and Miss Ruth Kirkham, of South Bend, Indiana.

During a very enjoyable social hour delicious refreshments were served.

The Greenville members of the Daughters of 1812 and their guests, Mrs. Levering Moore and Miss Ella M. Adair, visited the Cahokia Mounds Saturday morning and then to St. Louis and from there they all returned to their homes.

CHICAGO CELEBRATES ARMISTICE DAY.

Chicago bowed its head on Armistice day in memory of the great adventure of the sixty thousand soldiers who fell on alien soil.

It was a day of gloom and midday twilight in the loop, as on that Armistice day six years ago. Out of the sky again fluttered bits of white for hope and cheer, tossed from the skyscrapers. Once more the tribute of silence, the bugle call of "taps," the blood stirring rhythm of the Star Spangled Banner.

But the day had another significance. In the more formal celebrations there was a taking stock of citizenship, a pause for a glimpse of national accomplishments, and a girding for danger ahead. "That these dead shall not have died in vain," was the underlying theme, expressed in addresses where the lessons of war and peace were discussed.

With banks and public offices closed, schools dismissed and business slowed down generally, dozens of veterans' meetings and associations and club celebrations, the sixth anniversary seemed to indicate that Armistice day is a fixture as a national holiday of growing significance.

Brigadier General Abel Davis, speaking at the Traffic Club celebration, told the story of Armistice day in the 132d Infantry, which he commanded in France. When the command came to cease firing at eleven o'clock of that day, his regiment was within thirty miles of Metz, and separated by six hundred yards from the enemy; the last morning's fighting had been hot and his regiment suffered from daybreak until eleven o'clock.

When the firing ceased the men for the first time in months stood up and faced the enemy without danger. Ten minutes later with tears of joy in his eyes he saw his men meeting the German soldiers and sharing hardtack and cigarets. There was no rancor or hatred in the hearts of the Americans ten minutes after their job was done, he said, pointing to the

episode as a demonstration of America's attitude during the war and the years that have followed.

Former Senator James Hamilton Lewis, speaking at the celebration of the Association of Life Agency officers, said: "Our policy must be to prepare for peace and prepare for defense until we achieve peace."

Congressman at Large Henry R. Rathbone spoke of prospects of peace at the Rotary Club celebration.

The City Club, the Advertising Council and the Chicago Association of Commerce held special programs, the 132d Infantry met at the armory at 2653 West Madison Street, and the Coast Artillery at Broadway armory.

A sham battle was staged at Ogden Park by the 124th Field Artillery and the Lindblom High School R. O. T. C. It began at ten o'clock and ended promptly at eleven.

The American Red Cross under the leadership of Mrs. Charles H. Harrison opened its annual drive at Armistice hour for three hundred thousand members.

Vice-President Elect Charles G. Dawes addressed the Evanston legion post at its celebration in the evening, urging the veterans to guard the fruits of the nation's victory. "Keep up the fight for democracy," he said, "you're peace time soldiers."

FIRE DESTROYS CHURCH USED BY DOWIE YEARS AGO.

An historic church edifice at 2523 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, built in 1886 by the Plymouth Congregational church, and later used by John Alexander Dowie as a Zionist tabernacle, was destroyed by fire on November 7, 1924.

The old building, which was about five stories high, was one of the landmarks of the south side. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus spent many years in its pastorate. It fell into the possession of Dowie a quarter of a century ago.

When Dowie died Wilbur Glen Voliva, the present overseer of Zion City, took charge of the structure and continued the meetings until the Zion colony moved to Zion City and the building was sold, and has been used as a warehouse.

CHICAGO HONORS HEROES OF FIRST AROUND THE WORLD FLIGHT.

On November 10, 1924, Chicago, represented by Mayor Dever, numerous other officials, and about three thousand citizens, presented a \$4,000 automobile to each of the two world flyers, Captain Lowell B. Smith and Lieutenant Leslie P. Arnold, who carried the city's name around the globe.

The presentation made at the Auditorium theater was an expression of the city's gratitude. The exercises were under the auspices of the Army and Navy Club.

These men who held life cheap in the making of American aerial history, who flew intrepidly into uncharted spaces, never knowing whither they might end, were just two shy young men that night. The diffident bows and brief words of appreciation appeared to please their audience immensely. Major-General George H. Harris was master of ceremonies.

A NEW ST. GAUDEN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN TO BE PLACED IN GRANT PARK, CHICAGO.

Members of the South Park and trustees of the John Crerar estate have reached an agreement to place St. Gauden's statue of Abraham Lincoln in Grant Park east of the Illinois Central tracks and facing Van Buren Street. The statue, provided for in the will of John Crerar, who died in 1899, has been in a storehouse at Washington Park awaiting the selection of a site. It presents the Emancipator in a manner quite unlike the St. Gauden's statue in Lincoln Park.

THE JACKSONVILLE CENTENNIAL.

Plans are proceeding for the celebration of the Centennial of Jacksonville in 1925. By authority of the city council and the Chamber of Commerce, the following persons have been appointed as the executive committee: Dr. Carl E. Black, chairman; Cole Y. Rowe, C. O. Gordon, Dr. C. H. Rammelkamp, M. F. Dunlap, Frank Heintz, H. H. Vasconcellos, J. W. Walton, Mayor E. E. Crabtree, Mrs. Felix Farrell, Mrs. M. D. Shanahan.

This committee is now proceeding with the appointment of a larger, general committee of one hundred. The following committee on History and Historical Publications has been appointed: Dr. C. H. Rammelkamp, chairman; Frank Heintz, Dr. J. R. Harker, George R. Poage, William Wood, Franklin Scott and J. W. Walton.

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS, HONORS DONOR OF ITS PUBLIC PARK.

Samuel W. Nichols, Civil War veteran, donor of Nichols' Park to Jacksonville, Illinois, and former editor of the Jacksonville Daily Journal, was honored on October 7, 1924, with a parade and program of addresses at Nichols' Park. Mr. Nichols is known through central Illinois as a philanthropist and benefactor of young people. Scores of boys and girls have been educated with his assistance.

FATHER AND SON ON SAME CIRCUIT COURT BENCH.

Father and son became members of same bench November 22, 1924, when Judge William V. Brothers was inaugurated at ceremonies in the court room of his father, Judge David M. Brothers, of the Circuit Court of Cook County.

It is the first time in the nation's history, declared Judge Kickham Scanlan, who presided, that a father and son have served simultaneously in a court of record.

BRIGADIER GENERAL POORE TAKES COMMAND AT FORT SHERIDAN.

Brigadier General Benjamin Andrew Poore took over the command of Fort Sheridan on November 13, 1924.

General Poore succeeded Brigadier General George Van Horn Mosely. General Poore is sixty-three years old and was born in Center, Alabama. He was graduated from West Point in 1886. He wears the D. S. C., French and Italian war crosses and is an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

**GIFTS OF
BOOKS, LETTERS, PICTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS
TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL
LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.**

Calendar for 1925.

Gift of the Toby Rubovits, Inc., printers, 1501-1513 West Congress Street, Chicago.

Catalogue of books, belonging to the Finley collection on the History and Romance of the Northwest. Collected and presented to the Library of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, by Edward Caldwell, of New York City. 67 p. 8vo., Galesburg, Ill., 1924. Published by Knox College.
Gift of Mr. Edward Caldwell, New York City.

Catalogue of private library of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, New York, 1923. Privately printed.
Gift of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, 61 Broadway, New York City.

Chicago Tribune Tower Competition.

Gift of Philip L. Barker, 2534 Drake Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Chicago, Illinois. Welton, Arthur D. The Making of a Modern Bank. An historical sketch of the origin of the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago, and the causes which contributed to and influenced their upbuilding. Published by the Continental and Commercial Banks, Chicago, 1923.

Gift of the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Belleville Chapter, D. A. R. Year Book, 1924-5.

Gift of the Regent, Mrs. R. W. Hilgard, Belleville, Ill.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

Asa Cottrel Chapter, Belvidere, Illinois, Year Book, 1924-25.

Gift of the Regent, Mrs. Millard H. Boyce.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

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NECROLOGY

CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON 1854-1924, FOUNDER OF THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO DIES.

Charles L. Hutchinson, founder and formerly president of the Art Institute, and vice-president of the Corn Exchange National Bank, Chicago, died at the Presbyterian Hospital, October 7, 1924.

Mr. Hutchinson was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, March 7, 1854. He had lived in Chicago since 1856. He was graduated from the Chicago high school, then from Tufts College, then from Harvard University.

His father, B. P. Hutchinson, better known as "Old Hutch," then one of Chicago's famous grain speculators, was a big factor in the Chicago Board of Trade affairs and the son entered the grain business, later becoming president of the board.

Later giving up the grain trade Mr. Hutchinson became a banker. Besides being a vice-president of the Corn Exchange, he had been a director of the Northern Trust Company.

Active in civic affairs and charities, he served as a member of the sanitary district board and the south park commission, he has been president of the Chicago Orphan Asylum, a trustee of Hull House, of the Old People's Home. He also was a trustee of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, and a director of the Presbyterian Hospital, where he died, and he had served as treasurer of the University of Chicago.

A Universalist, he had served a four-year term as president of the general convention of that church.

Mr. Hutchinson was a vice-president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, an ex-president of the American Federation of Arts, treasurer of the Municipal Art League, and an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects.

Mr. Hutchinson was a member of the Chicago Club, the Union League, the Chicago Athletic, the University Quad-

rangle, Commercial, Caxton and Literary Clubs, and the Cliff Dwellers.

He devoted much of his time to horticulture. His home was at 2540 Lake View Avenue, Chicago. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Frances K. Hutchinson.

VIRGIL GILMAN WAY 1847-1924

Another of the heroes of the sixties has gone to rest. On Wednesday, October 15, 1924, at his home in Gibson City, Illinois, Virgil Gilman Way, patriot and pioneer citizen, closed his eyes in the last sleep. His death followed only after a few days of illness, and was hastened by the frailty of old age. His passing brought sorrow and regret to the community which had been his home for so many years, and which he had unselfishly served.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19, from the First Presbyterian church. The funeral address was delivered by the pastor, Rev. Glenn J. Schillerstrom, who was assisted by Rev. Francis E. Smith. The members of the Masonic Lodge, including the uniformed Knights Templar, attended the funeral in a body, and marched to the cemetery at the head of the funeral cortege. At the grave the solemn and beautiful burial ritual of Masonry was pronounced.

His aged comrades of the Old Grand Army were present in a body, to pay their last respects. A squad of the youthful veterans of the World War, members of the local American Legion, also attended the services and the burial. At the close of the burial service, a bugler sounded "Taps" for the soldier at rest.

The music for the funeral was supplied by a mixed quartet, consisting of the following persons: Miss Doris Hunt, Mrs. L. R. Wilson, Messrs. Bryson Strauss and J. P. Lowry. The quartet sang: "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt" and "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me." J. P. Lowry sang a solo, entitled "Sleep

Thy Last Sleep," with music by Joseph Barnby. Mrs. A. C. Wachs played the organ accompaniments.

Mr. Way's passing closed a long and active life. This man, whose youth was consecrated to the preservation of the Union, was known wherever he went as a patriot of the highest type. Love of country was the great passion of his life. Notable among his life's activities was his long, free will service as secretary of his old regiment, the Thirty-third Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

The culminating act of his secretaryship was the compiling and publication of the history of his regiment, a volume which now has a place of honor in many public libraries, an important contribution to the history of the Civil War. For many years he has issued an annual pamphlet to the survivors of the regiment, containing facts of interest to his comrades, and the increasing "roll of the dead." Just a few days before his last illness he issued and mailed his last report, two paragraphs of which read as follows:

"It is a long, long road from 1861 to 1924. We tried to do our part in shaping events from 1861 to 1865. It has been our endeavor since that time to be useful, law-abiding citizens, to preserve and perpetuate the principles we battled for as soldiers.

"The 'three score and ten' mark, the life-time allotted to man, has been passed by all of us. We are living on borrowed time. The 'roll of the dead,' made a part of this report, shows that borrowed time for many of our comrades has been cancelled and their life records closed."

From another year's report is gleaned the following beautiful and touching letter:

"Comrades:

"Once again it becomes my duty to transmit to you the names of the comrades who have passed on before. The trumpet, for them, is sounded. Their record is completed. For their manly qualities they were dear to us. Their place in our annual reunions will know them no more. We bade them a cheering farewell when we parted. Little thought we that the

hand clasp then was for all time—that we would not see them again until we entered their tents pitched on the evergreen shore. It is better that we thus part, that we reckon not of the inevitable cloud that, for us, is fast over-shadowing the sun of our earthly existence. Soon, all too soon, our names will be added to the long roll of departed comrades. We are nearing the end of the march; the main body has passed on, and we, the stragglers, with halting footstep, dimmed eye and weary shoulders, will soon stack arms, unsling knapsacks and sink wearily to rest eternal.”

The widow, who is the official daughter of the regiment, will assume the secretaryship and carry on the work until the last member of the regiment has passed away.

The following obituary, prepared by a friend of the family, was read at the funeral:

SKETCH OF MR. WAY'S LIFE.

Virgil Gilman Way, son of Wells Horace and Susan Beckwith Way, was born at Sutton, Caledonia County, Vermont, on March 17, 1847, and departed this life following an acute illness of five days at his home in Gibson City, Illinois, on Wednesday, October 15, 1924, aged seventy-seven years, six months and twenty-eight days.

When five years of age he moved with his parents to Nashua, New Hampshire, where they resided for four years, and then moved to Vernon County, Wisconsin. Two years later they moved to Rutland, Illinois, and there he attended the public schools until seventeen years of age, when the urge of the Stars and Stripes became so strong that he joined Company B of the 33d Illinois Infantry, at Rutland. Though still a mere lad he saw much service. He was discharged with the regiment on December 6, 1865.

Naturally of a studious disposition, he carried on his studies while in camp, and upon receiving his honorable discharge from the Union Army, continued his education on leisure time while following the trade of his father—that of a

house and carriage painter. As soon as he obtained a teacher's certificate he became actively engaged in the teaching profession, and taught thirty-one terms in the schools of Ford, Marshall and McLean counties, have a first grade certificate from each county.

In 1881 he purchased the 160-acre farm just south of Gibson City where he resided until moving to Gibson City about ten years ago.

He was married to Miss Sarah D. Proctor on March 31, 1868, at Rutland, Illinois. She passed away March 20, 1904. To this union were born nine children, six of whom survive. They are Otis, of California; Mrs. Gertrude Catron, of Protection, Kansas; Elliott W., of Hamshire, Texas; Dr. C. C., of Muskogee, Oklahoma; J. W., of Vinita, Oklahoma, and Dr. Geo. F., of Urbana, Illinois. The following children preceded their father in death: Lieut. Henry N. Way was killed in 1900, during the Spanish-American War, in Luzon, Philippine Islands; Mrs. Susie Way Brown, of Jacksonville, Florida; and a daughter who died in infancy.

On May 1, 1905, he was united in marriage to Miss May Jordan, of Carter County, Missouri, who was the youngest daughter of his war-time friend and regimental comrade, George J. Jordan, and Martha McMillan Jordan, a nurse during the Civil War, and she survives to mourn his departure.

Mr. Way was a man of unusual mental ability, and wherever he went his presence breathed an air of education and refinement. He took a prominent part in organizing the Ford County Farmers' Institute, and for many years served as secretary and later as president of that organization. He was ever an advocate of better roads, and for fifteen years served Drummer township as Highway Commissioner, during which time many splendid gravel roads were constructed that added materially to the value of the land in this vicinity. He was always interested in agricultural pursuits and at various times served as expert judge at the Illinois State Fair.

Mr. Way spared no pains to keep in touch with his friends

of the war-time days, and in August, 1900, he was elected secretary and treasurer of the 33d Illinois Regimental Association, and as such was assigned the task of compiling and publishing a history of the regiment. This required much patience and hard work, but it was at length successfully accomplished and in 1902 he published a splendid volume which is said to be the best record of any regimental association in the state of Illinois, and as such has been accorded a place in many of the largest libraries of the country. He was a Past Commander of Lott Post No. 70, G. A. R., of Gibson City, and had served as inspector of Posts in Ford County, and member of the official staff of the Department of Illinois. For many years prior to leaving their farm home, Mr. and Mrs. Way annually entertained the local veterans of the Civil War in a royal manner.

Mr. Way had been a member of the Masonic order since 1868, first joining that fraternal organization at Rutland, Illinois. At the time of his decease he was an honored member of Gibson Lodge A. F. and A. M., Gibson Chapter R. A. M., Gibson Council R. and S. M., and Mount Olivet Commandery, Knights Templar, of Paxton. For several years he had been an honorary member of the Chapter at Houston, Texas, where he and Mrs. Way have been spending the winter months, and in June, 1924, he had the honor of being elected the first honorary member of the Ruthven Commandery at Houston, Texas, in its history of seventy-five years.

Though years had slackened his footsteps, his interest in the affairs of everything around him kept pace with the times, and until his last illness he took an active interest in the various circles of life in which he had moved for so many years. Mr. Way was an early member of the Illinois State Historical Society.

—From the Gibson Courier, Gibson City, Illinois, Oct. 23, 1924.

JOHN MCWILLIAMS 1831-1924

John McWilliams, lumberman, banker, merchant, and Illinois pioneer, died on November 13, 1924, at his home in Pasadena, California, where he had resided since 1909. Mr. McWilliams was ninety-three years old. He was born in Ohio. When he was three years old his family moved to Livingston County, Illinois, and in 1849 Mr. McWilliams crossed the plains to California. He served in the Civil War, and was well known in Chicago, where he lived before moving to California five years ago.

CHARLES SLACK 1839-1924, CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

Charles Slack, pioneer Chicago merchant, and for many years the leading Chicago grocer, died Friday evening, November 14, 1924, at his home at 3412 West Adams Street. He was born at Columbia, Pennsylvania, on June 24, 1839. When the Civil War broke out he joined the navy and rose to the rank of lieutenant, seeing service on the gunboat *Augusta*, under Admiral Farragut. Later he accompanied Secretary of State Fox on the latter's two-year cruise around the world, following the war. He came to Chicago in 1869 and founded the grocery business bearing his name on Lake, between Wood and Lincoln Streets. He later moved into the loop and remained there until 1905, when he retired. He was a member of the Loyal Legion.

**SENATOR COLE, LINCOLN'S FRIEND, DIES AT
102 YEARS.**

Cornelius Cole, former United States Senator, and friend of Abraham Lincoln, died at his home in Los Angeles, California, November 3, 1924. He was one hundred and two years and two months old.

Mr. Cole was born at Lodi, New York, September 17, 1822, the year after Napoleon's death. He remembered that

during his childhood days the depressing effects of the Revolutionary War had not yet entirely passed away, and he clearly recalled having seen soldiers who had served under Washington in the days of 1776.

The Senator saw the first pony express arrive at San Francisco in 1860. During the Civil War Mr. Cole occupied a seat in the House of Representatives, and in 1866 was elected to the United States Senate from California, serving until 1873. In 1921 Senator Cole appeared once again in Washington and took his old place in the Senate, there he received the tribute of a new generation which is now guiding the affairs of the nation.

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